An exclusive interview with Claude Lelouch

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TAKE ONE

"Joan Muir was a martyr, sacrificed to ignorance and fear as surely as any Salem witch in 1692" – William Manchester, The Glory and the Dream.

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5625 Hollywood Blvd.
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733 Greenbay Road
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UPFRONT

News

Apocalypse Later

Now that producer-director Francis Coppola (he's served notice that there is no longer a Ford in his future or his name) has hocked all of his personal holdings (including his home and other property in San Francisco) to raise completion money for his $25,500,000 Vietnam War epic (originally budgeted at just under half that amount), you'd think he'd be anxious to see it into the theatres of the world, earning some money back. In fact, opening date for the cinema's oldest-established permanent-floating movie has just been moved back from this Christmas to April 7 of 1978—perhaps partly to allow more time to prepare the marketplace. We are given to understand that, with so much at stake in an area that is still sensitive to many Americans, the incredible shrinking director (he lost 70 pounds while shooting in the jungle) has hired Patrick Cadell and Jerry Rafshoon to do a marketing survey for him. Their poll of the public's attitude towards Vietnam will not—we are assured—alter Coppola's film, but it will determine how much and what kind of pre-release publicity is given to the picture. At the same time, we hear that an additional $10,000,000 has been set aside as the film's advertising budget. Now, if only that much effort and planning had gone into the war itself ...

It's the talk of the town

After months of internal feuding and rumoured bankruptcy, Germany's famous distribution collective is out of the red. The Filmverlag der Autoren, an inspiring model of applied socialism whose founder members included Wenders and Fassbinder, is now owned 55% by Rudolf Augstein, the proprietor of Der Speigel. *Laurens Straub, the Filmverlag's dynamic managing director, left the company last October in one of those did-he-fall-or-was-he-pushed moves that remains the talk of the town (Munich). Three months later, Straub's successor and former associate Veith von Furstenberg was replaced by 27-year-old economist Matthias Ginsberg, an unsuccessful FDP candidate in the 1976 elections and a freelance consultant to Augstein. Ginsberg is to remain in his new post under the new regime, but will be joined by a second director "of Augstein's choosing." Mrs. Augstein, meanwhile, is rumoured to be considering a career as a filmmaker.*

With the reshuffle, two of the Filmverlag's original shareholders—Michael Fengler and Hans Noever—were bought out, according to Augstein because they were not filmmakers and didn't belong in a filmmakers' consortium. Both of them may find Augstein's statement slightly puzzling: Pengler's latest film as director (and he's also producing the new Herzog) was on the Filmverlag's list of spring releases; Noever, meanwhile, must be wondering why he was awarded a Bundesfilmpramie (Federal Film Prize) for 1976.

Eco Uomo (Nouvelle Vogue?)

In case cinéastes have forgotten that the cinema is only one aspect of culture to come under the scrutiny of the semiologists, here's well-known Umberto Eco on blue jeans:

I've worn blue jeans since the time when few people wore them and anyway only on holiday. I found them, and find them, very comfortable, particularly on journeys, as there is no problem of creases, tears, marks. Today they are also worn for beauty, but they are first and foremost very useful." Warming to his subject, Eco (writing in a recent issue of Italy's *L'Uomo Vogue*) goes on to explain that, once his jeans are on, "I was aware of a suit of armour around half my body. I could not turn or wriggle my stomach inside my trousers, but—if necessary—had to turn it or wriggle it together with the pants." This restriction forces him into programmed behaviour: "I live for my blue jeans, and consequently adopted the external behaviour of someone who wears jeans. In any case, I assumed an attitude."

And, so, to an interesting conclusion: "I thought then how much clothes—like armour—had influenced bearing, and consequently external morality, in the history of civilization ... an article of clothing which crushes your testicles makes you think in a different way." Tight jeans, in sum, oblige their wearer to live externally orientated—they are not suitable for a thinker, who would seem to need to keep his private parts free and well-aired like the monks do.

How this all applies to current semiological theory we leave to others to work out.

Rumours

French-born director JEANNOT SZWARC has taken up the reins directing **Jaws 2** for RICHARD ZANUCK and DAVID BROWN after JOHN HANCOCK left shortly after completing the Martha's Vineyard location shooting. Szwarc has directed numerous **Kojak, Columbo, Baretta** and **Marcus Welby** television shows. We hear—though—that STEVEN SPIELBERG (of **Jaws 1** fame) was willing to do the film himself: All Zanuck / Brown had to do was scrap all the footage already shot and sign RICHARD DREYFUSS up for the film. ... Whether that particular ex-**Take One** contributor would have had the time is another matter: Dreyfuss is to act in his own production of **The Big Fix,** to be followed (quite possibly) by the lead in BOB FOSSE's **All that Jazz.** Meanwhile, of course, we'll be seeing Richard in Spielberg's **Close Encounters of the Third Kind** come October. ... Did you know that, when **Star Wars** was submitted to the Motion Picture Association of America's code and rating administration, the vote was split evenly between a G and a PG. Twentieth Century-Fox opted for a PG, the stricter rating, since it is felt that a G rating (usually associated with films about cuddly animals) turns off the prospective teenage theatregoer. ...We're pleased to announce that **Take One** contributor ALAN COLLINS has been awarded the Canadian Film Editors Guild "Effigy" Award (for feature film editing) for his work on REX BROMFIELD's **Love at First Sight,** which stars Saturday Night Live's DAN ACKROYD. ... The French subsidiary of the Philip Morris cigarette company has pledged up to $100,000 annually to help films—either local or foreign—that are having a tough time getting released. Now, if only they'd do something like that in North America! ... FEDERICO FELLINI has signed with Penthouse Productions to direct **The Voyage of G. Mastorno,** a project (the final chapter of his autobiographical films) on which he has been working for more than 10 years...July 5 saw the start of shooting (in Montreal) of **Blood Relatives,** an English-language feature by CLAUDE CHABROL, starring DONALD SUTHERLAND, STEPHANE AUDRAN and MICHELINE LANCTOT. ... HAL LANDERS and BOBBY ROBERTS are the producers of the **Lassie** feature that is being shot this summer around the U.S. Budgeted at $2,000,000, it's the first Lassie feature since **Challenge to Lassie** in 1949. ... United Artists has announced that FRANCOIS TRUFFAUT will produce, write, and direct and be one of the stars in **The Vanished Fiancée,** based on the novel by HENRY JAMES, that will begin shooting in France this summer. And, also for UA release, SERGIO LEONE will produce **Il Gatto** (The Cat), a comedy adventure. ... INGMAR BERGMAN's next feature will be **Autumn Sonata,** shooting to start in late September in Oslo. INGRID BERGMAN (in her first Swedish-language film since moving to Hollywood in the 1940s) plays LIV ULLMAN's mother in an original story by Ingmar. ...

We were saddened to learn of the death, in July, of Martin Walsh, who was hit by a car while bicycling on the outskirts of London, Ontario. Martin taught film at the University of Western Ontario and contributed to this magazine, as well as several other film journals in North America and his native England. He brought the same vast energies to such enthusiasms as reggae and bicycle racing as he did to film studies, and will be missed by all of us who knew him.—Eds.

Universal Picture

When, a few months ago, London's National Film Theatre screened the 1945 Ealing Studios film Dead of Night *as part of a tribute to British film pioneer Alberto Cavalcanti, they had no idea the movie had anything more than cinematic significance. It is, after all, simply a collection of supernatural short stories linked by a common theme. It was (as* The New Scientist *recently pointed out) the linking theme that held the key.*

An architect is invited for the weekend to a country cottage and there finds his past recurring nightmares unfolding as reality. But, at the end of the film, he awakens in his bed at home only to find that the whole episode has, in fact, been just one more recurrence of the same nightmare. Then the phone rings and he's invited to spend the weekend at a country cottage. He sets off, and the whole film begins again under the closing titles.

While he was at Cambridge, Fred Hoyle joined a group of friends for an evening at the pictures. The film showing happened to be Dead of Night. *As they left the cinema, Hoyle and his friends mused about the possibility that the Universe might function in just such a circular fashion, rather than having originated from a single "Big bang" (which was the cosmological theory then fashionable). So, it was out of an Ealing potboiler that the steady-state (or "continuous creation") theory of the Universe was born.*

Hoyle has since been knighted for his contributions to physics and cosmology, but he is also well known as a writer of science fiction. And you thought movies were just for fun.

Letters

Corrections and congratulations

I didn't catch up with your Hitchcock number of last May for quite a while, and I felt sure someone would write in to correct or add to Susan Schenker's industrious checklist; but no one I've seen has, so here goes.

Surely, Michael Redgrave and Rod Taylor have only appeared once each for Hitch, haven't they? Also, one performance each by Herbert Marshall and Charles Laughton took place in American movies, whilst Patricia Hitchcock has acted three times in all for Dad; she can be seen in the British *Stage Fright.* As far as I know, no one called Barry Finch has ever acted for Hitchcock. I assume Ms. Schenker confused the hero and villain of *Frenzy;* Jon Finch and Barry Foster respectively, the latter being much the better actor in that film in my opinion. Several small-time actors have worked more than once for Hitchcock; three I can think of who have done at least two films apiece are Malcolm Atterbury, Mort Mills and Alexander Lockwood. Elsewhere, I was surprised not to see a mention of Hitch's veteran special effects man, Albert Whitlock, who has done quite a few movies for him, whilst designer Robert Boyle, in addition to the trio of "production designer" credits mentioned by Ms. Schenker, was also associate art director of *Shadow of a Doubt.* Although more than one source credits novelist Brian Moore with the script of *Topaz,* he didn't get any credit if he did do any work on it, which I'm inclined to doubt as he didn't much care for his one Hitchcock credit, *Torn Curtain.*

Still, congratulations all round on a spirited act of fealty to the Master, and congratulations, too, to Wise and Goodwin for their more recent piece on Nick Ray—though Jay Cocks merits a kick in the ass for his nasty-minded interpolation. Keep on keepin' on,

Pierre Greenfield
Haverfordwest, South Wales

Dear Joe Adamson,

[*see his book review, Vol 5, No 8.*] It is fairly apparent that you haven't seen too many Betty Boop cartoons, or if you have, that you never cared much for them in the first place, being in the main devoted to Tex Avery (by the way, I liked your book on Avery very much). Anyway, when Betty starts to lose her curls she loses a lot more than that as the cartoons become more standardised, more predictable and a lot less fun to watch. The animation is good, perhaps even better than the animation in the early cartoons in the series, but the spirit and raunchy flavour of the early cartoons is gone.

Also, the same thing starts to happen with the Popeye cartoons after those swinging doors are abandoned and he gets his new uniform. While some maintain that this was done out of a desire to make Popeye easier to animate, actually it was done because Popeye joined the navy ("Fleets of Strength" being the first in which he abandons his old clothes) and then when the Fleischers were sacked, Paramount pulled the purse strings and cut out all the improvisation that gave the series such vitality in favour of organised scripts.

The Betty Boop index is a continuation of the Talkartoons index above it, although this is not readily apparent. Considering the amount of work that must have gone into Cabarga's book, personally I'm willing to forgive him anything just for having gotten it all together. If you flip the flip sequence from bottom to top it works pretty good, but don't do it too often or you'll wreck the book.

Have you noticed that the propaganda cartoons made by the Fleischers for World War II have none of the savage racist overtones of the Famous Studios films? I was glad to see that "What—No Spinach" was wrong in the book as we have that cartoon in the Cinema Archives collection and the plot was not as Cabarga described it. I checked it for splice marks after the main title and any other clue as to why it was dissimilar, dreading to put it into our festival (The Giant 25 Week Hollywood Cartoon Festival) as some rabid cartoon buff would accuse me of some enormous crime against cinema.

Have you organised any festivals? Have you observed that the Disney buffs watch nothing but Disney, the Warners buffs enjoy nothing but Warners, the Avery and Fleischer fans seem able to enjoy and appreciate everything they see?

I share your contempt for *The Great Movie Cartoon Parade. Creators of Life* has given me more headaches than any other single book on cinema as fans tend to regard nearly every book written on films they like as some sort of bible and get quite upset when an author's description does not match the film and then demand to know why the print they've seen is not correct.

If the first couple of sentences sound antagonistic, they're not meant to be. I've read and enjoyed your work very much.

Reg. Hartt
Manager
Cinema Archives
Toronto, Ontario

Twenty-Fourth Frame

In response to mention of our editing machine in the January *Take One,* here is some information which may be of passing interest.

The console is priced at $6,700 for 16mm models and comes in a selection of 10 different colors. Options: one single system mag module $240, a second additional single system mag module $120.

The consoles are manufactured at this location and Bill O'Rork in Memphis (781 Main St.) handles sales and demonstration matters on the console.

If you would like any additional information, I will be happy to provide it. [*A descriptive brochure is available on request —ed.*]

Ike Jeanes
Owner, Twenty-Fourth Frame
P.O. Box 539, Blacksburg, VA
24060

Disarming

Critics of Brando's acting in *The Missouri Breaks,* [*see review in Vol 5, No 3 and follow-up letters,*] should consider that apparent inconsistencies can be resolved by seeing Brando as an actor who plays the film's killer as an actor.

The killer survives by means of two types of deception. First, he kills at long range whenever possible. Second, he also kills at closer range only when he has psychologically disarmed his opponents. He does this by playing against their expectations. He also plays against ours.

We see this from the moment of his entrance, hiding behind the horse when he arrives at the judge's ranch. Then, he puts on what clearly seems to be an act for the mourners in the house. That is how he introduces and defines himself to them, and us.

He does not really have an accent, he feigns accents. He does not dress a certain way; he costumes himself in ways that will create that fatal moment of hesitation in his victims. He does not have a certain personality; he presents his various publics with various personalities. All of these serve to make him unknown, ultimately, and therefore unpredictable to employers and victims alike. Indeed, he makes it clear that he actually has no employers, only chosen victims.

He employs himself and his skills to make victims. He plays with (and to) his victims in virtually every scene of the film. Thus, he catches even the most wary off-guard. Further, he takes those who may not actually be killers at all, and makes himself ambiguous enough to them that he gains the advantage. He goads them into non-confrontations which they must lose. His style of intimidation makes the judge look like an inept amateur.

Much of the film involves the killer's attempts to goad the Nicholson character into such a confrontation. The bath scene that Mr. Ross objects to is indeed necessary to characterization. It further shows the killer a play-actor and disarmer. It further shows the Nicholson character as —for now—a non-killer. This point has already been made about Nicholson's sidekicks.

The scene near the end, of the killer and his horse, is perhaps the only private moment for the killer in the film. It is our only non-public glimpse of him.

And then he is killed, by the man who would not kill, and in a way that mocks the killer's own deceptions. It is as if he must be killed while asleep, before he can mesmerize another victim. And yet he must be given that classical moment to know the who, why and how of his death. That moment further characterizes the Nicholson character as one who has been transformed by his opponent. Who is *he* now? The end confirms his need for redefinition.

A close look at the film sustains this interpretation well, I think. Neither Brando nor Penn is as erratic as some would like to believe. It seems fundamental that our expectations determine our perception of apparent inconsistencies. And yet careful observations may indeed resolve them. Whether the film shorts us by not letting us in on the game more obviously from the very beginning is, however, something that can be argued.

Michael D. Robbins
Pittsburgh, Pa.

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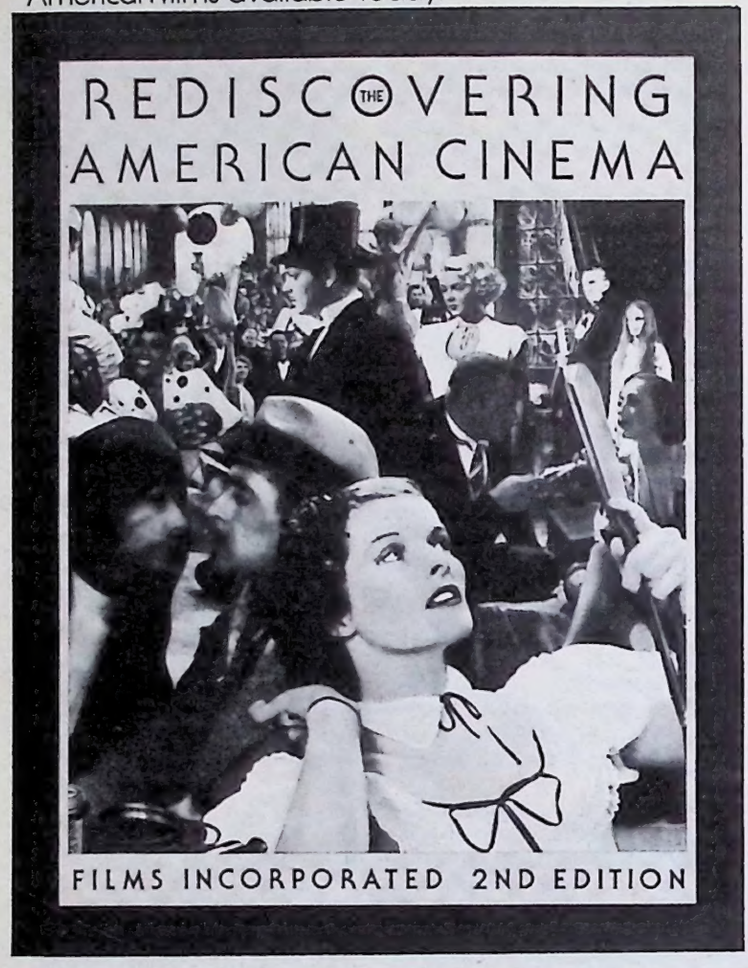

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Carrie-ing on

As someone who fully enjoyed *Carrie,* I feel somewhat compelled to respond to Susan Schenker's review of the film (*Take One* January 1977), particularly her claim that the film is sexist. The point that Ms. Schenker seems to have missed entirely is that in *Carrie,* as in most of DePalma's films, one of the major themes throughout is that things are not what they seem to be.

In *Carrie,* DePalma does not further sexist conceptions of high school females. He does, however, acknowledge their existence before proceeding to turn them inside out, thereby exposing them to the audience. The clearest example of this is the mock-pastoral opening scene in the locker room. By extending the sugar-and-spice-nymphet notions of female adolescence just beyond reality and then showing that, like all adolescents, these people are capable of extreme *unknowing* cruelty, DePalma forces the audience to examine their first impressions which may well have been sexist in origin. DePalma, also, does not show all the female protagonists to be "the most vicious little high school females you can imagine," as Schenker asserts. In fact, no other film in recent memory has as wide a range of diverse female characters as *Carrie* does in its four—count 'em, four—female primary characters. Of these four female protagonists, only Chris exhibits real cruelty and only one other female who is not a major character—and two males—joins her anti-Carrie plot.

Tamio Spiegel
Briarcliff Manor, N.Y.

To point out a small error in Susan Schenker's review of *Carrie;* Stephen King's novel was set in Maine, where he lives, and not in Massachusetts.

David C. Chute
Mt. Vernon, Maine

In an otherwise fair review of the movie *Carrie,* one thing is brazenly missing. How could Susan Schenker miss the outstanding performance of *Carrie*'s star, Sissy Spacek? Not once is she mentioned in the review. Unless she is considered to be one of the "mostly new faces" mentioned in the last paragraph of the review. In my opinion Sissy is one of the brightest young stars on film. Her performance was as beautiful as it was convincing. I have never seen an actress so become the character she is playing. Her innocence and beauty carried (no pun intended) the movie from its brutal opening shower scene to its jolting climax.

In closing I would like to compliment you on your fine magazine. The January issue which contained the review on which I have written is my first issue of *Take One.* It will definitely not be my last, as I am sending in my subscription as soon as I pull this letter from my typewriter.

Michael Swederske
Ripon, Wisconsin

Oops, oops and oops

In my Paris Letter (*Take One,* March 1977) you have me saying:

Like the old *Cahiers du Cinéma* gang, who checklisted Hitchcock's film of 'Juno and the Paycock' as depicting "a bunch of degenerates in a Dublin slum," French film critics, with certain exceptions, have been, and are, left-wing.

But the copy I sent to you read:

With certain exceptions, like the old *Cahiers du Cinéma* gang ..., etc.

Same words, different order. Your "edited" version neatly reverses the *Cahiers* political line and makes nonsense of the O'Casey reference.

I also wrote Fresnay (not Fresney, as printed) and Augusto (not Auguste) Genina. Margaretha (instead of Margarethe) von Trotta was my mistake, however.

Geoffrey Minish
Paris

Raising Ray

I read with great delight the feature article(s) on Nick Ray in the December issue of *Take One.*

As one of Nick's former Harpur students, I found the recent developments concerning *We Can't Go Home Again* (original working title *Gun Under My Pillow*) particularly of interest.

Beyond congratulations, I also write you to see if there is some way I could get in contact with Nick. My purposes are both business (a little) and personal (mostly), if it matters.

Ronald G. Linville
Lockport, NY

[*Anyone know how to reach Mr. Ray these days?—Ed.*]

We welcome letters from our readers but can seldom accommodate lengths of over 500 words. The editors assume that any letter received (unless otherwise stated) is free for publication.

FILM REVIEWS

Das wilde Bündel?

SAM PECKINPAH'S
CROSS OF IRON

Reviewed by W.S. Di Piero

Sam Peckinpah may be the closest thing we have in America to an artist-moralist. His fictive world is a theater of conflict designed specifically as a testing ground for values. He is interested not in abstract codes but in *applied* values, the methods men use to realize themselves in action. Much of the tension in Peckinpah's films results from the conflict between this nearly Homeric sense of virtue and the modern pragmatic environment in which it is forced to operate. *The Wild Bunch*, his one sure masterpiece, is almost archaic in its obsession with honor, waste, integrity, sacrifice—a kind of barbaric *arete*. The screen image is for him an arena or grid upon which he works his fierce arguments with the old-time values of loyalty, trust, courage, and endurance. Each of his films—even the more recent "products," which so often seem little more than glosses on the earlier work—has been a savage argument with himself, with his own manly obsessions, and this to my mind constitutes the truest kind of autobiographical art. In the presence of Peckinpah's passionate reverence for action-as-definition-of-value, action directors like Siegal and Friedkin begin to look like coy aesthetes.

After the quicksilver moral landscape of *The Wild Bunch*, Peckinpah lapsed into the academic, programmatic *Straw Dogs*, a film which was more a bitchy quibble than a great moral argument. Soon thereafter Peckinpah began calling himself a whore, a reaction mostly to the contemptuous treatment he received from the studio on *Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid*. Self-destructive by temperament, Peckinpah turned contemptuous toward himself and toward his own art. Except for the buoyant *Junior Bonner*, he was obviously losing heart; what he called prostitution was, I think, really a failure of moral nerve. For some reason—perhaps he was bone-weary— he no longer had the courage to honor his own obsessions: *The Killer Elite* was a tired, drooping film. It's therefore gratifying to see him now returning to an examination of his deeper instincts.

Cross of Iron is a polemic against war, more specifically against war-as-necessity, and it tries to define the role of male virtue in such vicious circumstances. Honor is always defined by circumstance. The huge irony upon which the film turns, however, is that while men may excel in combat, their personal excellence never justifies the context. Here, as in *Ride the High Country* and *The Ballad of Cable Hogue*, Peckinpah is openly curious about the stern wisdom that underpins male vanity.

The plot centers on a simple tension between two German officers fighting on the Russian front during the last two months of the war. Sergeant Steiner (James Coburn) is a good warrior, a dog soldier, bitter and cynical, yet capable of genuine tenderness towards his platoon; his nemesis is Captain Stransky (Max Schell), a Prussian aristocrat who would sacrifice his own men in order to win the coveted Iron Cross. Steiner believes in male solidarity, the tribal bonds that define the worth of both the individual and the group; Stranksy, lonesome and fussy, believes in "German ideals." Within this simple dramatic context, Peckinpah weaves an extraordinary arras of the horror of war. The film is steeped in seaweedy light, and the grime of combat seems engraved in the heavily seamed faces of Steiner and his men. Steiner's cunning, weary face brightens only when he's with his

W.S. Di Piero is a poet and translator.

men; he lives according to the need—the noble need—of the male group's excelling under stress; he believes in what was once called "comitatus," tribal (not national) solidarity. This elemental value is most vividly dramatized when one of Steiner's men seizes a fellow platoon member who had become too depressed about their chances of survival, and kisses him fiercely on the mouth. Peckinpah holds the shot, as if to dare his audience to question the value of male loyalty. It's a moment of great power and purity of feeling.

Cross of Iron is no closet drama. Peckinpah avoids the convenient black comedy and intellectual pieties of a Wertmüller. The film is punctuated, often unexpectedly, with images of ruined anonymous bodies, humans made meat by the indifferent mechanics of war, a profanation of old values of human dignity. His critics notwithstanding, I don't think Peckinpah is interested in kineticism for its own sake. The violence in this film at every point serves his argument against the moral indifference of war. The polemic is relentless. Even the one graceful interlude, when Steiner is hospitalized and has a brief affair with a nurse, turns into a nightmare of remembrance and foreboding. He hallucinates the presence of his own men on the hospital patio, then hallucinates a patio empty of all men, like a deserted city, a vision of the terrible subtractions of war.

Peckinpah also returns to an old obsession: the legacies of violence passed on from father to son. Early in the film Steiner captures and, against Stransky's orders, refuses to kill a young Russian boy. When he sets him free, however, Steiner watches as the boy is gunned down by his own Russian soldiers. Steiner's cry is an anguished, bestial wail, the pure non-language which is the only reply to atrocity. Peckinpah knows that we are bound to pass on to our children not only our animal instincts but also our monstrous inclination towards atrocity. The sensibility behind this scene is not one that enjoys blood sports, it is a sensibility deeply acquainted with grief and dread.

At the end of the film, Steiner makes a peculiar and unexpected moral choice. Instead of avenging the death of his men by killing Stransky, he enlists his former superior officer as his sole surviving platoon member, and they go off to battle together. He chooses, in effect, loyalty over vengeance, solidarity over reckless individualism; but Steiner's loyalty, Peckinpah reminds us, is to other men, not to a cause or country. In its way, Steiner's choice is more complex than those made by other of Peckinpah's characters, perhaps because the men in *Cross of Iron* are basically more intelligent and thoughtful than Pike Bishop or David Sumner.

The closing freeze-frames constitute a promise of more war after the Russian campaign. And the fulfillment of that promise is documented by final snapshots of more recent wars, more familiar atrocities. The polemic is complete and coherent. *Cross of Iron* is being sold as a blood and guts war movie. We must remember that *The Wild Bunch* was marketed as a blood and guts western. *Cross of Iron* is cogent and powerful, and its unembarrassed rawness persuades where the over-educated black humor of other war films fails. Peckinpah offers no consolation, no phoney grace, no pious equivocation. One of his distinctions is that he is an intelligent film artist whose films are seldom polluted by artiness. ●

PETER WATKIN'S
EDVARD MUNCH

Reviewed by Judith Trojan

In the Oslo (then Christiania) of the late 19th century, the bourgeois middle class deliberately strolled the boulevards, preached a repressive Protestantism, and dropped dead regularly from tuberculosis. The coughing-of-the-blood became a ritual night watch for those unlucky enough to have loved ones felled by the dread disease. Lower class families led less exciting lives, struggling along in hard factory labor, their children maimed and aged from factory work that equalled sentences handed down to hardened criminals.

There were some 300 policemen in Christiania, but they didn't police the infringement of child labor laws because there weren't any; they policed for venereal disease. Prostitutes spread their legs for their weekly "checkups" in the local police station. Prostitution was legal.

Such is the hypocritical canvas that Peter Watkins paints for Edvard Munch's seminal, creative years. The Norwegian artist, through whose tortured soul evolved the Expressionist movement, lived an exhaustingly long life (1863-1944), and this is a long film, but one scarcely notices the length. The film mesmerizes like one of those hand-cranked mutoscopes in old amusement parks.

Watkins slits open the belly of Munch's universe and all the demons fly out. It's a pandora's box full of secrets revealed, and Watkins manages to repeat these monstrous memories over images of Munch creating his masterworks, until the demons begin appearing on canvas and the Expressionist movement is literally born before our eyes.

Watkins evokes the emotion of Munch's pain and artistic exasperation by collecting early life traumas—the TB deaths of various members of his family, his own near-death as a child, the split with his unbending father, and the doomed first love affair with a married woman. Watkins breaks into the local circle of intelligentsia (both men and women) and records their café discourses on masturbation, free love, women's rights, and Marxism. Munch was a young and sometimes ridiculed member of this anarchist clique, but managed to take a mentor and his first lover from its midst.

This film is Watkins at his most mature. He combines his well-known (*Culloden, The War Game, Privilege,* and *Punishment Park*) pseudo-documentary, BBC "You-Are-There" format with the atmosphere of Bergman. True, *Munch* has the usual Watkins feel of a TV newsfilm, juxtaposing "interviews" with the Bohemians, poor factory workers, family members, and gallery browsers with voice-over narration commenting on the dramatic action itself. While in the past, such anachronistic interview / commentary has at times weakened Watkins' big themes, seemed off-putting, and frustrated viewers to the point of powerlessness, here it is extremely effective because he deals with no issues. He deals with the microcosm of one man who happened to be a great artist.

In this context, the voice-over narration is especially instructive as it threads its way through the 19th century, paralleling the life and times of Munch with happenings in the world at large. We are given the statistics of Munch's life, i.e., the dates and locales, the friends and their fates, the exhibitions, even the measurements of the canvases; and he is framed—whether he be in Norway, Berlin, or Paris—against the birth of D.H. Lawrence or Hitler, the famine in Russia, civil war in Chile, the work of Sigmund Freud and Vincent Van Gogh. It is the omniscient narrative characteristic of Watkins' earlier films, but it works much more powerfully in *Munch*, giving one a sense of the foreboding fin de siècle grandeur and the greatness of this man who at the time had no feelings of greatness. Demeaned by lovers and art critics, he filled space on canvas, but soon began to fear space in life;

Watkins slits open the belly of Munch's universe and all the demons fly out.

suffering from agoraphobia, he hugged the walls of buildings as he walked. The important role of "survival" is thus underscored in the lives of those who come to be labelled "great."

As Watkins repeats and reintegrates the early painful imagery and monologues of family and friends, the character of Munch literally becomes more and more melancholy, angry, and then antagonistic towards the naturalist movement of which he initially was a part. He begins to scrape away the details in his work—the eyes, fruit, shadows, flower pots—as he attempts to fight the frustration over the sour love affair and continual family deaths. As the memories come back to haunt him, images of tender moments between the lovers bombard the screen, as do images of coughing blood.

Sounds take on added importance as well. We see and hear brush to canvas, we see and hear the digging of the woodcut and the printing of the plates. We hear poetic thoughts from his unpublished diary, and we see and hear the sights and sounds of sleazy café jugglers and cancan dancers. Watkins also pulls images from canvases and reproduces them dramatically; thus, the horrific canvas "Love and

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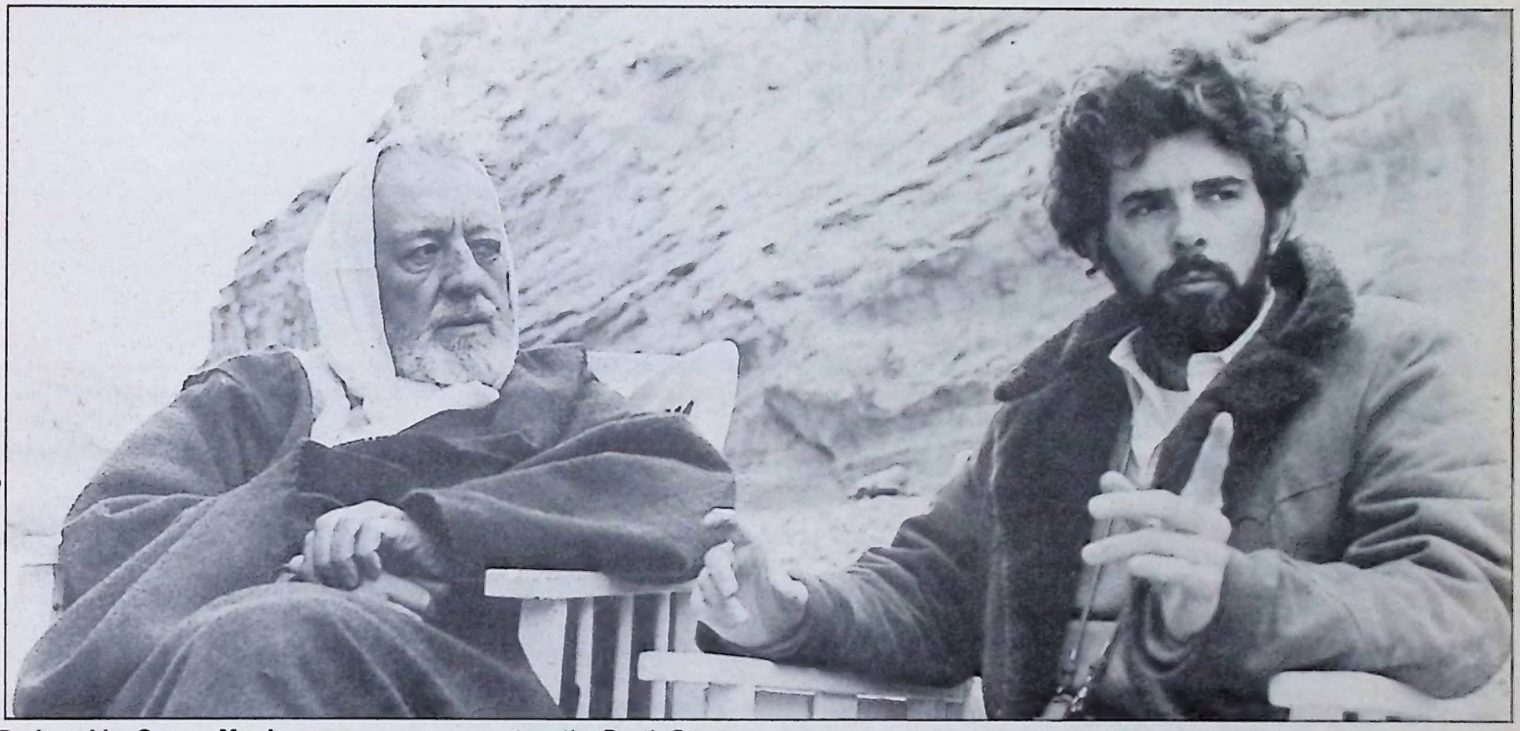
Judith Trojan is a freelance film writer and Managing Editor of *Sightlines* magazine. She is also Evaluations Editor at the Educational Film Library Association in New York. Ms Trojan has published articles, reviews and interviews in *Sightlines, Film Library Quarterly, The Feminist Art Journal* and *Take One,* among others.

Pain," with the vampiric spector bending over the neck of a victim/ lover, shows up in the much repeated image of Munch's lover sweetly kissing the back of his neck and he kissing hers.

The soundtrack and visuals play off against each other, never quite catching up with one another, just missing a perfect match up. The film, as a result, has an overloaded quality, a hectic pace. His mother's last testament screams over scenes of his bedding down with whores, and tinny piano and café clatter flourish over action well removed from the café. It is a brilliantly orchestrated piece, that ends with patches of silence as Munch gradually loses his grasp on life and moves toward the nervous breakdown that would eventually overtake him.

This is a stunning portrait of an artist as a young man. The feeling is there, and the emotion, as well as the icy Scandinavian atmosphere, this perhaps not so much from the surface look of the film as from the detached, third-person manipulation by the ever-present filmmaker. More complex and stoic than Ken Russell's early BBC portraits, *Edvard Munch*, however, has much in common with them. Russell and Watkins both strive for the emotion of the creative moment and the persona behind the art. They both maintain a position of omniscience; their portraits are drawn through a modern sensibility and a TV eye. With Russell and Watkins, we never forget the camera, the current fads in psychotherapy, nor the top of the pops chart. Watkins may have written the script, but in the end, he credits many of his cast of unknowns for expressing their own opinions. However, Edvard Munch comes out just as he did in life—a severely maligned, anguished, prolific genius. This feeling of truth is a tribute to Watkins' skill as a filmmaker. ●

GEORGE LUCAS' STAR WARS



Alec Guinness and George Lucas confer on the set of *Star Wars*.

Reviewed by George Morris

Intergalactic civil war is raging. In the act of obtaining secret information about the Death Star, the oppressive government's battle station capable of destroying an entire planet, rebel Princess Leia Organa (Carrie Fisher) has been caught, and has dispatched her Laurel-and-Hardy team of robots, C-3PO (Anthony Daniels) and R2-D2 (Kenny Baker) to relay her discoveries to the venerable warrior Ben (Obi-Wan) Kenobi (Alec Guinness). Kenobi enlists the aid of Luke Skywalker (Mark Hamill), a restless young farm boy seeking adventure and romance, and cynical sky pilot Han Solo (Harrison Ford, a dead ringer for Chevy Chase) in a run against time to save the Princess and destroy the Death Star.

If this sounds like an old Flash Gordon serial, guess again. It's the bare bones on which writer-director George Lucas has designed *Star Wars*, a super-sophisticated, super-cool $10,000,000 "space fantasy" which attempts to synthesize every Saturday matinée movie ever made.

Movies such as *Star Wars* render criticism superfluous. As I write this, a corner of my eye falls on a *Variety* headline: *'Star Wars' Best Start Since 'Jaws'*. George Lucas's third feature-length film had, within one week of its release, set box-office records, reaped the harvest of intense media saturation and instantly inherited the position held by Kubrick's *2001: A Space Odyssey* in the late sixties, of the *one* movie to see stoned.

Everyone loves *Star Wars*. The New York Establishment critics adored it, even though *Time*'s lavish six-page spread was conspicuously missing a by-line. Indeed, to express doubts about *Star Wars*, is to relegate yourself immediately to the mustier outposts of critical nitpicking. How could anyone dislike a movie that's so much fun? And what's wrong with just having fun at a movie for a change anyway?

Fun, like love and happiness, is a word that eludes definition. I happen to think all movies are fun, simply because I love movies so much; but the fun of *Star Wars* is unearned, imposed on the viewer with a wink of the eye and a nudge of the elbow. Lucas's eclectic convergence of generic elements from the classic American cinema is too patronizing. I have no doubt that he really loves the westerns, fantasies, sci-fi films and thirties and forties serials from which he has drawn in *Star Wars*, but the simple recreation of their hoariest clichés is little reason to rejoice. Like Peter Bogdanovich, Lucas fails to inform the conventions and traditions of genre filmmaking with a unique sensibility that would link him to the directors he emulates.

When Luke Skywalker returns to his uncle's moisture farm and discovers it burned to the ground, the situation and framing evoke Ford's *The Searchers*. The Tusken Raiders' intrusion into the left foreground of the frame as Luke and C-3PO fly through the countryside in search of R2-D2 is a shot right out of *Fort Apache*, and the climactic attack on the Death Star is a loving, knowing *hommage* to the

George Morris is a free-lance film critic based in New York. He contributed film reviews frequently to *The Village Voice* for two years, and has also written for *The Real Paper*, *The Soho Weekly News* and *Changes*. He has written several articles for *Film Comment*, and is the author of two books in the *Pyramid Illustrated History of the Movies* series, *Errol Flynn* and *Doris Day*.

aerial battles of Howard Hawks's war movies.

But so what? I for one am tired of seeing movies whose main source of inspiration seems to be other movies. Although Lucas has more zip than Bogdanovich, he shares the latter's irritating limitation of knowing more about old movies than his own creative impulses. Like *American Graffiti*, *Star Wars* is an impersonal mirror of our collective past at the movies. *Graffiti* is a look at the early sixties seen through the eyes of someone who has seen too many Roger Corman films about that period; Lucas does not provide any insight or perceptive observation on that era. Like *Star Wars*, its characters are one-dimensional cartoons, and the situations arbitrarily arranged for the easiest possible laughs and responses.

Lucas uses every conceivable means to encourage the audience's condescension toward *Star Wars*. The hero and heroine's leap across a parapet to safety, the cool mercenary's last-minute decision to "get involved," and the anthropomorphic mutants who inhabit the various galaxies, all invite the viewer to snicker, superior in the conviction that of course none of this is to be taken seriously. The disastrous casting of the film intensifies the feeling of alienation from anything remotely human. The bad acting in *Star Wars* has no style; the actors even seem wrong physically for their iconographical embodiments of hero, heroine and grudging sidekick. Even more unfortunate is Alec Guinness, reduced to mouthing mystical nonsense that might have come out of Mr. Lundie in *Brigadoon* if he had wandered into Lloyd C. Douglas's *Magnificent Obsession*.

Setting aside the blandness of the humans and the literally incoherent narrative, one comes to the special effects, the film's real *raison d'être*. The computerized miniatures and model work in *Star Wars* are its chief assets, but I feel there has to be something missing in a movie from which one remembers the spacey images more than the story, characters or ideas. Furthermore, the effects of the film are as abstractly and impersonally realized as everything else. There is no sense of wonder or magic in the film, no feeling of the naïveté and innocent belief that characterized the genre films of an earlier age.

The genre as a viable artistic form is almost dead in contemporary American cinema, but there are still films being made today which do not find it necessary to pander to the most jaded common denominator in the audience. Just this year, such flawed but affecting movies as Franklin Schaffner's *Islands in the Stream* and Jonathan Demme's *Citizen's Band* have breathed new life into traditional forms without sacrificing either artistic integrity or personal style. I had fun at both of these movies, particularly Demme's. But I am not amused by George Lucas's smirking contempt which simultaneously embraces his material and the audience for which it is designed. Meanwhile, it's outdistancing that other measure of mass taste in the seventies, *Jaws*, a film which resembles *Star Wars* in its hyped-up speed and TV-like shocks every few seconds or so to keep the audience awake. I think both Steven Spielberg and George Lucas continually underestimate their audiences as an excuse to camouflage their inadequacies as directors. Assault tactics, however, are no substitute for personal vision. ●

JONATHAN DEMME'S
CITIZENS BAND

Reviewed by Joseph P. Leydon

Like many recent films, *Citizens Band* is about a machine. Instead of a rampaging automobile or a lascivious computer, the device designed to hold our attention here is the CB radio, now a popular gadget in our mobile and fragmented society.

Director Jonathan Demme romanticizes the trendy CB, treating CB operators as a network of lonely and funny voices in the night, part of a medium which offers—along with more practical benefits—a chance for safe anonymous companionship.

In a quiet and deceptively simple fashion, Demme manages to say more about the grip technology has on our lives than a dozen films about berserk machinery. More important, Demme has not let his message interfere with a very entertaining story.

In the free-form tradition of *Nashville* and *American Graffiti*, scriptwriter Paul Brickman balances several subplots and main characters in *Citizens Band*. At the forefront of the confusion is Blaine (Paul Le Mat), known as Spider over his radio. When Spider isn't busy playing CB vigilante, cutting off the kooks and crazies who misuse the airwaves, he is trying to win back his sweetheart (Candy Clark), a pretty gym teacher attracted to his staid brother (Bruce McGill).

Also involved in the plot are Spider's father (Roberts Blossom), a cantankerous old-timer who appears animated only when at his CB dial; a bigamous truckdriver (Charles Napier) whose wives (Marcia Rodd, Ann Wedgeworth) finally get wise to his duplicity; a happy hooker (Alix Elias) who decides to put her business on wheels; and a provocative phantom of the airwaves known only as Electra.

All the divergent plot elements, even a throwaway gag about missing cattle, are brought together a bit too neatly in the pat ending. The charm of the characters, however, compensates for the grating plot mechanics.

As he did in the under-rated *Fighting Mad*, Demme captures the ambience of rustic Americana without resorting to condescending caricatures. Of course, Demme does receive help from an excellent cast.

Paul Le Mat, veteran of *American Graffiti* and *Aloha, Bobby and Rose*, drops his James Dean mannerisms frequently enough to add another sensitive performance to his growing list of credits. (Le Mat's scenes with Blossom have a pleasantly antic, edgy mood to them.) Candy Clark, another *Graffiti* star, tends to swallow her lines at odd moments, though her unstressed sensuality makes her always interesting to watch. Bruce McGill, Roberts Blossom, Ann Wedgeworth and Marcia Rodd all bring surprising depth and dignity to their roles.

There is an enjoyable improvisational air to *Citizens Band*, as though the movie were made up as it went along. It is an amiable mess, a spirited little mongrel guaranteed to renew your faith in the future of B-pictures. ●

[*Our highly-placed informants tell us that although the reviews of* Citizens Band *have been almost unanimous raves, Paramount has discovered that many people mistake the title to mean that the film is a musical. As a result, the pic has not been doing well at the box office and has been withdrawn from circulation for eventual re-release under a new title with a new ad campaign. Watch for it.—Eds.*]

Joseph P. Leydon is amusements editor for the Shreveport, La. *Times*.

ALAN RUDOLPH'S
WELCOME TO L.A.

Reviewed by Bruce Kawin

Robert Altman (producer), Keith Carradine (actor), and Alan Rudolph (writer-director) pulled into Denver not long ago with their new film, *Welcome to L.A.*, an extremely well-acted and -photographed piece that is not, finally, worth watching. The question/answer/diatribe session that followed the film, however, was revelatory. By the time this review appears, Pauline Kael will probably have lived up to her role as Altman's circus-barker and hailed *Welcome* as a challenging work by a coming talent; Jay Cocks, in *Time*, has already done so; so I'll ask *Take One* to publicize my two cents. A "personal" film is, after all, entitled to a personal response.

As a native of Los Angeles, I find it silly to call L.A. "the city of one-night stands." As a portrait of life in that city, *Family Plot* is more accurate and *Shampoo* more entertaining, but what is especially off-base here is the notion that the hero's very personal problems are an aspect of the city he happens to be visiting. Carradine here is a creature of one-night stands, encouraged by Rudolph to project his limitations onto the structures—and especially the women—that surround him. This practice makes sense in an Expressionist context, but here is simply the mark of an adolescent and sexist sensibility.

Although Altman made it clear that he has no "authorship" involvement with this film, he

Bruce Kawin is the author of *Tell It Again and Again* (Cornell, 72), a study of repetition in literature and film.

defended it in terms that implicated his own oeuvre, and suggested—to me at least—several interesting connections between the two men (who together wrote the script of *Buffalo Bill and the Indians*). Both are gifted directors with a good feel for open-ended structure; both know how to say what they mean; neither one, however, *has* much to say of any interest. Both are educated enough to be worrying about "big" issues, and sophomoric enough to feel they can resolve their films with an ironic, superior pose. *Ars gratia ego* could roar at the starts of their pictures.

"Keith Carradine," says the press sheet (and I appeal to the press sheet so as not to be accused of distorting what Rudolph means to say), "plays Carroll Barber, the film's connecting force, the composer whose return home has been merchandised and who finds his welcome filled with anxious L.A. women." Sally Kellerman plays a "desperate realtor who tries too hard to make up for her emptiness." Geraldine Chaplin appears as "the fragile Karen Hood, whose loneliness is realised in a 'Camille' fantasy." Harvey Keitel's role "runs the gamut of repressed feelings." Lauren Hutton "photographs corners and tries to stay out of them." If a pattern emerges here, it is that men are full and women are empty.

The viewer is expected to take Carradine seriously, and to feel some kind of distanced compassion for him, although what emerges is the portrait of a sensitive punk alcoholic. The "emptiness" of the "anxious L.A. women" is clearly imposed on them by Rudolph, and combatted by the actresses, all of whom try hard to turn these figures back into people. The ones who are most successful at this thankless project are Viveca Lindfors, in an Oscar-quality performance as Carradine's agent, and Geraldine Chaplin, whose Karen is about as "fragile" as a bulldozer. In the film's most typical scene, Lauren Hutton puffs languorously on a cigarette, bare-breasted, in her darkroom—the point being clearly to put Lauren Hutton in a dark room. When I pointed out that a serious photographer (which the character is) would be unlikely to scatter ash in her clean work environment, Rudolph said he was "making a statement about nudity." Presumably this line applies to the full-frontal-nude shot of Chaplin too; but Carradine spends more time in bed than any of the other characters, and the most we see of him is his nude back. All right, I said, taking him at his word, your statement is that women have nudity and men don't. "This isn't a documentary," Altman broke in; "the things that would be organized the way you want them wouldn't be art." He went on to tell me that I wanted too much "order" in my fantasies, that this was more open-ended. "The connections are all emotional," said Rudolph. Fair enough—but the film does have an order. As a piece of story-telling with a moral, it is lucid (considerably more so than *Nashville* or *Buffalo Bill*); as an investigation, it projects a very distinct sexual politics. The order is there, and I object to it—and I further object to being told that a film in which all the women are beautiful and "empty," and most of the men have "serious" problems, isn't politically coherent.

Toward the end of the afternoon, Carradine answered a question about his role in Jeanne Moreau's *Lumière*, an extraordinarily well-made—in fact, brilliant—film that has flopped in Paris and been given a lukewarm press in America. In *Lumière*, he said, he played himself and didn't care much for the part. It strikes me that to portray a sexual fascist/infant with such care, a man would have to be either a feminist or the thing itself. Rudolph may want to take credit, after the fact, for the real things *Welcome to L.A.* reveals about sexual communication in our (?) time, but he seems, more accurately, to be in the equivalent of Carradine's position. What he dramatizes are his own, limited views of the natures of men and women, without any distance, and where the picture succeeds in telling the audience anything useful about art, love, and power, it is in spite of his silly script. *Welcome to L.A.* is visually beautiful, and Rudolph clearly knows how to use the camera; he should leave the typewriter to someone else. ●

What a good girl am I...Lauren Hutton in Welcome to L.A.

...and I further object to being told that a film in which all the women are beautiful and "empty," and most of the men have "serious" problems, isn't politically coherent.

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UNDERGROUND

Reviewed by Ronald S. Librach

Both aesthetically and politically, *Underground* constitutes a significant departure for Emile de Antonio. In his earlier work, de Antonio perfected a technique which he characterizes as "political theatre," and which consists primarily in the politically inspired editing of documentary footage—of out-takes which he calls "the confessions of the system." In *Underground*, however, de Antonio abandons this technique of theatrical montage, and the technique which he develops in *Underground* becomes both a metaphor for the exigencies of making an expressly political film and a colloquy in which he can examine the assumptions on which, as political cinema, his own work is based.

Along with Mary Lampson (who has worked with him on four previous films) and cinematographer Haskell Wexler, de Antonio contacted the Weather Underground and arranged to make an interview film with five of its members: Bernadine Dohrn, Kathy Boudin, Cathy Wilkerson, Jeff Jones, and Billy Ayres (all of whom, with the exception of Ayres, are wanted on Federal charges). In order to conceal the faces of the revolutionaries, *Underground* is filmed either through a scrim or, more often, into a mirror: while we see only the backs of the film's subjects (the film was originally called *Bernadine's Back*), we see constantly the faces of de Antonio, Lampson, and Wexler, who is in the process of photographing the session, mostly with a handheld camera. The result is a curious reversal of the ordinary process for shooting a film: we never actually see the "stars" of the movie, but the people "behind the scenes" are continually visible. Additionally, this technique serves as a constant reminder of the collaborative—and thus political—nature of the film's production: "This film, says de Antonio, "is about us; we're in it, too. It is a collective experience, and we're part of this experience."

While the aesthetic of *Underground* is expressly political it does not, however, develop the same didactic technique which is exploited in de Antonio's earlier films. In *America Is Hard To See* (1970), for example, which documents Eugene McCarthy's 1968 Presidential campaign, de Antonio depends upon an interview technique which both rejects narration and effaces the voice of the narrator, which is de Antonio's own. He characterizes each of these devices as "a kind of fascism of the mind," and he refuses to pretend that the film deals objectively with historical material rather than didactically with patently political documents; in each of his previous films—*Point of Order!* (1964), *Rush to Judgment* (1967), *In the Year of the Pig* (1967), and *Millhouse* (1971), as well as *America Is Hard to See*—de Antonio has insisted that the art of the documentary is the art of the "didactic line," of the "preconceived idea."

In *Underground*, however, de Antonio is in the process of producing his own historical document, and as his inversion of filmmaker and film subject implies, the technique of *Underground* abandons that transparent pretense to historical objectivity which, in his previous films, not only serves to counterpoint—and thus illuminate—the didactic political stance from which they are made, but also provides them with their savage humor. By his own definitions, then, *Underground* is for de Antonio the "ultimate anti-film."

On the other hand, *Underground* documents the determination of the Weather Underground to "surface" politically—to return to the plane on which political action can be effective in a practical (that is, a historical) sense; *Underground* attempts to give meaning to the claim which the revolutionaries make throughout the film—the claim that "going underground" can be an affirmative political posture. For the Underground, says de Antonio, his film is literally "A coming out."

Conversely, *Underground* itself constitutes de Antonio's own effort to confront the Weather Underground responsibly: it is his effort to document their determination to be politically effective, and so to "place them in history." In *Underground*, then, de Antonio abandons the technique of the documentary filmmaker who is detached from his material by the didactic stance which he takes towards it; he determines instead to confront his historical material immediately and personally, and he stresses that the making of a political film is itself an historical event. Metaphorically then, the technique of this film rejects the principle of detachment and constitutes de Antonio's own descent into the political undeground. In *Underground*, de Antonio confronts the charge which must ultimately be confronted by every artist who thinks of himself as "radical": the charge that art—even politically radical art—is an abdication of political commitment, a persistence in thinking and acting in a way which is not really political thought and act. As his own image on the screen and his own voice on the soundtrack suggest, *Underground* is de Antonio's examination of himself as a filmmaker committed to political thinking. For de Antonio, the impulse towards detachment has always depended upon his capacity to play the part of the political commentator, and that same detachment has always allowed him to justify the didacticism of his commentary and to avoid responding directly to historical circumstance. In *Underground*, however, he has rejected his mock aesthetic diffidence, and he uses the film itself as an overture to the radicals of the Weather Underground, who have committed themselves to the task of making political history. ●

Underground

Ronald S. Librach is an Instructor in English at the University of Missouri, Columbia, where he teaches English Literature and various courses on film. He has published fiction and articles on figures in British and American literature.

CARLOS SAURA'S CRIA CUERVOS

Reviewed by Will Aitken

I think I'd be willing to settle for a lot less from Carlos Saura and his most recent film, *Cria Cuervos*.

The film, winner of the Prix Special last year at Cannes, is being distributed in a French-dubbed version called *Regards d'une enfance*, a title that doesn't do much justice to the Spanish, which translates roughly as "Crow Breeder."

In any case, *Cria Cuervos* is about an eight-year-old girl named Ana (Ana Torrent) whose parents have died in close succession, and it is also about, as the original title suggests, Spain and its past which is always present.

These two levels, the first presented head-on from Ana's viewpoint and the second apparent only from the gradual accretion of seemingly inconsequential detail, are enough for any film to handle. Saura specializes in a kind of allegorical realism, judging from some of his earlier work, particularly *The Hunt* (1966) and *The Garden of Delights* (1970). But Saura, trying to live up to critical claims that he is Bunuel's heir, has contrived to load his film down with trimmings it doesn't really need.

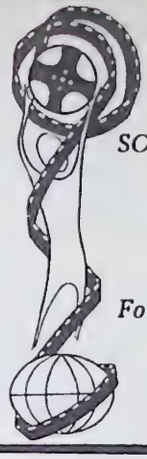
Saura is Bunuel's equal in his fluid transitions from reality to fantasy (Ana causes her dead mother to appear and disappear by following certain rituals). This smoothness is cleverly aided by the narrative device of using Geraldine Chaplin (she's married to Saura) to play both the dead mother and Ana as a grown woman looking back on her death-obsessed childhood.

Saura has real problems, though, trying to be a surrealist, and his *hommages* to other directors frequently add resonance in the wrong direction. The surrealist touches in *Cria Cuervos*—ominous things in the fridge, a perpetually mute and smiling grandmother in her wheelchair—come through to us as third-hand, Bunuel via Polanski: they lack the disorientingly vivid immediacy of Bunuel; they're studied, too predictable.

In much the same way as the countless references—to Visconti and Bergman and Bertolucci and especially to René Clément's *Jeux Interdits*—at first seem to add richness and texture but eventually work to take us out of *Cria Cuervos*.

Jeux Interdits is most pertinent because it is thematically so similar to *Cria Cuervos* and so much more involving because of Clément's precise handling of tone. The children in *Jeux Interdits* make death their religion just as Ana does, but Clément has the good sense to hold us at arm's length from the tragedy of children adapting themselves so naturally and rapidly to the horrors of war. The children's collection of dead animals and crucifixes and the wily-ignorant peasants they live with all provide the

Will Aitken is a Montreal-based writer, teacher and poet, and is *Take One*'s Assistant Editor.



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uneasy hilarity of an immense sick joke. Clément keeps this joke going, prolongs it by twisting it half turn by half turn till we've almost forgotten the grisly reality of war that inspired the joke in the first place. Clément saves that reality as the final abrupt twist, the one that brings rushing to the surface all the pain lying just below our laughter.

Saura gets into trouble when he goes for the macabre-funny touches, for at the same time he can't resist rubbing in the pathos inherent in the very notion of an eight-year-old orphan. In addition to a prosaically wicked guardian and the grinning grandmother, there's also Ana's pet guinea pig that we know at first glance—despite its apparent plump healthiness—is not long for Saura's world.

A similar failing in tone arises from the direction of Ana Torrent herself. We're too much aware of her wistful waif's face and enormous haunted child-actor's eyes. There are too many scenes where we sense Saura's manipulation instead of Ana's emotions.

Allegory provides dangerous territory for moviemakers. Characters become emblems too easily. Chaplin's peformance as the mother is delicately articulated, yet in retrospect she becomes more Spain than mother, her long suffering, bleeding, dying somehow the fault of the uniformed father who has been from the beginning the embodiment of paternalistic fascism. And the sympathetic housekeeper becomes the wise earthy peasant, the death's-

Allegory provides dangerous territory for moviemakers.

head grandmother the mute but living past, and so on.

The best film allegories—and one thinks immediately of Renoir's *La règle du jeu*—are either the ones that don't allow an imbalance between the human and the emblem or those that play such an imbalance for all it's worth, as with Bunuel's *L'Age d'Or*.

Saura doesn't appear confident enough for either approach yet; more academic than instinctive, he seems awed by his title of heir apparent and by the other predecessors he continually alludes to. So many tributes and references, so much careful movement and spotlessness—I'd like to see Saura get a little careless, a bit sloppy. I'd like to see him let his actors have their heads, at least let them move about and explore the tight allegorical structure he's provided them.

Cria Cuervos says a lot about Spain and its bloody heritage, about the black hopelessness bred over centuries that won't be dispelled by the best of liberal intentions.

Unlike *Jeux Interdits, Cria Cuervos* allows its audience no final catharsis. There's no release from Ana's mourning, Saura says, because there is no release from Spain's past. I would be tempted to agree with Saura's verdict (just as I'm tempted to agree to the enduring dismalness of Ana's existence because it reinforces my belief that there's no such thing as a happy childhood) except for the fact that I seem to catch glimpses of him enjoying the bleakness of it all. ●

RAINER WERNER FASSBINDER'S
FEAR OF FEAR

Reviewed by Barbara Leaming

Rainer Werner Fassbinder, by now a familiar name in world cinema, had yet another film at the New York Film Festival last fall. And again, Fassbinder's appearance was far more than a pro forma one, for his 1975 *Fear of Fear*, the 1976 festival entry, is a subtly articulated cinematic analysis. According to Fassbinder, the film, which deals with a woman on the verge of a breakdown, is based on a short story by a German housewife recounting her own experience. The film's main character, Margot, played by Margit Carstensen, one of Fassbinder's regular leading actresses, is a woman on the brink of madness, acutely aware of the abyss before her, and obsessed by fear, fear of something she cannot name. Like the visual structure of the film, the source of Margot's fear is masked, obscured—obsessive but elusive. In a society such as ours, one so complex that the sources of power, the origins of things, are shrouded in a fog of obscurity and complexity, so Margot's fear is generalized, unanalyzed—and hence unconquerable. Fassbinder, however, constructs an elegant dialectic here, for as Margot herself withdraws, first into the stupor of valium and brandy, later into the artificial euphoria of "happiness" pills, he forces the audience into a rigorous analytical survey of Margot's psychic state. Rather than plunging into the abyss of her madness, Fassbinder ruthlessly probes it with his analytical camera eye.

In the past Fassbinder's films have often been concerned with isolated people—with the outsider. In *Fear of Fear*, once again the central figure is set apart—she is a woman whose world is largely a world of family, a family that perceives her not only as an outsider, an intruder, but more importantly as someone "abnormal." For them, there is no question of what it is which constitutes the norm, for her sister-in-law explicitly and flatly states, "We are normal." They are the ones certainly who hold power; they are then the ones who determine the norm. Yet it is not even this outsider status within her husband's family which seems to mark the critical point in Margot's passage towards madness. There is a far more crucial sense of strangeness, of alienation, which she feels: her failure to identify with her own image. And it is this alienation from image—and hence from role—which provides the central structuring device of Fassbinder's film. Repeatedly we watch Margot confront her image, her image as an image, as she looks in Sirkian mirror after mirror. The apartment is filled with square and oval mirrors, waiting to catch her glance, waiting—if she were "normal"—to confirm her identity, to confirm her sense of self. But for Margot this face in the mirror remains "other," remains an image and nothing more. It cannot, she says, be she. But if the image is not she, then what is it? This is the abyss, the void which fills her with fear. For us, however, in the audience, the recognition of the image has quite different effects. Seeing the image as an image, we, in turn, see the figure reflected in the glass and on the screen itself as an image as well. It is never a "natural," unchangeable reality which we face in Fassbinder's film. Rather it is always an image made by someone, and hence is subject to change. It is thus that one can make sense of Fassbinder's comment at the film festival press conference that the film has an optimistic ending, *for the audience*. The audience is learning to think of reality as changeable, as something made by people and hence alterable by them. What Margot does not know, we may in the end begin to sense.

The mirror is not, of course, the only device serving to call attention to the status of images as images in the film. Fassbinder has further developed one of his earlier devices of framing within the frame of the screen. The interior frame which limits the material we see calls attention to the ordering and shaping of what we see; it calls attention to the "work" in the production of an image which is never posited as "natural." Margot herself is often obscured in part by the door frames of the apartment which crop her image on screen. She is not a whole woman we see; she is simply a part, a part which expresses a particular perspective.

Unlike the filmmakers of the transparent classical realist cinema, Fassbinder uses frames within the frames and other devices to make it difficult for us to see. For example, Margot's sister-in-law functions as a kind of voyeur, watching Margot's every move out of the house through a window. It is significant that this window, the emblem for realist art, is not able to give direct access to the sights she watches below, for her view is obscured by a leafy tree or a curtain. She, like us, must look through something. Our attention has been detained at the level of the signifier. We are reminded that something is producing meaning and that that meaning is therefore not simply "natural."

In addition, the curtain and the tree separate us, keep us apart from the object of our gaze. We are distanced from it, just as the doors which separate the rooms of the apartment, where Margot and her husband Kurt live, serve as a realized metaphor for the distance between them. For instance, in one of the film's early scenes, as Margot is still desperately fighting to stave off engulfing madness, she tries to make contact, to speak to Kurt, but he remains enclosed within the frame of one room and she of another. As if to underscore this separation, Fassbinder's camera moves emphatically between the two rooms rather than cutting the scene into two shots. The space between them has found a visual articulation.

The color of the film is in marked contrast to the sort used by Fassbinder earlier in films like *Merchant of Four Seasons* or *The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant*. In *Fear of Fear*, rather than bright colors, we encounter an extraordinarily drab, washed out spectrum of dull greys and greens, bleached blonde hair with black roots,

Barbara Leaming is an Assistant Professor in the department of theatre and cinema at Hunter College, CUNY, and holds a PhD in Cinema Studies from New York University.

white skin faded to ashes, broken only by the harsh orange plastic of the chairs and the red clothes on the infant. It is a world that is colored like an old print of a Hollywood melodrama, perhaps Douglas Sirk's *Imitation of Life*, which has now reappeared in a new faded incarnation years later.

None of this is accidental. Nor is this the only reference to other films. Even Bergman is quoted here with a tank from *The Silence* moving in front of a window. What happens when Fassbinder reveals his filmic frame of reference so clearly in this film and in so many other of his works is a question of crucial importance. When an image with which we are already familiar appears in a new context, something happens to the content of that image—our attention is shifted away from the signified to the signifier. Suddenly style becomes visible as style. In terms of his manipulation of the sign system, Fassbinder's work is similar to that of certain Pop artists. What has happened in *Fear of Fear* is precisely what Lawrence Alloway perceived in Roy Lichtenstein's paintings: "He is not discovering unsuspected wonders or conferring dignity on the overlooked: on the contrary, his subjects are known beforehand to the spectator and depend on being recognized as existing signs. The original source which was a signifier becomes the signified in the painting..." (*American Pop Art*, p. 80). In Fassbinder's films, materials exist in a realm of similar simultaneity: signifier becomes signified, yet echos in our memory as signifier still. The sign as convention has been revealed, its "naturalness" called into question. As in Pop Art, style has become "subject matter." The political significance of Fassbinder's interest in style as subject matter ought perhaps to be clarified, for in no sense is this an outmoded art for art's sake, a precious formalism. Rather, Fassbinder reveals to us an art made by people, an image made by people, a world made by people, a world, an image which is changeable by people. He reveals or demands active rather than passive spectators. People who transform. People who change.

Fear of Fear, then, is the politicization of style. Stylistic politics. As Jorge Luis Borges has said, "Each writer *creates* his precursors." In *Fear of Fear*, Fassbinder creates his precursors and thereby creates a politics. ●

Cria Cuervos
A Jason Allen release. Producer: Elias Quereta. Screenplay and direction: Carlos Saura. Sets and cinematography: Teodoro Escamilla. Cast: Geraldine Chaplin, Ana Torrent, Conchita Perez, Juana Sanchez Almendros, Monica Randall.

Star Wars
A 20th-Century Fox release. Producer: Gary Kurtz. Direction and screenplay: George Lucas. Production Designer: John Barry. Director of Photography: Gilbert Taylor, B.S.C. Music: John Williams. Costumes: John Mollo. Special Photographic Effects Supervisor: John Stears. Editors: Paul Hirsch, Marcia Lucas, Richard Chew. Cast: Mark Hamill, Harrison Ford, Carrie Fisher, Peter Cushing, Alec Guinness, Anthony Daniels, Kenny Baker, Peter Mayhew, David Prowse.

Underground
An Emile de Antonio, Mary Lampson production. Directors: Emile de Antonio, Mary Lampson, Haskell Wexler. Cinematography: Haskell Wexler. Cast: The Weather Underground.

Citizens Band
A Paramount Pictures release of a Fields Company production. Executive producer: Shep Fields. Director: Jonathon Demme. Screenplay: Paul Brickman. Camera: Jordon Cronenweth. Editor: John F. Link II. Music: Bill Conti. Production design: Bill Malley. Set decoration: Ira Bates. Sound: John K. Wilkinson, Gene Cantamesse. Costumes: Jodie Lynn Tillen. Assistant Director: Charles Okun. Cast: Paul Le Mat, Candy Clark, Ann Wedgeworth, Bruce McGill, Marcia Rodd, Charles Napier, Alix Elias, Roberts Blossom.

Welcome to L.A.
A United Artists release. Producer: Robert Altman. Written and directed by Alan Rudolph. Camera: Dave Myers. Editors: William A. Sawyer, Tom Walls. Music: Richard Baskin. Sound: Richard Portman, Jim Webb, Chris McLaughlin. Cast: Keith Carradine, Sally Kellerman, Geraldine Chaplin, Harvey Keitel, Lauren Hutton, Viveca Lindfors, Sissy Spacek.

Angst von der Angst [Fear of Fear]
A Westdeutscher Rundfunk (Cologne) production. Written and directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. Producer: Peter Marthesheimer. Photography: Jurgen Jurges, Ulrich Prinz. Editors: Liesgrett Schmitt-Klink, Beate Fischer-Weiskirch. Sound: Manfred Oelschlegel, Hans Pampuch. Music: Peer Raben. Art Director: Kurt Raab. Cast: Margit Carstensen, Ulrich Faulhaber, Brigitte Mira, Irm Hermann, Amin Meier, Adrian Hoven, Kurt Raab, Ingrid Caven, Lilo Pempeit.

Edvard Munch
A Norsk Rikskringkasting/Sveriges Radio AB release. Written and directed by Peter Watkins. Production manager: Ulf Fjoran. Photography: Odd Geir Saether. Art Director: Grethe Hajer. Sound: Kenneth Storm-Hansen, Bjorn Hansen, Asmund Huser. Costumes: Ada Skolmen. Cast: Geir Westby, Gro Fraas, Erik Allum, Amund Berge, Kerstii Allum, Inger-Berit Oland, Susan Troldmyr, Calilla Falk, Gro Jarto, Johan Halsbog.

Cross of Iron
An Avco Embassy release. Executive Producer: Arlene Sellers. Producers: Wolf C. Hartwig, Alex Winitsky. Director: Sam Peckinpah. Screenplay: Julius J. Epstein, Walter Kelley, James Hamilton. Music: Ernest Gold. Editors: Tony Lawson, Herbert Taschner, Murray Jordan. Director of Photography: John Coquillon. Cast: James Coburn, Maximillian Schell, James Mason, David Warner, Klaus Lowitsch, Arthur Brauss.

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Claude Lelouch discusses his work, Francis Lai,

by Peter Lev

Claude Lelouch is usually remembered as the director of *A Man and a Woman* (1966), the lyrical love story that had a phenomenal worldwide success. Very few people know that Lelouch, not yet forty, is a veteran of twenty feature films, including such varied works as *Life, Love, Death* (1968), a protest against capital punishment; *The Crook* (1970), a stylish, multileveled crime film; and *Money, Money, Money* (1972), a satire on political terrorism. The last Lelouch film to be released in the United States was the complex love story *And Now My Love* (1974), but since then he has made four films in France and completed the shooting of his first English-language movie, *Another Man, Another Woman,* starring James Caan and Geneviève Bujold.

Lelouch is a particularly interesting figure because of his multiple talents and the degree of control he has over his films. He writes, directs, photographs and produces (or co-produces) each of his pictures, and he also takes an interest in distribution. As a one-man film company, he is free to exercise his own unique methods of cinema—the hand-held camera, constantly tracking, panning and zooming; the semi-improvised style of acting; the juxtaposition of black and white and color footage; the heavy reliance on the music of his friend, composer Francis Lai. About the only thing Lelouch does not control is the critics, and he is quite sensitive to the hostile reception he gets in France's specialized film magazines.

In late 1976 Claude Lelouch presented his two most recent films at special screenings in Los Angeles. Since these films play an important part in the discussion that follows, I will introduce them here:

Le bon et les méchants (*The Good and The Bad,* 1975) is Lelouch's contribution to the growing number of French films about the Nazi Occupation. It follows the career of a group of petty gangsters who, through a series of difficult choices, become members of the Resistance; and the parallel career of a high police official who, through similar choices, becomes a collaborator of the Gestapo. The film plays with ideas of moral relativism, and occasionally it may go too far (for example, why talk about the "Hitler gang" in a film that is generally sympathetic to gangsters?). However, Lelouch ultimately affirms that there is a difference between right and wrong, and that individual moral decisions should be the basis of politics. His remarks on justice in the interview that follows could be seen as an explanation of this film. *Le bon et les méchants* also works as a gangster film, as a love story, and at times as a comedy. Lelouch's excellent black and white photography, suggesting both artistic stylization and historical distance, adds a great deal to the film's impact.

Si c'etait à refaire (*If I Had to Do It All Over Again,* 1976) is a less ambitious film, the story of a woman who leaves prison after more than fifteen years and tries to rebuild her life. She constructs an unusual family unit involving an older woman, a prison friend, and her teenage son who thought his parents were dead. Despite amusing Oedipal problems, and other obstacles, the film comes to a happy conclusion. Lelouch's flashy technique sometimes seems out of place in such a simple story, but the subject is intriguing (Lelouch's interest in the independent woman goes back at least to *Happy New Year,* 1973) and the acting is good. Catherine Deneuve gives a fine performance in the main role, and Anouk Aimée is even better as her prison friend.

This interview was recorded over lunch at the Beverly Hills Hotel in December, 1976, a few days before production began on *Another Man, Another Woman.* Although Claude Lelouch was accompanied by his excellent translator, Cissa McKinley, I decided to conduct the interview in French so that he could speak more freely. Any awkwardness in translation is my responsibility.

In your earlier films, the people are alone, isolated, not very sure of themselves, while in Si c'etait à refaire *and* Le bon et les méchants *the characters are stronger.*

Lelouch: That's because, you know, in a film d'auteur, when a director works from his own story, the film is always a reflection of your own life, of the state of mind where one is. There are very different periods in a man's life, and since I'm fortunate to be able to shoot very quickly—between the moment that I write and the moment that I shoot the film there's not much of a gap—the stories that I shoot and that I write correspond pretty well to the way I live. Very often you have directors who write a story and can't shoot it for five years, which means that when they shoot their story they're already in another state of mind.

Was that the case with And Now My Love? *You've said that you wanted to make that film for ten years.*

Lelouch: Yes, no... all my films take a long time to write. I shoot quickly, very, very quickly, but I take a lot of time in writing. For example, right now I'm writing at least a dozen screenplays, but I'm not writing them all at once. I mean I have them with me all the time while I'm travelling, and some days I want to work on one, some days I want to work on another. Every morning for almost an hour I write, it's one of the things I do when I wake up, I write. It's a discipline that I've practiced for years and years, and I write like that, for the pleasure of writing, I write a huge amount.

Do you talk with other people about your screenplay ideas?

Peter Lev is a film teacher and critic with a special interest in French cinema.

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Claude Lelouch discusses his work,

by Peter Lev

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In late 1976 Claude Lelouch presented his two most recent films at special screenings in Los Angeles. Since these films play an important part in the discussion that follows, I will introduce them here:

Le bon et les méchants (*The Good and The Bad,* 1975) is Lelouch's cont to the growing number of Frenc about the Nazi Occupation. It foll career of a group of petty gangste through a series of difficult become members of the Resistan the parallel career of a high police who, through similar choices, bec collaborator of the Gestapo. T plays with ideas of moral relativis occasionally it may go too example, why talk about the "Hitle in a film that is generally sympat gangsters?). However, Lelouch ul affirms that there is a difference between right and wrong, and that individual moral decisions should be the basis of politics. His remarks on justice in the interview that follows could be seen as an explanation of this film. *Le bon et les méchants* also works as a gangster film, as a love story, and at times as a comedy. Lelouch's excellent black and white photography, suggesting both artistic stylization and historical distance, adds a great deal to the film's impact.

Si c'etait à refaire (*If I Had to Do It All Over Again,* 1976) is a less ambitious film, the story of a woman who leaves prison after more than fifteen years and tries to rebuild her life. She constructs an unusual family unit involving an older woman, a prison friend, and her teenage son who thought his parents were dead. Despite amusing Oedipal problems, and other obstacles, the film comes to a happy conclusion. Lelouch's flashy technique sometimes seems out of place in such a simple story, but the subject is intriguing (Lelouch's interest in the independent woman goes back at least to *Happy New Year,* 1973) and the acting is good. Catherine Deneuve gives a fine performance in the main role, and Anouk Aimée is even better as her prison friend.

This interview was recorded over lunch at the Beverly Hills Hotel in December, 1976, a few days before production began

from his own story, the film is always a reflection of your own life, of the state of mind where one is. There are very different periods in a man's life, and since I'm fortunate to be able to shoot very quickly—between the moment that I write and the moment that I shoot the film there's not much of a gap—the stories that I shoot and that I write correspond pretty well to the way I live. Very often you have directors who write a story and can't shoot it for five years, which means that when they shoot their story they're already in another state of mind.

Was that the case with And Now My Love? *You've said that you wanted to make that film for ten years.*

Lelouch: Yes, no... all my films take a long time to write. I shoot quickly, very, very quickly, but I take a lot of time in writing. For example, right now I'm writing at least a dozen screenplays, but I'm not writing them all at once. I mean I have them with me all the time while I'm travelling, and some days I want to work on one, some days I want to work on another. Every morning for almost an hour I write, it's one of the things I do when I wake up, I write. It's a discipline that I've practiced for years and years, and I write like that, for the pleasure of writing, I write a huge amount.

Do you talk with other people about your screenplay ideas?

Peter Lev is a film teacher and critic with a special interest in French cinema.

film distribution, American history, and justice.

Lelouch: I talk... It's very difficult to explain my method of working, because I don't have one method, I have a thousand. For example, when I make a film about gangsters, I like to spend time with gangsters, eat with them, go out with them. I remember the way they talk, and the next morning, when I wake up, I make notes. When I make a film about a businessman, I want to meet businessmen. In fact my life is a little bit in the image of the scripts I'm working on. I lead a very active live, parallel to cinema, so that I can meet people like this.

Before seeing Le bon et les méchants *last night I had read a few reviews of it in French film magazines and frankly, I didn't recognize the film. I'm not sure that they saw the same film I did.*

Lelouch: In France I have a very, very uncomfortable position, because I don't feel at home there. I mean it's my country, it's the language I speak, my culture is French, I'm French, and... I don't feel it's my country in a professional sense. And every time I'm... there's a divorce between French intellectuals and me. Because I don't agree with them, and I tell them so. You know, the French intellectuals don't like to be told certain things. So there's that on the one hand, and also they might not like my films. That's also possible.

But, you know, I've had good reviews, too, sometimes that happens to me. I have films that are well-received... but, the critics of the big journals, with big circulations, like my films. And the critics of the small-circulation journals don't like my films. So, from there you can draw any conclusions you like. What it means, I don't know. Is it good, is it bad, I don't know.

A small-circulation journal, I've noticed, is not going to like my films. It's these journals, let's call them "politicized."

I refuse to get involved in politics. I refuse because... I personally love justice.

But I think there is a moral and political side to Le bon et les méchants.

Lelouch: Yes, there is a political side, but for people who are active in politics it's not political enough. They want me to take a position, to take a firm position. But (it's hard to explain this because it's very complicated), I am active politically like everyone else, without realizing it. My politics, I know it, it's justice. When something seems just to me I want to do it. And what I don't like, for example, about certain Leftists is not what they say, which is good, but that sometimes they're not just. I mean that the political clans lack justice. Very often all the politically committed people, because they are politically committed, stop being just, and to defend an idea become arbitrary.

That's why I'm not active in politics. It's exciting, politics, but it's not just. It can't be just. So I had to choose independence. I chose independence in my work, as producer, as writer, as director, as cameraman, and this independence means that I have many enemies. Because I don't want to belong to any of those clans.

You're an independent producer, but that doesn't mean that when you want to make a film you can do it right away, does it? You have to talk to banks, to other producers...

Lelouch: No, not too much. Not too much because, if I don't have the critics with me, I have the distributors. And that's more important. When I make a film I have no trouble finding a distributor. You can't have everything. What I mean is no, my problem isn't there, my problem I have all alone. My only problem is that I write stories, and when they're ready I want to shoot them. There are some films I can't make because they cost too much, and I say "That's not reasonable." I have films that could be made for five, six, seven million dollars, and I don't want to make them. I don't want to make them because they're not worth that much money.

But if I want to make a film for $500,000 or $1,000,000, I can make it.

(As I change tape cassettes, I ask Lelouch whether the strong, independent feminine roles in his recent films indicate a change in his attitude towards women. He denies it, saying that there have always been women in his films, and that women are important to him. He adds that some of his closest co-workers are women.

When the new tape is rolling Lelouch summarizes his thoughts on women.)

Lelouch: Women aren't becoming important, they've always had an importance in my life, professionally and sexually. I mean I need women to live. I can't live in a world without women.

There have always been women in your films, but it seems that recent films, especially in the United States, have very few good roles for women. There are very few films where women have some independence, where they are something more than the love interest.

Lelouch: Yes, but still that's changing, everything is changing... Me, I'm not different. I mean when I write a story I don't think about that. When I finished writing *Si c'etait à refaire* I said "Look, I made a film for women." But I didn't know that at the time I was writing it.

So you also don't write a film for a specific actor or actress?

Lelouch: No, first I write the story, without thinking about who it will be, and when I've decided to make a film with an actor I rewrite the film, changing little things so that it fits him.

You like to work with the same actors from time to time?

Lelouch: Yes, that happens. Since I work with an enormous number of friends, I like the actors I work with to be my friends. I like actors who are not just actors, I like actors who are human beings. Who have a real generosity, a real

Claude Lelouch with Genvieve Bujold on the set of **Another Man, Another Woman.**

tenderness, who are not actors. So when I find some that I like, I make one film, two films, three films with them.

I think Anouk Aimée is excellent in Si c'etait à refaire.

Lelouch: Yes, she's good. Yes, it's ten years since I worked with her. You know, one thing I've noticed is after three films with the same actor you begin to use each other up. I believe that three films for actors in principal roles should be the maximum. After that you know them too well.

Do you always improvise a lot in your films?

Lelouch: Not so much. People think so, but not so much. A very little bit.

At the time of A Man and a Woman *there was a lot of talk about your improvised style where the actors didn't know exactly what they were going to say.*

Lelouch: Which is true. And that... Always. I never give the screenplay to the actors. Never, never, never, never. They discover the film every day during the shooting. This doesn't give them the chance to do their number, to be actors. They remain human beings who are afraid, let's say, of what happens to them.

You always work with Francis Lai?

Lelouch: Always. Always.

I read that for A Man and a Woman *he wrote the music before the film.*

Lelouch: Always. For all my films. I always work on the music in advance, before the shooting.

And the actors can hear the music during the shooting?

Lelouch: Very often I play the music on the set, and I put things in motion to the music, where there will be music in the film. So, the actors move as if there's a planned relationship to the music.

That's not the usual way for a director to work, is it?

Lelouch: No, but if I do the music after the film, like everybody else, it's not good for me. It's not good because the musician, when he sees the images, can't stop himself from repeating what the images say. And the one cancels the other, you see, it creates a kind of pleonasm so that the same thing is said twice. While when I work with Francis Lai, well before the film, practically six months before production, one day I go to see him and tell him the whole story of the film. I project the film for him, but without images, and all the details, all of them. He's the first spectator I have for the film. I give him the parts where I want to have music, and I say "Now I want you to think, in terms of the story I've told you, that you're going to write a musical film. What does the story inspire you to do?" And later, from all the melodies, I take everything that pleases me, that can go with the film. You can only do this with a musician who thinks like you, who breathes like you, who is very, very close to you. Francis is extremely good at it.

I think you're very good at making films with music. Francis Lai has written music for other directors, but it's not the same thing.

Lelouch: No, because for the others he writes the music afterwards. And when you do the music afterwards, it's not good. He knows it himself, and he tells people. He says "Don't you want me to do the music in advance?" (Laughter) No, no.

"Black and white leaves the spectator a chance to dream."

One day he talked to a guy who asked him to write the music for his film, and Francis said "You know what would give me pleasure? I don't want to look at the film." The guy said "What, you don't want to see my film?" Francis said "Yes, please, I don't want to see the film. I'll see it, but only when it is finished, with the music added." He's right, Francis. He told me "either I like the film, and I like it so well that I get a complex from it, I don't know what to do because I like the film so well, or I don't like the film and I do anything at all. I hesitate, and if I don't like the film I don't want to give the guy good music."

It seems that you are one of the last filmmakers who's interested in black and white.

Lelouch: Yes.

Why?

Lelouch: Because it's beautiful, black and white is beautiful because it's... I like black and white because I never saw the war. Black and white leaves the spectator a chance to dream. When you see someone dressed you can choose the color that he's wearing. For example, if I film this coat, it's not maroon in black and white. It's a kind of gray, so that if you like red it can be red in your mind. You see... and every spectator in a black and white film can choose his colors. But in color film you can't choose, they're fixed. I think it's a little like going to the tailor or to a store, you choose the color you like. So many spectators, so many different colors. What I like in black and white is that I find it's beautiful, but I can't make any more films in black and white because commercially it doesn't work. The producers, the distributors want films in color.

But you do it anyway.

Lelouch: I do it anyway, yes, but they're not happy. I tell them the film's in black and white and they groan, they complain, et cetera, et cetera. So once in a while, after a big success, I can make a film in black and white.

Claude Lelouch with James Caan and producer Alexandre Mnouchkine on the set of **Another Man, Another Woman.**

Tell us about the film you're making here (Another Man, Another Woman).

Lelouch: I've been writing it for ten years. In fact I'll tell you... it's a film I've been preparing for a long, long time. It took a long time because I couldn't find certain... many elements were missing, and because it's a mixture of genres. It's a very complicated film because it mixes two states of mind. The most difficult thing in the film is to mix the state of mind of America and the state of mind of Europe. They are two totally different things, for several reasons. And the film is the story of a European state of mind which arrives in America, and which in two generations becomes American. Or it's the story of a Frenchman who in two generations becomes totally American. So one needed an excellent understanding of Europe and a good understanding of America.

That's the story of all Americans.

Lelouch: It's the story of all Americans, that's why this film, I believe, will interest Americans and also Europeans. I think there are a lot of Europeans who would like to leave Europe, for all sorts of reasons, but who don't have a taste for adventure. There are a lot of people who ruin their lives because they're afraid of the unknown. So I chose the period of 1870, which was the great epoch of adventure, in all genres and in all the countries of the world. And this period is one I would have liked to know, because coming to the United States today is really nothing. If you have a little money, the plane... But at that time someone who left Europe for America was just about convinced that he couldn't return. He had to cross an ocean, he had to learn a language. It wasn't easy to learn English at that time, and you can't even say it's easy now, since I'm not able to learn it.

I want to say that the word "adventure" has always fascinated me. All those men who came to America, they didn't come for pleasure, they came because France and Europe were doing very, very badly. The power of America, the great chance of America, came about because in the last century, and even before, Europe was in very bad shape. If Europe was a country where everything was fine, America would never have existed. It's European culture that made this country. I mean I like this country because it's a country of synthesis, I adore this country because I find all of European culture here, all of European culture which has gone crazy with what they've added afterwards.

But this country is fascinating only because of the many centuries of history behind it. Americans are persuaded that they don't have any history. It's not true—they have all the history in the world. The entire history of China is in this country, and of Japan, of France, of Italy. This country has all the histories of the world.

Will your film have a Western aspect? The date is perhaps the time of the Western film.

Lelouch: Yes, there are horses. Since there are horses people will think it's a Western.

Are there guns?

Lelouch: There are guns but... there are lots of gags about the Western. For example, there are people who will shoot at each other, but it's funny, it's amusing... I mean no, it's not a cowboy film.

Will there be flashbacks?

Lelouch: No, there'll be a chronology. There are people who advance, people who will meet each other, one more time, as in all my films, people who, without knowing it, advance towards each other. These people will encounter the most terrible moments of their lives, without knowing that these terrible moments announce their happiest moments. When people are living through a hard time in their lives they don't know that very often this hard time was necessary to happiness. So it's... really I don't know, before a film I have all sorts of hopes, or I wouldn't make it... I hesitated for a long time before making a film in America.

This will be an English-language film, right?

Lelouch: It's in English, but it's in English and French. half the film—no, two-thirds—are in English, and a third is in French. The French people will speak French, even in America, among themselves, and the Americans will speak English. But also this is a film where you'll see people who have trouble speaking English... I think that a European director should make this film, because it's the story of a European state of mind that little by little becomes American.

Do you want to make a film musical, a complete film musical one day?

Lelouch: Yes.

You have some ideas on this?

Lelouch: I'm working on it. That's for three or four years in the future.

Do you want to write the words for the songs?

Lelouch: I'm preparing to do it. That's part of the ten screenplays I'm preparing. I might make *And Now My Love* one day as a musical comedy. It would be very good as a musical comedy.

Why haven't we seen your last four films in the United States?

Lelouch: Well, simply because the Americans haven't wanted to release them and, you know, the French cinema has a lot of trouble in the United States. Since the War, since 1945, there are four French films that have made it in the United States — *A Man and a Woman, Z, And God Created Woman* and *Cousin Cousine.* Four films in thirty-five years, that's not much. So, the distributors are scared of French films, and they say it's not even a matter of proportion. About two hundred films a year are made in France, in thirty years that makes six thousand films, and of the six thousand films only four have been huge successes in America. It's a purely commercial problem, and I at least am lucky to have my films play in the cinémathèques, in the clubs and in the small, non-commercial circuits... but it's very difficult. ●

One Man's Movie

Flash William Shewchuk

Thom Burstyn *and* John Laing *first heard of Flash William Shewchuk through a friend whose car had broken down in the Cadomin vicinity, and whose description inspired them to journey to Alberta to seek out this remarkable man. Burstyn came into our Montreal office and told us the following fascinating story, which Take One Assistant Editor* Will Aitken *has transcribed.*

Visually speaking, the town of Cadomin, Alberta, Population: 50, is a cliché, so much your Hollywood image of a ghost-town that you remember it in black and white—the slow deliberate tracking shot taking in the Cadomin Coffee Shop (boarded up), the Cadomin Chapter of the Canadian Legion (CLOSED FOR REPAIRS) and the charred foundations of the Cadomin General Store (burned down last year).

Production values are generally enhanced by the dim and peeling paint, the requisite lonely wind hollowing out the valley's steep cliffs which shelter the earthly remains of Cadomin, former coal-mining boomtown, Population: 5000. Occasionally half-wild horses find their way into town, their casual inquiring movements vivid against the grey backdrop of a town that has ceased to move except with the wind. The horses, come upon unexpectedly, add that touch of the surreal directors of Westerns are wont to show off from time to time.

At the end of the valley beneath the cliffs the slow track could end imperceptibly, hold for a count of three, and move in slowly to frame a sputtering neon sign two words long—those two words sharply underlined by a bolt of neon lightning—reading: Cadomin Studio.

The proprietor of Cadomin Studio, 65-year-old Flash Wm. Shewchuk, is—alone—the producer, director, writer, cameraman, hero, villain, editor and soundman of the forthcoming feature-length film, *Dawson City Joe.* The fact that *Dawson City Joe* has been forthcoming nigh on sixteen years doesn't bother Mr. Shewchuk a whit.

A balding, pleasant-faced man with a neatly trimmed salt-and-pepper beard, Mr. Shewchuk came to film back in the mid-fifties when (local) public attention was drawn to his two 3-D productions, *The Jubilee Day Parade,* a short documentary concerning the Calgary Jubilee Day Parade of 1956, and *Whiskers,* a fiction film in which Mr. Shewchuk plays a turn-of-the-century bootlegger and simultaneously provides the dubbed voice for the central Indian role in the film, a feat accomplished, Mr. Shewchuk notes, by holding his nose "and talking with an accent."

One wonders frequently whether he is not an extremely sly parody of Walter Brennan as he stands there in his plaid flannel shirt, his baggy well-worn workpants rolled at the cuffs and his ankle-high heavy workboots (he earns his living working for the local construction company).

Mr. Shewchuk's is a makeshift operation. He lives in his studio, surrounded by arc lamps, a 12-foot screen, chocolate biscuits and various props, including a table-top replica of a paddle wheel steamer built with meticulous detail by Mr. Shewchuk himself.

He is shooting *Dawson City Joe* with a Bolex mounted on a homemade dolly in 16mm color. He uses Cinemascope because it "does give you that wider view."

The wider view of *Dawson City Joe* will detail the adventures of a goldminer-dandy and the double life he leads in the goldmines and pleasure palaces of the goldrush Klondike. The theme of the film, Mr. Shewchuk notes, is "gold for me."

The supporting cast includes Joe's mute brother (Mr. Shewchuk plays both Joe and his brother, dubbing only Joe, of course) and a conniving floozy played by Audrey Mellersh—until her recent marriage, when Audrey was replaced by a new protegée, Irene Pugh.

Mr. Shewchuk manages to appear as both Joe and his mute brother, frequently within the same frame, by matting off alternate halves of the image and then shooting the scene in two takes from a locked-off tripod. "You take one half," he explains, "then you wind back the film and take the other half. But I didn't know if I was talkin' at the same time he was

talkin'. To avoid this I made him a dummy so that he could actually talk while I'm talkin', with his fingers."

Post-sychronization has proved a big help on *Dawson City Joe.* Mr. Shewchuk has re-dubbed most of the voices, even that of Audrey Mellersh after she left before finishing her own dubbing. He used a horn to dub her voice, a kind of curved pipe to give it that hollow sound. He also managed to give her "a sort of half-Scotch accent."

"During the post-synchronization I keep the record level real low and talk loud to kill the projector sound. If I had somebody to run the projector I could have been the distance away so that I didn't pick up the noise." For a long time there, Mr. Shewchuk thought he'd invented post-synchronization, but then on a trip to Vancouver he learned that "Hollywood was doing it all the time, and Japan is doing it too."

All sound is recorded on a Mondo tape-recorder. Mr. Shewchuk has provided his own violin and harmonica score and arrangements and has played and recorded all the parts himself.

Editing is done right there on the projector: "You don't really need an editor. You can edit on the projector or with a powerful magnifying glass. If you're doing the job yourself, it's just like building a house—you don't need blueprints.

"The part you cut is where you clap [to show the beginning of each take]. Then you leave the rest in. But you got to vary them. As far as I know, the fast jerky scenes, you can cut them short. You got to keep them short, the jerky scenes. If you got an established scene, with the short focal length, you got to give them time to look at it, so it's got to be longer. And with the close-up, you've got to give them time to think, and then see your lips open. I find out that by appearing for a second you can catch a person's eye, and then you can start talking."

Dawson City Joe has a running time right now of 105 minutes, but Mr. Shewchuk plans to extend it to a full two hours. From time to time, he takes the film's three reels to the nearest town of any size, hires a hall, plasters his posters on every available space ("Actors and Actresses Really Talk. . . You Will Be Amazed. . . This Story Is A Little Sad With A Happy Ending"), sets up his projector and the 12-foot Cinemascope screen. He acts as cashier, ticket taker, usher and projectionist. In addition he performs live and in person playing his mouth organ through an amplifier to kill fifteen minutes before the real show starts.

Standing at the back of the hall next to the projector, Mr. Shewchuk is very attentive to audience reaction, noting carefully what parts they like or don't like: "You can improve your film by doing that. You know what scenes to put in, what parts to change.

"Westerners are very good because you can always add shooting in it. If you want to get rid of a character you just shoot him. A guy comes out of the bush and—Bang!—he's dead. That's all it is. And you can kill a lot of time with a guy riding on a horse here and there. That's what they call fill-in, to cut down on the talking.

"By stretching the film out to two hours, I won't have to get up and play for the audience."

Thom Burstyn and John Laing were so impressed by Flash William Shewchuk's work that they plan to make a film about him. The proposed documentary is intended as a pilot for a 13-part series on Canadians from all walks of life who, though out of the public eye, are doing creative work and providing services within their own communities, and whose efforts deserve recognition.

Thom Burstyn and John Laing will be directing the Shewchuk pilot, and are looking for top Canadian documentarians to direct the remaining twelve episodes. They are also looking for financial backers to co-produce the series. Anyone interested in submitting proposals or providing financing should contact them at Altus Productions, 14 Maplewood Ave., Montreal, P.Q. H2V 2L8.

Capsule Review of the Shewchuk Oeuvre

Flash William Shewchuk has made three films: *The Jubilee Parade* (1956), *Whiskers* (1959), and *Dawson City Joe. The Jubilee Parade* is a straight documentary of the Jubilee Day parade in Calgary, Alberta in July of 1956, but filmed in 3-D. A dramatic film about a rum-running gun trader of the late 1800s, *Whiskers* stars Flash Shewchuk as the debonair bootlegger and Charlie Alphonso as the Indian. The high point of the film is a raid on the gun-runner's cabin by Alphonso, playing an entire band of angry Blackfoot. Burning brands are carefully passed from Alphonso (in shoe-polish warpaint) to Shewchuk in order to avoid burning down the set (in this case, Shewchuk's studio-home.) Switching from 3-D to Cinemascope (his supply of 3-D glasses seriously depleted by souvenir-hunting audiences), Shewchuk embarked on his *magnum opus, Dawson City Joe,* sixteen years in the making and still being shot.

Shewchuk's cinematographic technique in *Dawson City Joe* is entirely self-taught, self-discovered, and reminiscent of James Wong Howe's early classicism. Shewchuk uses the local scenery to great advantage, with location shooting in Barberville and Dawson City as well as in Cadomin. The costumes are authentic turn-of-the-century *trouvailles,* and Shewchuk's acting is superb. Though unschooled, he knows blocking, business, and other tricks of the actor's trade. His voice is astonishingly versatile, and his sense of humour appropriately dry. Shewchuk's system of cutting must be seen to be believed—frugality does not permit him to be very selective, and the film could use some restructuring—but his techniques, though anachronistic and rough, are inhabited by a transcendent vitality.

Coming up in the October issue of Take One

The Perils of Pauline

"As a writer Pauline Kael tends toward logorrhea, writing as if paid by the word and starving," affirms Mitch Tuchman in this unforgiving critique of a critic. He casts a jaundiced eye on Pauline Kael's "maverick integrity," and debunks her rather personal conception of "art."

Varda sings

Agnes Varda talks with Paris writer Ying Ying Wu about the making of *L'une chante, l'autre pas,* the film critics are calling Varda's best yet. The two also discuss Varda's earlier films, her plans for the future, and the lot of women today.

Bang Bang...

Pierre Greenfield takes a bead on John Ford's pre- and post-fifties career—stalking him through (in Greenfield's terms) "gross pandering to bourgeois complacency," to mature criticism of western civilization.

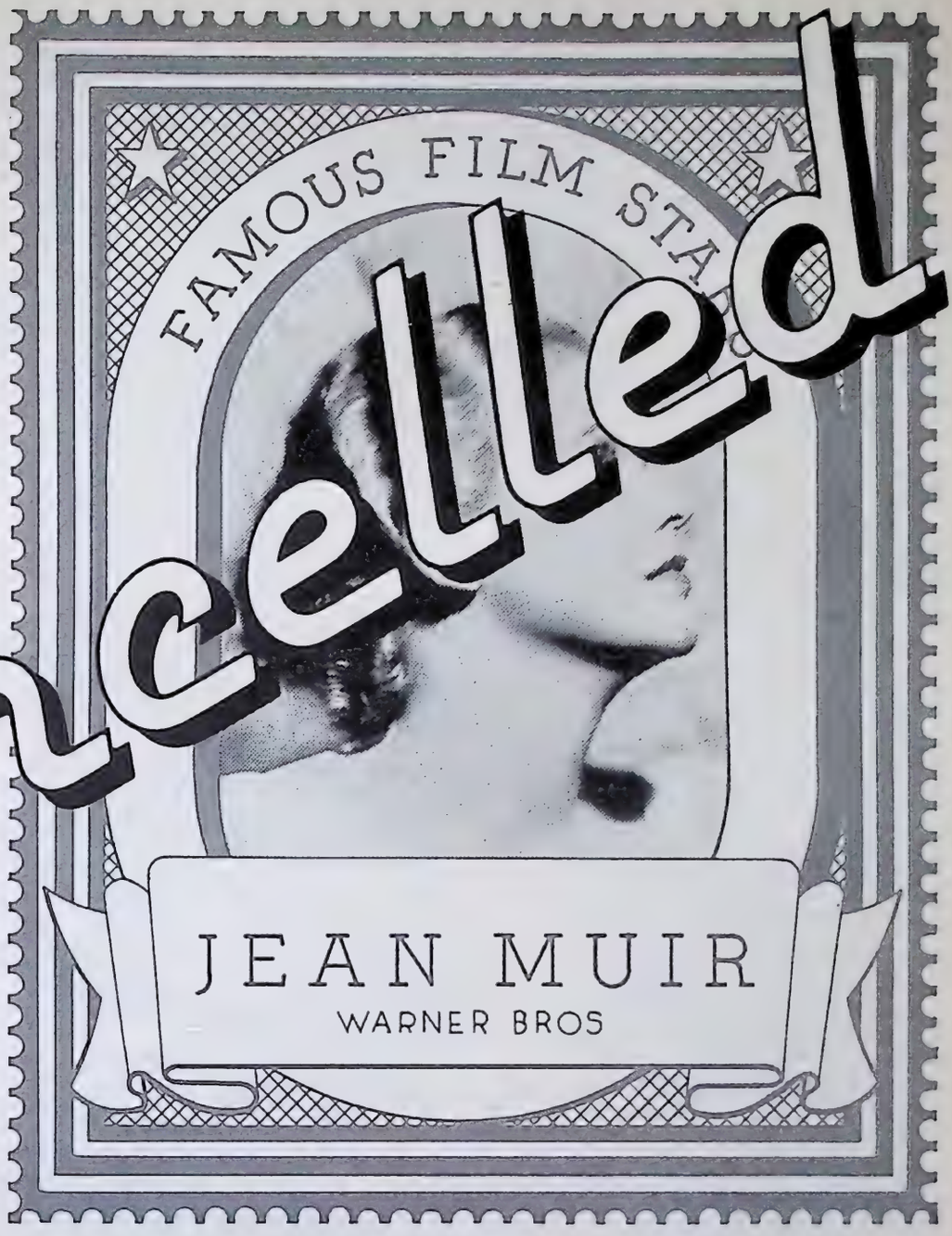
...they got me

Lash Larue was a *real* cowboy—dirty, rough and believable—not like all those other stouthearts. He could have been a star, but was deked out by the likes of Monty Clift. From his temporary quarters in a Miami lock-up, *Take One* brings you Lash Larue in conversation with Toronto writer Jim Christy.

"Jean Muir (was a) martyr, sacrificed to ignorance and fear as surely as any Salem 'witch' in 1692"
– William Manchester, The Glory and the Dream.

Cancelled

by Alanna Nash



The tall, handsome woman in her mid-sixties sits cross-legged beneath a poster of Senator Joseph McCarthy in the Stephens College Playhouse lobby in Columbia, Missouri. Drawing on her cigarette, she watches the ticket holders and buyers crowd in to see "The Crucible," Arthur Miller's morality drama of the Salem witch trials of 1692. Asked how she came to direct this particular production, she explains, "When I found out "The Crucible" was on the theatre department's list of plays to be considered for this I said, 'If you decide to do "The Crucible," I think you'd be missing an awful lot of publicity by not using me as the director.'" Smiling wryly she adds, "Of course, they saw the logic in that right away."

Alanna Nash is a freelance writer based in Louisville, Kentucky. Her major article on D.W. Griffith appeared in *Take One*, Vol. 4, No. 7.

Today, unless you are either over the age of 60 or an impassioned devotee of the late, late show, the name Jean Muir probably does not light up the marquee of your memory. But in the 1930s, she was the leading lady ("I was a STAR, dear") in at least 25 Warner Brothers films. With a few exceptions, Muir was typecast as a sweet, young blonde, appearing in a score of badly-written and poorly-directed pictures. Wrote John Springer in *They Had Faces Then*, "Jean Muir, a tall, large-boned girl, could play awkward and ungraceful youngsters so realistically it hurt. They you'd see the rare beauty of her face and you'd know, for instance, why a suave gent like George Brent could pass up the svelte Verree Teasdale for Jean. But the thing that came through in her best roles [in *Dr. Monica*, *As The Earth Turns*, and *Desirable*] was her sincerity. She seemed to care about everything. Another studio might have thought of her in Hepburn terms. But Warner's threw her into everything that came along—program pot-boilers, 'B' mysteries, undemanding supporting roles, even a stint opposite Joe E. Brown. You would go to a Jean Muir film with high hopes that perhaps this time they would have given her a role in which she could make some use of her expressive gifts. Those hopes were always dashed."

As Springer's comments would indicate, it is not really for her films that Jean Muir is remembered. The events of the period now known as the McCarthy Era lifted her name from the movie and TV listings to page one of *The New York Times*, making her the subject of editorials all over the country. Newspaper men coined the word "Muirize," a verb meaning to be taken advantage of and attacked by hidden enemies, to be declared guilty without benefit of trial.

Muir's story is nothing short of

compelling. It would be worth examining for no other reason than to follow up one of the biggest entertainment stories of the 1950s. John Henry Faulk is a hero, now, and his blacklisting experience familiar to a large number of people. The Hollywood 10 have been heroes for a long time, with their exploits and projects reported in magazine articles and in their own books. But the full story of Jean Muir, who was a genuine *cause célèbre* in 1950, has never really been told.

She was not, of course, the first person to be blacklisted. But she was among the very first in the movie industry to be named for "subversive" activity (in 1940, for activities of four years previous), and she was the very first publicized victim of *Red Channels,* a blacklisting pamphlet circulated in the broadcast industry, in 1950. As a result, she was pulled off "The Aldrich Family" TV show. "That," John Cogley wrote in his *Report on Blacklisting,* "was one of the most celebrated firings in show-business history." What makes Muir's "case," as it came to be called, especially important, is that it led to newspaper exposure of all the blacklisting groups and individuals, and revealed the involvement of sponsors and network heads. While there were earlier cases that could not be substantiated, Muir was the first in the broadcast industry (her counterparts in the movies were the Hollywood 10) to have her firing admittedly traced to a blacklist, where the sponsors frankly said it didn't matter to them if she were Communist—although they doubted she was—but that they had to let her go because she was "controversial." Henry Faulk was "controversial," too, and his case may be the best known of the era, but as Jack Gould, retired TV critic for *The New York Times* and chief reporter in the field during the blacklist years told me, "Jean's story is better than Faulk's in some ways. At least he got help. Jean, it is well to remember, got none."

Aside from the fact that she never fully resumed her acting career except for sporadic work, the toll the blacklisting experience took on Muir's life and on her family is immeasurable. After her voluntary testimony before HUAC in 1953 (which proved that a cooperative appearance before the committee did not always result in a clearance), Muir became an alcoholic. In 1956, her doctor told her she had terminal cirrhosis of the liver. Muir felt that she was damaging her relationship with her husband and children, so, in 1959, she made the decision to dry out and file for divorce. The blacklist had destroyed (and some say contributed to the death of) John Garfield, Mady Christians, J. Edward Bromberg, Philip Loeb, John Brown, Gordon Kahn, Edwin Rolfe, Frances Young, Francis Matthiessen, William Sherwood, Canada Lee, Harry Dexter White and Larry Parks, but Muir was determined it would not defeat her.

Born Jean Muir Fullerton in New York City on Feb. 13, 1911, the only child of a feminist substitute teacher and a Scottish-born certified public accountant, Muir knew at age nine, after attending a New York production of "The Merchant of Venice," that she wanted to spend her life in the theatre.

She got her first professional acting job in 1930, as a maid in the Ivor Novello Broadway comedy "Truth Game," starring Billie Burke, Phoebe Foster and Novello himself. She was 19. By 1931 Muir had received an offer to work as the general business woman for 12 weeks of stock in Columbus. But before she left for Ohio, Al Altman, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's eastern representative, approached her saying he had seen her perform (a bit part in Constance Collier's Broadway revival of "Peter Ibbetson") and would like to give her a screen test. If the test was good, he told her, she could sign a contract with the studio for a minimum of 30 months. The contract would mean a large income on a regular basis—something one did not turn down without a great deal of thought during the Depression—but Muir regarded the movies as a step down from the legitimate stage, despite the fact that many stage actresses, wooed with large figures from Hollywood agents anxious to put new stars in the talkies, were moving to California. As it turned out, she was not faced with making such a decision—yet. Her screen test was not as good as Altman had hoped.

As the contents of Muir's pocketbook diminished, however, the movies did not seem so awful. Visiting the Warner Brothers studio on Long Island, she was put into some short features as an extra. "I made enough money to live on, but it was not a good livelihood, to say the least," she recalls.

When her casting-call colleagues began getting roles on Broadway, 21-year-old Muir was determined to land another part in the theatre. Eventually she did—a small role in "Life Begins." Al Altman, the man from MGM, came to see the play, and told her he thought she should test again. He added that he thought he could get one for her with an up-and-coming actor currently with the Group Theatre by the name of Franchot Tone.

"Franchot was a really fine, sensitive actor," Muir remembers. "I had a crush on him, to which he responded not at all. But we did the test with scenes from 'The Animal Kingdom,' and Franchot eventually was signed. I wasn't. And the reason was a technical one. Panchromatic film had not yet come in, and since my eyes are small and light in color, they just washed out."

Muir was to have five more screen tests, including one for Paramount. Another actress, who had just made a success on Broadway in something called "The Warrior's Husband," also tested that day. Her name was Katharine Hepburn. "I made in the morning, and she made in the afternoon," Muir remembers, "and we went together to see the scenes. We looked at these things and it was appalling how Paramount had rushed these tests. Both of us took double doors out of there, she pushing one and I the other. She said, 'That's the end of us in pictures.' And I said, 'Well, I'm sort of glad of it in a way.' She said, 'So am I.' Later on, Paramount said they never made a test of us, and I assured the head scriptwriter that he did. Well, they checked it and checked it. They must have thrown it away, it was so bad."

Soon after, while performing in "St. Wench," a Broadway flop starring Helen Mencken, Muir had better luck. "Two talent scouts from the studios came backstage and asked me to test for the movies, but I told them I was sick of being tested, and that if they wanted to see one they could look at the one I did with Franchot Tone. Then I haughtily added that I wasn't in the least bit interested in being turned into one of their glamorous film stars, and that I intended to stay on Broadway where I belonged."

The next week, when "St. Wench" closed and Muir had $75 to her name, she thought about the talent scouts while she addressed envelopes at a convent on E. 29th Street. The job, suggested by the mother of an actress friend, Jane Wyatt, paid 50 cents an hour.

That was Muir's sole means of support when she received a call from Warner Brothers' New York office. She assumed she was wanted for more "shorts" on Long Island, and when she arrived—20 minutes late because she had walked—the representative told her he'd like to send her to Hollywood. He then asked if he should talk money with her or with her agent. Remembering that she had one—although he had yet to get her a job—she suggested he talk with Leland Hayward. Then, in casual conversation, the representative inquired why she had been late. Always forthright, Muir told him she had walked because she hadn't the busfare.

When she got back to her room, she phoned Hayward and told him of the offer. He was delighted, and told her she'd probably have to leave right away. The next day, his enthusiasm had ebbed somewhat. As Muir remembers it: "'Listen,' he said, 'ordinarily they would have started you at a hundred and fifty at the lowest. What happened to make him offer you sixty-five?' I told him, 'Nothing I can remember.' He told me to think. Then I remembered apologizing for being late and mentioning I didn't have busfare. I told Leland and he groaned and hung up.'"

Baffled as to why Warner's had

suddenly put her under contract, Muir called an actor friend to see if he could figure it out. "'Didn't you know?' he said," Muir recalls in her autobiography (an as-yet-unpublished collaboration with Hollis Alpert). "'They're signing up all the virgin types they can find.'

"'Am I a virgin type?'

"'The very epitome,' he said. 'Tall, blue-eyed, blonde, and frosty. You put an ice wall so thick between yourself and any man who might be interested that he thinks he couldn't get through it with a pick-axe.'

"'But why would they want virgins in Hollywood?' I asked, attempting to remain cool and poised."

"'Their morals are under attack,' he said. 'A Legion of Decency is forming, and if they don't put wholesome women on the screen, there'll be boycotts and censorship. You and Maggie Sullavan and Katie Hepburn are going to be used as virginal weapons.'

"'Against what?' I asked."

"'Censorship,' he said. 'Censorship loses them millions of dollars.'"

Max Arno, Warner's casting director, saw the test Muir made for MGM, and liked what he saw, panchromatic film or no panchromatic film.

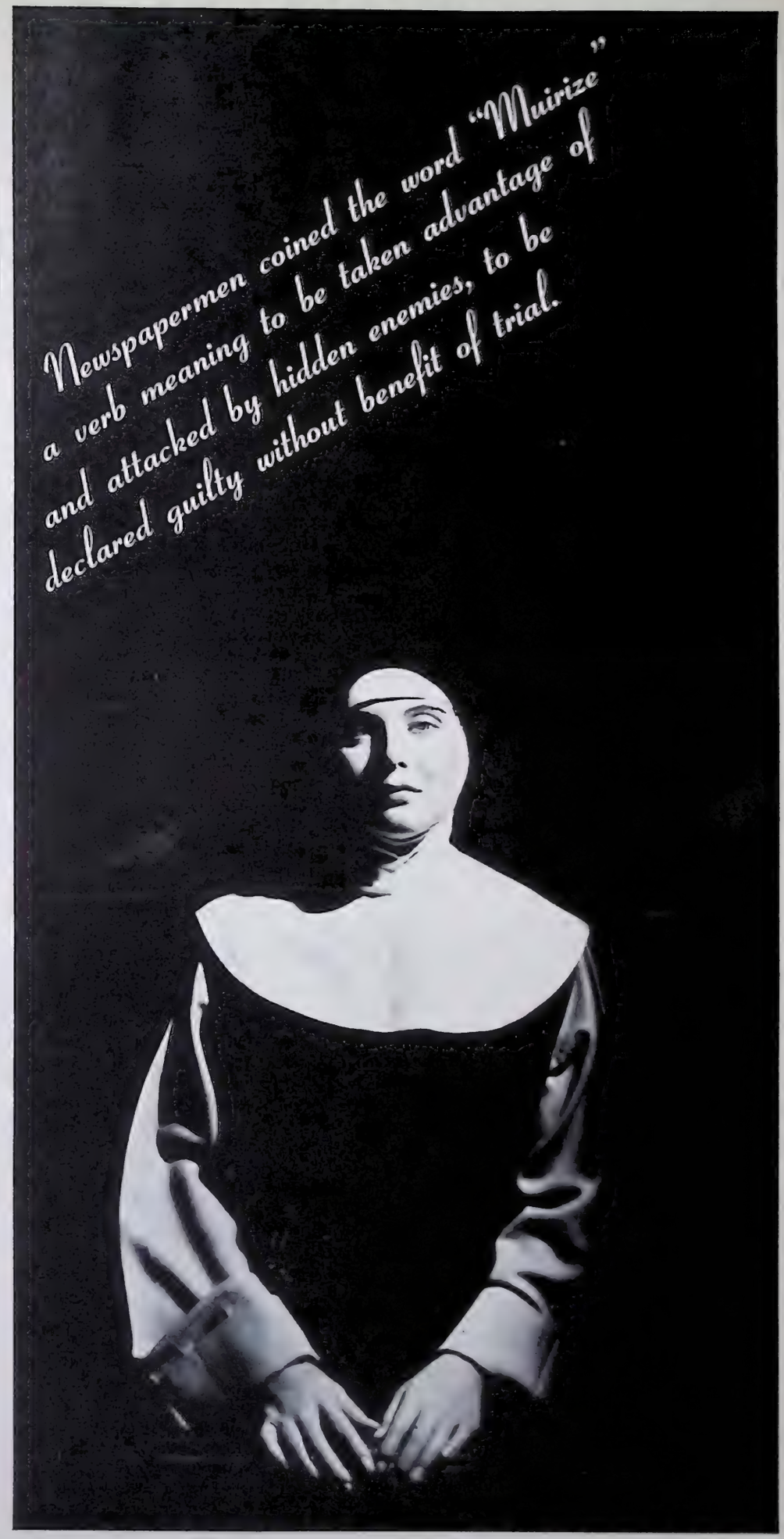
"I wouldn't have gone into pictures for anything at this time," Muir adamantly insists, "except I was down to my last $20. If I had had any money I would never have gone out there. I was absolutely blindfolded to anything but theatre."

Arriving in Hollywood, Muir found that Hayward had managed to increase her initial salary.

By one dollar.

"And you want to know why I got $66 a week? Because the California state law said that anybody who got paid more than $65 a week was an executive and didn't have to be paid overtime. And you know the way movies were in those days. They worked you 12 hours a day, so they gave me $66, which nicely avoided their overtime problem. If they picked up my option in six months, I'd receive the outrageous figure of $75 a week, and I think after seven years, I was supposed to be worth $500 a week. Of course, I had no intention of staying in Hollywood for seven years. I figured I could live on $25 a week, which I proceeded to do, and I thought if I saved the rest, in six months I'd have enough money to get back to New York with some left over to live on until I got a job."

Muir says she had not yet developed her social consciousness—nor much of anything else—when she arrived in Hollywood. "When I look back at myself during that time, I see a brash, ignorant girl. Emotionally, I might have been 16. I was without a genuine sense of humanity. In short, I was beautiful, but dumb." Still, those were adequate qualifications for her first role. She made her film debut in the


Newspapermen coined the word "Muirize"
a verb meaning to be taken advantage of
and attacked by hidden enemies, to be
declared guilty without benefit of trial.

Bette Davis picture, *Bureau of Missing Persons*, as a corpse.

"The very first time I was ever on the screen was in a scene where a girl sits on a park bench, trying to come to a decision. The next time you see her, she's on a slab at the mortuary."

Muir was to remain at Warner Brothers for four years. During that time, she made 27 pictures, usually cast as the sweet-faced little ingenue, the poor young thing wronged by the handsome rich boy. "They were really all the same," Muir says of her films. "But I can't remember most of them, and I've tried to forget the others. That's the truth. Most of them weren't very good." The best of them still run on television, however, among them her third picture, *The World Changes*, starring Paul Muni.

"This was one of the few films I did in which I didn't feel I was prostituting myself, not only because of Muni, but because of Mervyn LeRoy, who directed the picture. He was probably the best director I ever had. He tried to give me a respect for films. I had that respect working with Muni, watching how he worked and how Mervyn directed him. Mervyn didn't really touch him as an actor. He let him work it out by himself. But what Mervyn did, as I remember so well, was to build scenes, telling Muni, 'Don't get so high on this one, because you still have that to do.' He could keep the whole picture in his mind somehow.

"I played Muni's sweetheart in the first part of the picture, and then I played his sweetheart's granddaughter, who falls in love with Muni's grandson and finally joins the families. There's a love scene where we walk down a country lane. I'm so tall [5'8"] and Muni was so short that they had to dig a good half-foot trench for me to walk in, and put the camera on a truck. People always thought I was much shorter than I am, because of shots like that and because the camera always had to be above my head so it wouldn't go up my pug nose."

During filming of the last scenes of *The World Changes*, Muir thought the cameraman took many more shots than he needed. A few days later, she was called back to the studio to repeat the scene. After that, another cameraman began taking close-ups of her. "I asked somebody who he was and they said, 'Why, Ernest Haller.' I said, 'Is he big?' They said, 'My God, he's the biggest cameraman they've got here. He's famous for his work with women.' I said, 'Well that's nice,' but I couldn't understand why they had him there just to take close-ups of me, and I wondered why the hairdresser, Perc Westmore, was there, too, but I figured it was to match the close-ups with the last scene."

She found out why when the film previewed at a suburban movie theatre. Arriving late, she found that Warner executives and personnel occupied all the seats, and sat on a carpeted step in the balcony. She was assessing her work as "well enough" when the film cut from a two-shot to a close-up.

Of her.

"My God, I'm beautiful," she cried out for all the theatre to hear. "Nobody heard the absolute bewilderment and awe in my voice," Muir remembers. "All they heard were the words, and from that moment on I had the reputation for being very vain. It wasn't vanity at all. It was incredible amazement. My mother brought me up to believe I was plain and everything that wasn't very good, and there on the screen, I was a beauty. Of course, Ernest Haller had made me beautiful, and I assumed the people in the theatre would understand that. They didn't, though." Later on, all the cameramen in Hollywood would vote Muir "the most photogenic face," since neither side of her face was preferred over the other, and the only irregularity in her features was a dimple on one side.

After completing small roles in two now-forgotten pictures (*Son of a Sailor*, with Joe E. Brown, and *Bedside* with Warren William), Muir learned that the close-ups in *The World Changes* were a sign of things to come. She was to have the lead in one of Warner's "big" productions, *As the Earth Turns*, based on the Gladys Hasty Carroll novel.

Jean Muir: some appreciations

"Jean was a very fine girl, and a fine actress. Just an excellent, excellent actress. I know other people have said she wasn't, but I've made 75 features, and I should know by now whether she was a good actress or not. I'm glad she says I was able to make her feel comfortable with film, because she was just so good."—*Mervyn LeRoy*

"Jean Muir was a very handsome, lively girl in the theatre, a sort of good young actress. In films she had never been a blockbuster or a great national movie star in the class with Stanwyck or any of those, but was, nevertheless, a rising young light, a star. She was never considered a sex baby because she was much too serious for that. And as a girl around the progressive fringe of the theatre in the late 30s and early 40s, she was forthright and intelligent, very bright."—*John Houseman*

"My own recall of [Jean Muir] is as a sweet-faced blonde, a typical Helena, overpowered by even so vapid a brunette as Olivia De Havilland. She certainly had no "star" quality or status, and because she was too pretty to be a character actress, was primarily a leading lady in "B" movies—and in my view not particularly memorable as such."—*Judith Crist*

"I always found [Muir] to be a friendly, charming and reasonably capable little actress."—*Victor Jory*

"Jean had a fine reputation in Hollywood. She was most capable and reliable and could always be counted on to be at her best for a full day's work. There were no problems whatsoever in directing her. In fact, she was a joy for a director, as she was a very good actress who had had New York stage and stock company experience, and was—and is—a pretty woman and was therefore photogenic. She also had a good sense of humor. All in all, she was a fine, young actress and a first-rate screen personality."

—*William Keighley*

Friends in the publicity office confirmed her suspicions—the studio planned to make her a star.

First, Warner's upped her salary to $75 a week. Then the make-up department "started fussing with my face," and the hairdressers bleached her muddy blonde hair down to a platinum blonde to make her small features appear broader on the screen. All that was left was for the promotion office to set up photo sessions and interviews with such writers as Ben Maddox, who was soon telling his readers that Muir was "franker than Hepburn or West." Perpetuating the image of an outspoken starlet, fan magazine editors topped their articles about Muir with her own declarations: "I'm not going to marry until I'm 30 and well-established," and "I have a Garbo body and a Gish face, and it's a heck of a combination."

Hollywood did not quite know what to make of Jean Muir. John Ford, noting her sobriety, called her "Hollywood's Young Cathedral." But her seriousness was the least of what her associates found odd. "I think the average Hollywood was quite bewildered by Jean," her lifetime friend, writer Henrietta Buckmaster says. "After all, she did go out on a frightfully low salary, and she was playing pretty important parts very quickly. And, of course, in a place where people's value is judged by the money they make, this was very bewildering. What probably added to their confusion was the fact that Jean has no 'side' to her. She's always just herself, so that her friends covered a pretty wide spectrum, from grips and stage hands to bit players and stars. Out there, you're careful to have friends only in your category. This was something that would never have occurred to her."

When *As the Earth Turns* was released in 1934, Jean Muir was hailed as "an important new star." With that, Warner's picked up her option and threw in a $50 bonus. Soon such established stars as Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone invited her to their parties. Leading men had begun to notice Muir, too. But those in whom she was romantically interested, such as Dick Powell, seemed to regard her as a buddy, and those with romantic interest in her, such as William Powell, frightened her.

"I was still a virgin when I went out there," she remembers. "Come to think of it, I was probably the *only* virgin in Hollywood. Those very male men frightened me to death, and I put on a very brash front to cover up. I remember sitting next to Clark Gable at Joan Crawford's one Saturday evening, and I wouldn't say a word to him. His maleness intimidated me. Seems funny now. Jimmy Cagney was very friendly and sweet, but he gave me a slap on my fanny once, and said, 'I'm not interested in you as a woman. I don't like virgins.'"

By the time *Desirable* premiered (her first starring film with her name above the title), Warner's had turned Muir into a full-fledged studio star, with a $250 a week salary. Her face began appearing on the covers of all the fan magazines and her name in the gossip columns—most of them alluding to her independence and aloofness. "Trouble was," Muir says, "I started to believe all this stuff. I brought my mother out there and moved into an enormous house on Elm Drive in Beverly Hills. It had a badminton court and an aviary and everything. You might say I was 'going Hollywood,' but I think I was just trying to prove myself. Anyway, it was about a year before a certain amount of levelheadedness reasserted itself."

"I was still a virgin when I went out there. Come to think of it, I was probably the only virgin in Hollywood."

When Max Reinhardt, the celebrated Austrian theatrical producer, brought "A Midsummer Night's Dream" to the Hollywood Bowl, Muir, anxious to be involved in theatre again, asked if she might watch the rehearsals. Soon, she managed to get herself appointed sound acoustician and lighting assistant. Warner's decided to film the production, and not long after, Reinhardt requested Muir for the role of Helena. Joining her in the all-star cast were James Cagney, Mickey Rooney, Dick Powell, Joe E. Brown, a newcomer named Olivia De Havilland who had also been in the stage version, and Victor Jory.

Warner's seems to have decided to "discipline" Muir at this point in her career. She was not only outspoken, but independent—refusing to attend premieres and parties on the arm of appointed escorts, and Warner's was notorious for its treatment of head-strong stars.

The first hint came in the form of a script based on Alice Tisdale Hobart's best-selling novel, *Oil for the Lamps of China*, to be directed by Mervyn LeRoy. Muir was handed what amounted to hardly more than a bit part, with shooting to begin 36 hours after she finished the Reinhardt film. Three weeks into the production, she received a letter saying her pay would be suspended until further notice. When the checks resumed, Muir's salary was raised to $350 a week—still not much for someone of star status, especially since George Jean Nathan had just named her one of the two most promising actresses of the year, the other being Sylvia Sidney. To make things worse, the part Muir had been promised opposite Errol Flynn in *Captain Blood* went to Olivia De Havilland, and from her friends in varous offices around the studio, Muir heard that Warner's was refusing all requests from other studios to loan her out.

At this point Muir was sent off to England to film *Jane Steps Out*, and to France to publicize the French opening of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Before sailing from New York, she had met the film reviewer for the New York *Herald-Tribune*, Richard Watts, Jr., a man who was to have a serious impact on her thinking. Watts was well read, and concerned about what was happening in the world. When he discussed his ideas with her, Muir felt naïve and uninformed, and decided to do something about it. Watts suggested she do some reading, particularly Lincoln Steffens' *Autobiography* and *Personal History* by Vincent Sheean, a book that would so affect the Hollywood intellectuals in a few years that Walter Wanger was to assign 27 writers to adapt a screenplay. For Sheean, Muir felt she needed some background, and going back to Plato's *Republic* she found she had missed much of his socio-economic ideas in her first reading. That led her to Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*. In the Fall of 1935, feeling that she needed more formal direction, she signed up for a course in English and economics at the University of Southern California.

Muir's economics class was taught by a professor whose conservatism inspired her to seek a balance to Adam Smith. She found it in Karl Marx. "The idea that another class was preparing for an economic revolution, such as the middle class had effected with Adam Smith's book as base, fascinated me."

Muir was only one of many in Hollywood attracted to Communism. Study groups met regularly to discuss Marxism. What brought on this investigation of alternatives, dramatist and former screenwriter George Sklar, whose name was to show up on lists gathered by the House Un-American Activities Committee, told me, "was simply a breakdown of our whole system—the fact that you saw people being evicted every day, furniture being carried out and put on the streets, that you saw people living in so-called Hoovervilles, which were shacks made out of cardboard, tin and tar paper. You saw them in Central Park in New York, you saw them on empty corner lots—people

living in utter destitution, people scavenging garbage pails for food. It was all around you. You had to be blind and deaf not to see that everything was just collapsing around you. Any intelligent person who had a mind that questioned had to ask what in hell was wrong. And the reason people joined the Communist Party was because it was the most active organization, the only organized activist thing that was really trying to do something about what was going on."

Sklar estimates that only two or three per cent of the industry was actively involved in Communist activities.

Lester Cole, said to be the most prolific member of the Hollywood 10, with some 40 screenplays to his credit, dismisses the idea that the Communists were able to write propaganda into their films. "All films are 'propaganda' in that they influence the viewer in his way of thinking or feeling, or into not thinking, which is another way of propagandizing," Cole told me. "But was *Grapes of Wrath* a 'propaganda' film because it showed the reality of the living conditions of the itinerant farm worker? Right-wing opponents of the film spoke of it as 'Communist propaganda.' But the idea that 'propaganda' or 'Communist ideas' could be slipped into films without detection by the producers is sheer nonsense, a myth long since exploded. Producers took great pride in their absolute control of all ideas which came to the screen. If ever progressive ideas reached the screen—and during the anti-fascist, war-supportive years (late '30s and '40s) such ideas did get on the screen—it was with the full knowledge and support of management. They got what they wanted and discarded what they didn't."

And while there were Communists in Hollywood, according to Cole they were not organized to put Communist ideas into films. "To my knowledge there was no such concerted effort," he says. "I think various people, Communists and others, sought to create realistic films with progressive comment, to bring some social and historical reality to film as an antidote for the Never-Never-Land main fare. By the way, this was the reason the Hollywood 10 were jailed—to prevent, deter and inhibit democratic concepts from being included in film. As far as I know it has never been proved that any conspiracy or organizational force made such an attempt. That was the Big Lie of the time."

"What they were basically trying to achieve in this country was to build up the trade union movement," Ring Lardner says of U.S. Communists. "In Hollywood, particularly, they wanted to strengthen the guilds and unions with the idea of making the workers stronger than the owners, the people who ran the studios. They were successful to a large extent, but only really because their purpose coincided with those of a good many people who also stood to benefit from strong guilds and unions."

The conservative press reported that by far the most successful and, for a while, the least detectable method of "spreading the doctrine"—gaining members and raising funds—was the Popular Front method. Lester Cole, however, says the Popular Front "was promulgated by [Bulgarian Communist Georgi] Dimitrov, and was an open call in 1935 to the people of the world to resist Nazism." Left-wing Front organizations in Hollywood included the Theatre Committee for the Defense of the Spanish Republic, the Hollywood Anti-Nazi League, and the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee. Later, many members of these groups would be so sorry and ashamed of their involvement that they felt the purgative need to inform on their friends; not to protect their lives but, as Orson Welles said, to save their swimming pools.

Then, when the United States entered the war, the Russians and Americans united in many of the same goals. "As soon as Germany invaded Russia, everything was nice again," John Houseman says.

Muir says now that she disassociated herself from any front organization long before they became a burning issue.

"I went to three or four classes given by a Marxist in Hollywood," she recalls, "but I stopped going after about the third or fourth class because I was rather appalled and frightened by the fanaticism of the teacher, and because I couldn't make sense out of what he was saying in terms of what I was studying at USC. If I had put myself into one of those political places, I would say that at one period, Marx certainly made more sense than Adam Smith, but that's as far as I'll go, because I really consider myself a Thorstein Veblen person. Of all the economists—let's call Marx an economist for the moment, although I really think of him as a philosopher—Veblen makes most sense to me. I imagine if you put anything on me you'd say I'm a humanist. I believe in the magnificence of the human being, the idea that he can do wonderful things."

It was this social consciousness, then, and the example of such friends as James Cagney, that convinced Muir, normally not a "joiner," to work to strengthen the Screen Actors' Guild, which had been established in 1933. She was proud that an actor could now align himself with the power of labor and bargain for "the rights of human dignity," and became an active SAG member.

Muir at 25 was now earning $450 a week, and this during the Depression, but she was perplexed that other stars of what she considered comparable status and talent received far more than she. The entire Warner star system, she thought, was loose on its foundation, with such people as Cagney straying to other studios, and herself and other actresses who had been built into stars assigned primarily to 'B' pictures. When they worked at all, that is. Muir's only released film in 1936 was the immemorable *White Fang*, which she made on loan to RKO.

By late '36 however, Warner's had finally decided to put Muir in some pictures. Eight pictures, in fact. In about as many months. The studio knew this was an effective way of telling a star they were unhappy with her: they'd done it with Bette Davis after she insisted on doing *Of Human Bondage* for RKO.

Muir was becoming more and more concerned with the relationship between industry and labor in Hollywood, and while the real conflict between them was not to begin for several years, its precursive rumblings could already be heard in 1936. Actors in Hollywood—particularly the extras—were in desperate need of better work conditions and fairer wages and treatment, and the Screen Actors' Guild, affiliated with the A.F. of L., decided to do something about it. But the studios refused to recognize the Guild as the collective bargaining agent for the extras, saying "they didn't represent a majority of those regularly and irregularly employed," Muir states. "The Wagner Labor Relations Act, after being held constitutional by the Supreme Court in 1936, made it mandatory for the SAG to be a majority union and for studios to grant it recognition once the majority was obtained." That meant that the guild had to line up both major stars and minor players, and Muir, as Chairman of a committee to organize a strike in early May of 1937, did it. "I suppose I got the job," she says, "because no one else was willing to undertake the task. I was put in charge of setting up meetings to recruit SAG members and obtain their 'yes' vote to strike, if the producers would not agree to bargain with the Guild."

The meetings were held every night in the homes of the stars—Chester Morris, Frank Morgan, Bob Montgomery—and 90 to 100 people came to each one. "We explained the situation and took a vote," Muir remembers, "and we had a 99 per cent 'yes' vote.

"So now I was the full-fledged strike chairman, and one of the things I had to do was take some papers from the office over to a board meeting being held at Chester Morris' house. When I arrived the butler showed me in to a hall carpeted four inches thick, and said everyone was outside in back. So I walked through the living room and patio and there I saw the board of a union: Joan Crawford was lying back in a chaise longe, Jim Cagney was sitting on the diving board of the pool, Chester Morris was swimming, and Freddy March was sitting on the edge of the pool dabbling his feet. Most of them had drinks in their hands—a picture of

luxury. I thought that was crazy—a union board meeting in this kind of situation, and I felt sure something funny was going on there.

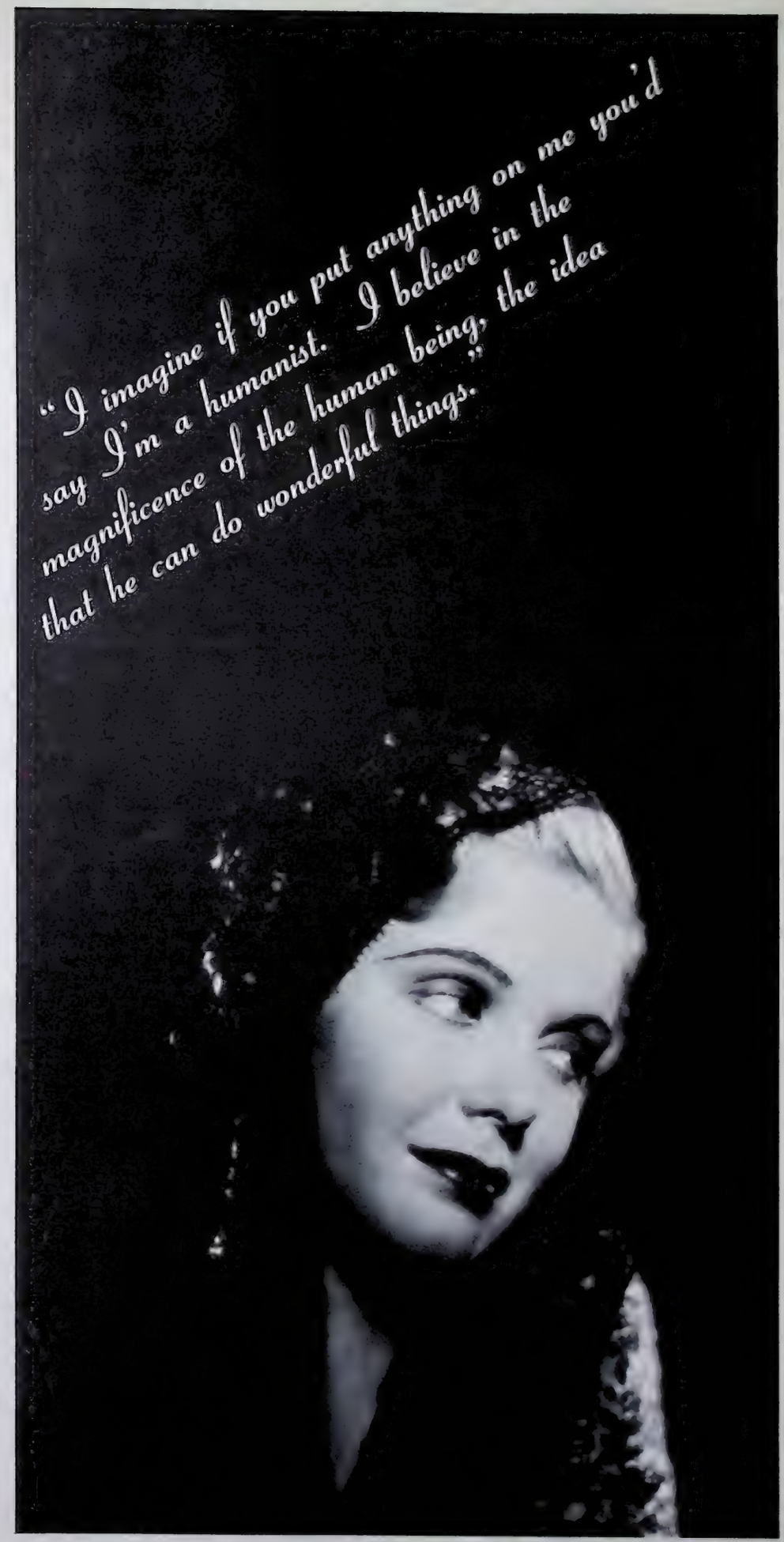
"As it turned out, I was right. We sold out in the end—never struck—but I had arranged picket lines around all the various studios. I even got Garbo lined up. They said I couldn't get her, but I got her. I phoned and told her who I was and she said 'Vhat you vant?' I said, 'We're going to have a picket line on Monday.' She said, 'Vhat time you vant me?' I said, 'Oh Garbo!'—I couldn't say 'Miss Garbo'—'7 o'clock.' 'Seven o'clock, I be there.' But, of course, on Saturday night, our executive secretary, Ken Thomson, made a deal with the studios with George Browne of the International Alliance of Theatrical and Stage Employees (IATSE) mediating. Still, I guess we won some kind of victory. I walked into a wrap-up meeting at Jimmy Cagney's house and everybody stood up and applauded me. It was a very moving moment for me. I just stood there and cried."

Such activity did not sit well with the Warners, particularly since Muir had already irritated them with her frankness and what she calls "my tactlessness and inability to deal with people on a human level." What was perhaps Warner's pettiest grievance was the annoyance over Muir's reluctance to contribute to the Community Chest, the studio's designated charity that Christmas. Muir preferred to give instead to a TB foundation, in memory of her father, who had died of the disease. When she explained her choice to Warner at a party, he responded by mailing her a notice saying she was being laid off without salary, and enclosed a blank check and a note indicating the check should be made out to the Community Chest. James Cagney convinced Muir to comply with Warner's, and to save face and have fun, too, Muir dated her check for the day before, and followed up her contribution with a note to Warner saying how hurt she was that he had used such a tone in his letter to her.

As a result of such frictions, Muir wasn't sure Warner's would pick up her option in the spring of 1937. She did not care much either way, since her agent had assured her she could survive as a freelance actress in Hollywood, and she was also still hoping to return to the stage. But when David O. Selznick wanted to borrow Muir for his picture *The Prisoner of Zenda*, and Warner's refused, Muir resigned herself to another several years at the studio.

When Selznick then asked to buy out Muir's contract at Warner's and was again refused, she thought the studio might have decided to overlook her union activity, and was perhaps planning to reward her with the sort of career she deserved.

So it came as a mild shock to her when


"I imagine if you put anything on me you'd say I'm a humanist. I believe in the magnificence of the human being, the idea that he can do wonderful things."

her agent forwarded Warner's curt form letter to the effect that the studio did not care to "exercise" its option on her. Her role in the union may have helped cause her termination, since working to form unions got one called a Communist easily in the '30s and '40s. Muir, unlike Cagney, was not a big enough box-office star to buck such accusations, or to buck Warner's. Her dismissal was undoubtedly a result of all her differences with the studio. But there was also one other very important reason. The type of girl Hollywood wanted in 1933—the "young vestal virgin"—was no longer top priority in 1937. Not only that, Muir says, she no longer fit her screen image. The sweet, demure, innocent was really an outspoken union organizer. Muir and Hollywood had outgrown each other.

Muir was to make three films in the next decade, but for the most part, her career in movies was over.

In June of 1937, she packed her belongings and returned to New York. She spent that summer doing stock, and six weeks at the end of the year in J.B. Priestley's "People at Sea," in England.

Upon arriving back in the U.S. in 1938, Muir went into a Baltimore stock company production of "High Tor." When she returned to New York, she found she was being sued by a lawyer in California who claimed she owed him a several-hundred-dollar incorporation fee for a theatre workshop she'd been involved in running. As the lawyer had been a friend of one of the workshop directors, Muir had assumed he had donated his services to the floundering company. She phoned Florence Marston at the eastern branch of the Screen Actors' Guild, who told her not to worry, that the Guild's attorney would take care of it.

His name was Henry Jaffe. They met in the lobby of the Algonquin Hotel to discuss her summons. "I'll never forget it," she now says. "I walked in and he had his feet up on a coffee table. I had on high heels and when he stood up, he was shorter than I. He said, 'Just give me the summons. I'll take care of it. It's all right.' He was very overbearing, and very masculine. He scared the hell out of me."

"When I met Jean," Jaffe told me recently, "she was probably one of the most beautiful women in the world. She was breathtaking."

Muir found that Jaffe shared many of her liberal views, particularly on unionization. Along with baritone Lawrence Tibbett, he had formed the American Guild of Musical Artists, and was its lawyer, just as he was for the Screen Actors' Guild.

By the summer of 1938, Muir and Jaffe had begun an on-and-off-again relationship. Muir's career was on the upswing, with Harold Clurman and Elia Kazan engaging her for the Group Theatre's road tour of "Golden Boy."

"The idea of one man giving me a clean bill of health was about as un-American as the committee itself."

On a trip to California to test for Lewis Milestone, Muir learned at a meeting of the Screen Actors' Guild that the IATSE, the stagehands' union which had mediated the threatened S.A.G. strike a few years back, now planned to consolidate all the actors' unions, including S.A.G. and Actors' Equity. Through a newly-formed puppet union, the American Federation of Actors (A.F.A.), headed by Sophie Tucker and Harry Richmond, the IATSE was claiming jurisdiction over all actors. "It was not the vertical unionism that angered us," Muir says. "It was the pure and simple take-over, which the IATSE hoped to have ratified at the American federation of Labor convention in Atlantic City.

"To make things more complicated, the actors claimed an A.F. of L. charter given in 1919 to an overall association called the Associated Actors and Artistes of America (A.A.A.A.), but which was in effect a rather nebulous catch-all for the various actor and variety artists' guilds." There was talk that the charter wasn't valid. There was also suspicion that the IATSE had racketeer backing. So, the S.A.G. voted to send a delegation to the convention in Atlantic City to oppose the merger. Because of her work in the threatened strike of 1936, Muir was among those asked to go.

Once the "plane of stars," as the delegation's flight was called, arrived in Atlantic City, the representatives planned their strategy. "We agreed on who was going to speak for us," Muir remembers. "Robert Montgomery was one, and Larry Tibbett another. What happened was, we stood up, one at a time, to cover a certain section of our position, alternating with a speaker for the other side. Harry Richmond spoke just after Larry Tibbett, and Richmond had been coached very well by the lawyer, but he was not too articulate, and with his New Yorkese voice he hadn't Tibbett's dignity. While he was talking, I noticed that the union chiefs were getting quite restless and looking at our side of the room, particularly at Tallulah Bankhead, who had sat herself down in the front row on the aisle. But I couldn't figure out why they kept staring. I started around the outside wall to look back and see what all the commotion was, but I didn't make it until Richmond sat down and Bob Montgomery got up to speak for us. Then he sat down, and Sophie Tucker got up.

"By this time I had arrived around the wall, and I could look back at our group. Well, the men smoking their big black cigars at the horse-shoe table were again getting restless and staring at our side. So I turned and looked at Tallulah, and I couldn't believe it. This was the day of the skirts down around the calf, and you know what she was doing? While our people were talking, she sat there demurely with one ankle crossed over the other. But when the other side was talking, she brought one ankle up and crossed it over her knee. The skirt came up, and I looked and I was so shocked—she didn't have anything on underneath! The minute Sophie Tucker finished talking, the leg came down and the skirt was pulled down around the calf and she sat very properly until our people finished. Then back went the leg and up went the skirt. Those men never heard a word the opposition said. Now that's a way to win a case with your groin, huh?

"Actually, it was Henry Jaffe who won the case for us the next day. He sat in a hotel room with the lawyers for the other side all night long and just said, 'No,' to everything they said. Whatever plan they gave him, he had a better one. He not only saw to it that the actors had their own union, he secured a strong organizational basis for the American Guild of Variety Artists."

Jaffe had proposed to Muir before she went to California to test, but marriage was postponed until the end of the year: Muir had things to do. By 1940 she had become the chief organizer and executive secretary for the Actors' Guild of Variety Artists, modeling the union after AFRA, which, just incidentally, had been founded by George Heller and his best friend, Henry Jaffe, who also acted as legal counsel. All was going fine until Muir suggested horizontal unionism—that all stage, screen and radio performers should, for protection, form one large union, with SAG, Equity, AFRA and AGVA each remaining, for the most part, autonomous. That would have meant the charter union A.A.A.A. would finally have something to do. The word that went around had it that Muir was "too liberal," and soon, three years after she had left Hollywood, she received a surprising offer from MGM to appear in *And One Was Beautiful* with Laraine Day and Robert Cummings.

Muir suspected a definite connection

between her union activities and the offer of a part in the film (working on a movie would get her away from unionizing, and a substantial salary, it may have been hoped, might buy her off completely). But she accepted, anyway, with a salary of $750 a week, $300 more than she'd ever gotten at Warner Brothers.

Soon there would be other talk about Muir, and about quite a few of her friends. The *New York Times* told the whole story in a front-page headline on August 15, 1940: HOLLYWOOD STARS ACCUSED AS REDS BEFORE GRAND JURY—TONE, MARCH, CAGNEY, BOGART, AND JEAN MUIR ARE AMONG THOSE ACCUSED IN TESTIMONY. In an election year, John R. Leech gave grand jury testimony about Communist activities in southern California. Leech, an "alleged 'chief functionary'" of the L.A. Communist Party, had, just 10 days earlier, on August 5th, 1940, appeared before the Dies Committee on Un-American Activities, and had spouted the names of at least 22 film industry people he "knew" to be Communists or Communist sympathizers. Dies, a Texas congressman, was to become a household word for "fighting Communism," going so far as to call Shirley Temple a "Red."

Recalls Ring Lardner, Jr., "Hollywood was easily intimidated, and while people generally didn't take this attack seriously, I think there was a certain amount of alarm in people such as Louis B. Mayer at MGM and the Warner brothers, who tended to be nervous about anybody calling attention. But the reaction was nothing like it was in 1947 [under the Thomas Committee, which would send the Hollywood 10 to prison]."

So when Martin Dies, eager to get some political advantage out of a situation he, himself, could have spawned, set himself up in New York's Waldorf-Astoria promising clearance to those actors, writers and directors he thought innocent, many of the 22 named went, no doubt at the urging of their employers. Once in New York, they met with S.A.G. counsel — none other than Henry Jaffe. Jaffe immediately got on the phone to Schenectady, where Muir was in summer stock, and told her she'd better come down—that he had an understanding that she could be cleared with the others.

As it happened, Martin Dies, smiling for for the press cameras, walked out of his suite at the Waldorf with his arms around quite a few of the current screen idols and proclaimed them "good Americans." Among them were Luise Rainer, Francis Lederer and all the stars headlined in *The New York Times*. With one exception. "I absolutely refused to go," Muir says. The idea of one man giving me a clean bill of health was about as un-American as the committee itself." But, Jaffe reminded her, Leech hadn't just called Jean a Communist sympathizer. He said that she regularly gave money to the Communist Party, and that in 1936, she contributed several hundred dollars to the election campaign. That was silly. Muir told him, and continued to refuse to appear.

Muir vociferously denies she was ever a Communist or that she ever knowingly contributed to the Communist Party.

Jaffe later told Muir that Dies talked with the stars about everything *but* their politics behind the ornate doors of the Waldorf. Jaffe still believed it was important that Muir appear, however. "This has nothing to do with my career," she told him. "The American people are too smart to fall for this. How could this possibily hurt me?"

It was ten years before Muir fully realized the answer to her own question. Much happened to her in that time. She married Jaffe, and gave birth to three children. Along with Sanford Meisner, she ran a summer playhouse in Suffern, N.Y., where Gregory Peck learned the ropes, and where casts included such names as José Ferrer, Uta Hagen and Margaret Webster. She and Meisner also produced a Broadway play, "Listen, Professor," and she appeared in a Broadway flop, "Tenting Tonight." She did some radio work, including a very pro-American, civil rights show, and she made her last three films. *And One Was Beautiful, Lone Wolf Meets a Lady,* and *The Constant Nymph,* ending, as she began, miscast and misused, at Warner Brothers. (Of *The Constant Nymph,* screenwriter George Baxt, who had been president of the Jean Muir fan club at age 12, recalls, "She just happened to do it when she was in Hollywood with her husband. She was pregnant then, and they had to hide her behind a cello. Then they had to get rid of her after the first or second reel. She never returns in the picture and you wonder what the hell ever became of her.")

Anti-Communism was the coming thing in America during this lull in Muir's acting career. The Smith Act, passed in 1940, had made advocating the overthrow of the government by force and violence a crime, and by 1947 was used to prosecute and imprison members of the American Communist Party. In 1947, Attorney General Tom Clark came up with a list of "subversive" committees, and 10 Hollywood writers, directors and producers were called to Washington to testify about Communist activity in the motion picture capital, and were then sentenced to prison for contempt of Congress, only to have their appeal denied in 1949. That was one year after a *Time* magazine editor charged a State Department official named Alger Hiss with being a Communist spy. A dance-harmonica team made the news too, when it filed suit against one Hester McCullough for calling them "pro-Communist," only to have the case end in a hung jury. During a Lincoln's Day speech in 1950, at Wheeling, W. Virginia, the junior secretary from Wisconsin, Joseph McCarthy, waved a list of 250 names he said were card-carrying Communists at work in the State Department. The Red Scare was now in full bloom. While McCarthy was relatively late in jumping on the red-baiting bandwagon, he perpetuated the national frenzy and was rewarded for his efforts by having an entire era named after him.

It was not a good time to back liberal causes. Jean Muir reportedly belonged to quite a few "front" organizations: The Artists' Front to Win the War; The International Workers' Order; Stage for Action; The Congress of American Women; The Southern Conference for Human Welfare; The Progressive Citizens of America; and The Spanish Refugee Relief Campaign.

She says, "I was naively unaware that some of these committees had Communists among their members, and that there was little hesitation to use liberally-minded people such as myself as cover-ups, and perhaps, as dupes."

Although it is hard to believe that a politically-aware young woman could not recognize the political orientation of these organizations, Muir vociferously denies that she was ever a Communist or that she ever knowingly contributed money to the Communist Party.

By the summer of 1950, Muir was preparing to return to full-time acting. She was confident that she would find work in New York in the new medium of television. She had read in the papers of the recent House Un-American Activities Committee investigation of Communist activity in Hollywood, but there was no blacklist in the broadcast industry, she thought, and so no major cause for worry. But a group of men had been at work for some time compiling lists of people they considered to be members of the Communist Party, members of front organizations, or Communist sympathizers who had in some way worked to advance the party

cause. In 1947, three ex-F.B.I. agents who called themselves American Business Consultants had begun publishing a newsletter they called *Counterattack*, to better fight the Communist "menace." The F.B.I., they felt, was lax in this essential protection of the American people. *Counterattack* urged its 4,000 readers to protest to stations, networks and sponsors of broadcasts which featured anyone who had even one affiliation or allegiance that might be considered subversive, and included names and addresses of where to write. The purpose, the publishers said at the outset, was not to get the performer taken off the air, but to alert readers to possible Communists.

By 1950, however, the newsletter contradicted itself with the paragraph, "Quite a few people with continuing records of pro-Communist activity are still associated with a considerable number of programs. They should be dropped even if they are good money-makers for the sponsor."

Counterattack did not begin publishing with the idea of devoting itself solely to broadcast entertainers. Eleanor Roosevelt, Trygve Lie and Albert Einstein also made it into the first issues. But when the newsletter reported in 1949 the firing of radio producer William Sweets, broadcast personalities began to figure prominently in its pages. (Including as threats such "radio gossips" as Mary Margaret McBride and Martha Dean because they had advertised, among other things, Polish hams.) Before the newsletter began reporting on personalities, its readers had been businessmen, educators, labor and government officials — including, supposedly, the passport office — and the majority of the public did not know it existed, or paid it little attention. But everyone likes to read about entertainers, the Consultants discovered, so on June 22, 1950, they published a bonus, a $1 special report called *Red Channels: The Report of Communist Influence in Radio and Television*. Three days later, when *Red Channels* had just begun to circulate, the U.S. entered the Korean War, thus providing an excuse for Congress to renew investigation of Communists in Hollywood (hearings began in 1951). Before the summer was out, Ethel and Julius Rosenberg were arrested for spying and conspiracy to commit espionage, further heightening the growing anti-red hysteria.

The *Red Channels* directory, which was soon to be found in the top desk drawer in every sponsor, network and casting office, contained the names of 151 members of the broadcast industry, each name followed by a list of so-called subversive organizations, activities and publications with which they were allegedly associated. Muir was listed as being a sponsor of the Artists' Front to Win the War and for "The Negro Quarterly;" as an available speaker for the International Workers' Order; as Vice-President of the Congress of American Women; as a supporter of the Southern Conference for Human Welfare, the Progressive Citizens of America, and the Spanish Refugee Relief Campaign, and as having sent a congratulatory telegram to the Moscow Arts Theatre on its 50th anniversary.

One of the reasons Muir was cited may have been her exhaustive work on behalf of the election of Franklin Roosevelt, which probably lay behind her being linked with the Progressive Citizens of America. "I would speak for any organization which called me up and asked me to speak for Roosevelt," Muir says.

The directory's "reliable" information, its publishers claimed, came from the records of various national and state investigating committees, such as the Dies and the Jack Tenney Fact-Finding Committees. The avowed purpose of the 213-page booklet was threefold: "One, to show how the Communists have been able to carry out their plan of infiltration of the radio and television industry. Two, to indicate the extent to which many prominent actors and artists have been inveigled to lend their names, according to these public records, to organizations espousing Communist causes. This, regardless of whether they actually believe in, sympathize with, or even recognize the cause advanced. Three, to discourage actors and artists from naïvely lending their names to Communist organizations or causes in the future."

It took just over two months before the publishers saw how powerful their special report was, when it began to be referred to as "the Bible of Madison Avenue." While doubtless several people either lost jobs or simply were not hired as a result of *Red Channels* in the days shortly after its publication (when Ed Sullivan endorsed it as an excellent reference book in preparing programs), it remained until August 27 for there to be a first "public" victim—an instance where a firing was publicly attributed to a listing in *Red Channels*.

That distinction was to fall to Jean Muir.

When she first saw the pamphlet, she had no idea how dangerous it was. She recalls that day well. "Henry [Jaffe] showed it to me up in his office, and I think he was worried about it. I told him that was silly, that it wasn't true. He said, 'It doesn't matter whether it's true or not. They've protected themselves against libel. You can't sue them.' Well, to me it was absolutely impossible to believe. I looked through it and saw the people listed and I said. 'Well, they have a fine list of people. They're certainly the top actors in the business. Very fine actors.'" (And they were, among them: Morris Carnovsky, Lee J. Cobb, José Ferrer, John Garfield, Will Geer, Ruth Gordon, Uta Hagen, Judy Holliday, Zero Mostel, Edward G. Robinson, Lionel Stander, Orson Welles, and such musicians and writers as Leonard Bernstein, Lillian Hellman, Arthur Miller and Dorothy Parker.)

In the motion picture industry, although the American Legion and the Catholic Legion of Decency had their own lists, there had been really one main blacklist. They called it the Waldorf Declaration, after the hotel where 50 members of the Motion Picture Association of America, the Association of Motion Picture Producers and the Society of Independent Motion Picture Producers met on November 24, 1947 to ban anyone from working who was not a friendly witness and who would not swear he was not a Communist.

In contrast, there were many lists in the broadcast industry. Aside from *Red Channels*, which was the main list, advertising agencies, sponsors, networks, talent agencies and clearance groups had their own lists. A performer could wind up on one list and not on the others, and he could be employed by one network and blacklisted by another. One of the frustrating and tragic realities of all this was that an entertainer might not even know he was on a list, and wonder why he was not being employed, never sure if it was his performance or something else that kept him from working.

A classic case is that of Louis Pollock, a screenwriter, whose story is reported in Murray Schumach's *The Face on the Cutting Room Floor*. Pollock was never a top-priced writer, but he was doing fairly well (*Port Said, The Jackie Robinson Story*) and commanding more money with each picture, when suddenly he couldn't sell a thing. Five years went by. Pollock ghosted magazine articles for Hollywood columnists, but had to mortgage his home, which was eventually sold. Because of mounting tensions, he and his wife nearly divorced. Then one day he happened to mention to an executive he had known in better times that he must have "lost his touch." The executive made a few phone calls, only to find that Louis Pollock the writer, had been confused with Louis Pollack, a California clothier, who had balked in front of the HUAC five years before. While Pollock could understand the mistake, what he couldn't accept was the fact that not one person had asked him if he were the man who refused to answer questions before the Committee.

Once anybody had your name for anything, "That was it," George Sklar told me. "If you were on a list—anybody's list—you were done. You were completely out. Any mention in *Red Channels*, particularly, was death."

Perhaps one reason Muir did not find

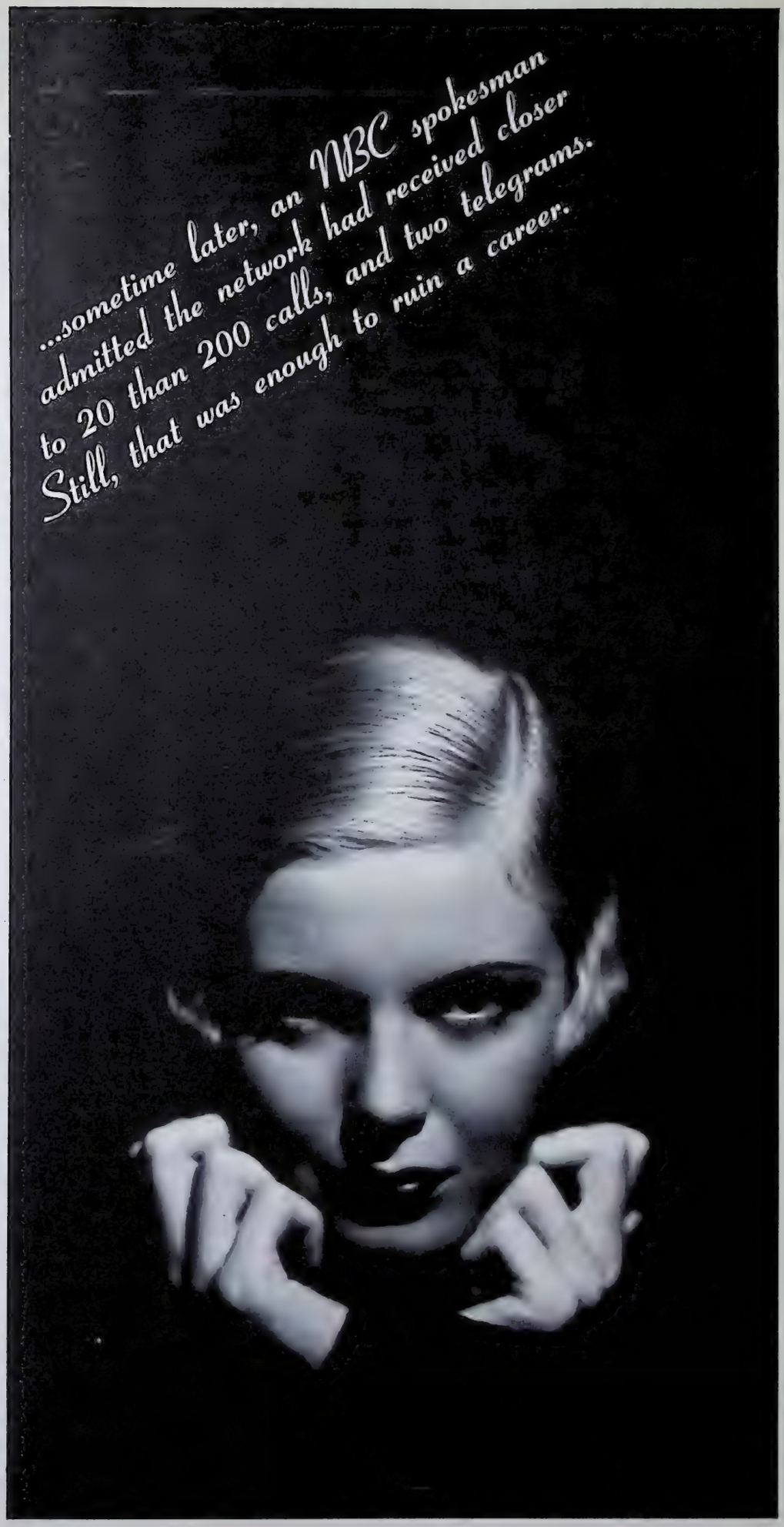
Red Channels so menacing in June of 1950, however, was because she was just too excited about having been offered the part of Mrs. Aldrich in the television series, "The Aldrich Family," which had been so successful on radio.

"The Aldrich Family" was to make its live debut of the season on August 27. To show her happiness and her enthusiasm about the show, Muir had ordered a cake large enough for the entire cast and crew, thinking its message, LONG LIVE HENRY ALDRICH, might be prophetic. After rehearsal, she returned to her dressing room, and in the hour to kill before airtime, unpacked her case and hoped that the press release the advertising agency, Young and Rubicam, had issued about her being signed to the show, would draw some of her old fans, and maybe even someone who would offer her a part in a play.

A call for everyone to appear on the set interrupted her daydream. There she found strange, uncomfortable looks on the faces of the cast and crew. A young man Muir recalls as the assistant producer (he may have been a Young and Rubicam spokesman) stood with a tiny piece of paper in his hand and began in a loud voice, "I have an announcement to make and there will be no questions afterwards." With even these words, Muir remembers, "Something happened inside me, I don't know what." The man continued, "The show for tonight has been cancelled. I must ask you not to discuss this with anyone."

"And then he just walked out," Muir says. "I had a sinking feeling in my stomach and I thought 'Oh, no, this just couldn't be because of me,' and I looked at one of the cast who had been staring at me, and he looked away, and then I caught the author's eye and he looked away from me, too. It was just so awkward, and then I remembered the darn cake. To try to make some kind of joy out of the shock, I guess, I yelled at the top of my lungs, 'Wait a minute, everybody. I forgot something.' I went into my dressing room and got the cake and brought it out and put it on the boom stand. We started cutting the cake and making jokes and being kind of gay and silly, fighting it some. Then I took a piece of cake over to Clifford Goldsmith, who had written the original play, and I saw he had tears in his eyes. I said, 'What's the matter? What's the matter?' He couldn't even answer. He just looked at me with tears rolling down his cheeks. I ran back into my dressing room and burst into tears and I packed my clothes. I knew then what it was for sure. All the way home I tried to concentrate on driving so I wouldn't think." And so began what Merle Miller was to call a "trial by publicity, with private prosecutor, jury, judge, and executioner."

As it turned out, the press release Muir


...sometime later, an NBC spokesman
admitted the network had received closer
to 20 than 200 calls, and two telegrams.
Still, that was enough to ruin a career.

had hoped would impress theatrical producers had been read by quite a few people who found her scheduled appearance of interest. Not only had the release run in the *Times* and the *Tribune*, but in *Compass*, a decidedly left-wing newspaper. And on the day before "The Aldrich Family" was to bow, Theodore C. Kirkpatrick, secretary-treasurer of American Business Consultants and managing editor of *Counterattack*, received a phone call asking him if he had read about Jean Muir in *Compass*. When Kirkpatrick said he had been out of town and hadn't seen the listing, his caller suggested he tell as many other people as possible. Kirkpatrick would never reveal the name of the caller, saying only that he was not affiliated with *Counterattack*, but a strong rumor which has persisted through the years is that the "informant" was somehow connected with "The Aldrich Family" show.

Kirkpatrick followed his caller's suggestion, and immediately phoned Mrs. Hester (John T.) McCullough, of Greenwich, Conn., the wife of *Time* magazine's picture editor. Mrs. McCullough was also something of a self-designated defender of American ideals. When she heard about the "serious record" of a woman who was soon to begin appearing in thousands of American living rooms every Sunday night, she made, as she told Jack Gould of *The New York Times*, "maybe 20 or 30 [calls to people] and asked them to get busy. I knew this was a fight that had to be won." Among those who heard from the dutiful Mrs. McCullough that day were the commander of the Catholic War Veterans, who happened to be a member (along with Mrs. McCullough and Kirkpatrick) of the Joint Committee Against Communism in New York, "a man on the Americanism Committee of the Connecticut American Legion," and "a couple of women I know in Long Island." Then she dialed the National Broadcasting Company and Young and Rubicam, asking them if they were "familiar" with Jean Muir's "record," and saying if they weren't, "they ought to look it up in *Red Channels*." (The entire story is given in Merle Miller's book *The Judges and the Judged*.)

NBC got a few more calls that Saturday, from "the women . . . on Long Island," and from Rabbi Benjamin Schultz, executive director of the American Jewish League Against Communism, and coordinator of the Joint Committee Against Communism in New York. Rabbi Schultz told the switchboard operator at NBC he was speaking "for the more than two million members of my organization."

The number of actual complaints has never been verified. General Foods, sponsors of "The Aldrich Family," put it at 200, but sometime later, an NBC spokesman admitted the network had received closer to 20 than 200 calls, and two telegrams. Still, that was enough to ruin a career.

Whenever the Jean Muir incident is reported — and it has been in several books about blacklisting in the broadcasting industry and in the American Civil Liberties Union-commissioned book by Merle Miller, *The Judges and the Judged*, which deals mostly with Muir's case—the story is always the same: That had it not occurred on a "lazy August weekend" when the higher-ups were out of town, the true reason for Muir's firing would never have come out. If the underlings had known what to do, the story goes, they would have said the show was cancelled because "the scenery was bad" or "the script wasn't right." Whatever the reason, there wouldn't have been all the publicity, and the public would never have known the real reason.

Jack Gould, T.V. critic for the *Times* at the time, says that's not true. "The first tangible lead on the self-appointed patriotic groups came from an old friend at NBC," Gould, who was the first to break the story, told me. "For weeks, I'd been checking rumors of a blacklist but was unable to get anyone to confirm it explicitly and without risk of backfire. Then Jean's deletion from the show was sent out as a routine program correction normally received by the *Times*. That was the real clincher for the newspaper. I then called NBC and Mrs. McCullough, and when they confirmed the modest flow of phone calls to the network and General Foods, I knew the dam had broken. Mrs. McCullough led me to *Counterattack* and *Red Channels*, and later a General Foods executive confirmed the essential outlines of the incident. As I remember it, we made over the front page of the *Times* between editions. It would have been front-page in any case." That news story, the first of many on the subject in that and other papers, was surrounded by stories dealing with the war in Korea, the disclosure of Lee Pressman, former aide to Henry Wallace, of his past Communist Party membership, and the cancellation in protest of a talk by a suspected "subversive." *Times* readers got their money's worth on August 28, 1950.

Muir repeatedly denied that she "had ever been a Communist or had Communist leanings," both to reporters and to Clarence Francis, Chairman of the Board of General Foods. She and her lawyer—Henry Jaffe—met with Francis several

General Foods explains

Here is the text of General Foods' statement upon the firing of Jean Muir:

> The General Foods Corporation has received protests from a number of groups against the appearance of Miss Jean Muir on the television version of "The Aldrich Family." In taking this action, General Foods wishes it understood that it is in no way passing judgment on the merits of these protests it has received.
>
> The basic policy which General Foods has established and uniformly observes in matters of this kind is as follows:
>
> "One of the fundamental objectives of General Foods advertising is to create a favorable and receptive attitude toward its products among the largest possible number of consumers.
>
> "The use of controversial personalities or the discussion of controversial subjects in our advertising may provoke unfavorable criticism and even antagonism among sizable groups of consumers. Such reaction injures both acceptance of our products and our public relations. General Foods advertising, therefore, avoids the use of material and personalities which in its judgment are controversial.
>
> "In accordance with the policy expressed above, General Foods has instructed its advertising agency, Young and Rubicam, Inc., to arrange with Stellar Enterprises (producer of the program) for the replacement of Miss Muir as a member of 'The Aldrich Family.'"

Not quite two months after General Foods issued that statement, the company hired Dr. George Gallup's Opinion Research Corporation of Princeton, N.J., to determine whether the Muir matter had adversely affected the sale of the sponsor's products. Gallup's team found, as it reported, "the results...reassuring. Less than 40 per cent had ever heard of the Muir affair. And of those that had, less than 3 per cent could relate the name of General Foods or the product involved, Jell-O, with the name of Muir. They tied up the name of Muir hazily with General Mills, even the Bell Telephone Company. To check up further, we telephoned several General Foods sales offices in other cities, like Chicago. We asked, 'How has the Muir publicity affected our sales?' The answer invariably, was, 'Muir? Who's Muir?'"

times to discuss whether Muir would be reinstated on the following Sunday's show. "Meeting him was very reassuring," Jaffe says. "He was a father figure, warm, and he said he thought the situation was 'terrible,' that it was not in the spirit of American business. He added that General Foods didn't want to hurt anybody, and although he never said, 'I will reinstate Jean,' he would say, 'This is not right. I feel a sense of injustice about it and I will do my best to correct this.' He was, after all, Chairman of the Board, and both of us assumed when he had such a positive and friendly attitude, that he would carry it out. We always had a good feeling when we left meetings with him."

They turned out to be false hopes, for shortly after, General Foods issued a statement saying that Muir was "a controversial personality," whose appearances on television might adversely affect the sale of the sponsor's products. As Muir sums it up, "They were afraid I might hurt the sale of Jell-O." Because of that, she was permanently replaced in the cast by another former motion picture actress, Nancy Carroll, whose films included *Shopworn Angel* and *Paramount on Parade*.

Muir's first reaction was to sue Kirkpatrick, Mrs. McCullough and Rabbi Schultz. But Jaffe, as her counsel, convinced her that it was not the wise thing to do. After all, the Draper-Adler case against Mrs. McCullough had ended in a hung jury. The process would be long, drawn-out and expensive. It would take Jaffe away from his work, and the publicity would put the children through unnessary torment. At the time, Muir became convinced that Jaffe was right—the times were getting worse, not better. She wonders today if there might have been other reasons for his advice. "Maybe Henry doubted my innocence," she says. "Or maybe he just didn't trust my ability to verbalize or articulate. But I really think Henry always thought I had a Communist Party card." (When asked if that were true, Jaffe avoided the issue.)

Should they have sued? Jaffe is still certain he made the right choice. "I really don't think at that time such a lawsuit would have done anything except make it worse," Jaffe says. "The publicity that came out of the Draper-Adler suit simply confirmed everybody's feeling that they were guilty of something. I told Larry Adler not to sue, because he just brought Hester McCullough to the attention of the world. He was the best thing she ever heard of. He made her a heroine to all those people who backed the blacklisting drive. So I just thought a suit like that would put us in a worse position." Echoes Jack Gould: "Jean never had a chance with a lawsuit, which I thought was the most fascinating part of her dilemma. General Foods never suggested that she was pro-Communist or even that they believed in *Red Channels*. She had merely become 'controversial,' which was not good for advertising, and she was fired for that same reason alone. I don't think even years of litigation would have changed the end result. The trouble was, there was nobody to sue. There's no legal action against the unmade phone call."

So they took the settlement money, an amount reported as $3,500 in one source, and $10,000 in another, for 18 weeks of work. Muir says it was $3,500, for 13 weeks. "We did that to establish to the world that General Foods was wrong," Jaffe says. "Why would they pay if they had just cause to dismiss her? And, we thought, perhaps incorrectly, that if the publicity got out that they had to make restitution, that would clear her name and discourage other employers from doing what was done to Jean. Actually, accepting the money had none of those effects. If we could only have gotten her name reinstated it might very well have changed the whole course of *Counterattack* and the whole McCarthy drive."

Muir clearly remembers her last confrontation with General Foods' Francis, on the Friday after that fateful Sunday. "Clarence Francis was very emphatic that he didn't think I was a Communist, and he said, 'I wouldn't be sitting here with you if I thought these charges were true. Our paying your contract in full is testimony to our confidence in your Americanism.' Can you believe that? I guess he meant it, though, because if he thought he had some kind of proof—and, of course, he didn't—he could have legally cancelled my contract. But I didn't want to be there, anyway, and I was angry. As he wrote the check, I said, 'I don't know why you didn't just cut my right arm off. It couldn't have been more painful or hurt me more in my profession.' And he said, 'Oh, come now. Let's not be melodramatic.' And Henry agreed with him, saying, 'Yes, Jean, don't you think that's a little dramatic?' I should have known then that the marriage was on its way out, but I didn't. Right then, all I could think of was that I was rather like a puppet, just doing what I was told. I was still in delayed shock, but I didn't like what I was doing. I didn't want to take that money, but Henry said I had to. Now I have a guilty conscience about it. If I ever get $3,500 together I'm going to give it to the American Civil Liberties Union and send letters to that effect to *The New York Times* and General Foods."

When she and Jaffe stepped outside the General Foods building, Muir was still angry, and told reporters that the corporation's decision to replace her left her "terribly shocked and heartsick." She continued, "I can only repeat what I have said before. I am not a Communist, have not been one and believe that the Communists represent a vicious and destructive force, and I am opposed to them. But it seems unbelieivable that an actress can have such a setback to her livelihood and career, based on nothing more than unsubstantiated accusations made over the telephone and by telegraph. I was fired without a chance to speak, and this is nothing more than guilt by association. Besides, what has this really got to do with me? I don't think it's whether I was a Communist or not that is important. What is important is what has been done to a human being without a trial."

She was right, of course, and editorial writers all across the country knew it. They seemed to come out of the woodwork, sounding off in such publications as *The New York Times, Business Week, Fortune, Commonweal, New Leader, Survey, New Republic, Life, Newsweek, The St. Louis Post-Dispatch,* the *New York Herald Tribune,* which spoke of "this appalling moral cowardice," and *The Washington Post,* which asserted, "There is no nicer name for what happened to Miss Muir's case than blackmail." Bennett Cerf wrote in *Saturday Review,* "The most heartening angle of the Muir case is the alacrity and vigor with which authors, actors, publishers and producers, united for once, have rallied to her defense. I have heard the case and its implications discussed over and over again, with a unanimity of opinion that is almost without precedent in this highly-individualistic business of ours."

And, he continued, "Every case of *Muirism* puts in greater jeopardy our fundamental civil liberties and strengthens the hand of some of the slimiest individuals in our midst ... Every time another individual is pilloried for daring to differ from the pack, or declared guilty by association, we strengthen the hands of our worst enemies." Wrote the *New Leader,* "Our advice to the irate citizens: Stand up straight and look the real foes in the eye. Their guilt and the extent of their threat have been proved beyond doubt. Their names are Stalin, Malenkov, Beria, Vishinsky, Kagonovich. It is they—and not the Jean Muir's—who must be barred from all future employment."

There was more. An editorial on "trial by character assassination" in *The New York Times* brought a letter to the editor from Howard Lindsay, co-author of *Life with Mother* and *State of the Union,* which said, in part, "The discharge of Jean Muir by the panicky heads of General Foods ... is as derelict a retreat from the ramparts of American tradition as would be a frightened surrender of our troops at the front because of an unsubstantiated rumor ... Those behind this campaign are using Russian methods: to accuse is enough." And *Life* said, "This page ... doesn't like the dourly Ku Kluxish turn which the campaign against Communism has recently taken in some quarters ... Jean Muir was kicked off ... without being given a chance to explain her reported

A SAG exec looks back

The following are excerpts from a letter from Eugene Francis, a current Vice President of the Screen Actors Guild:

Most commentators on the Blacklist era fail to understand that *Red Channels* and Aware erupted at a time when the actor unions were fighting each other over which union would represent actors in TV. I was an Equity delegate and ultimately Vice Chairman. The blacklisting fight interfered with and impeded our efforts to establish a single union for all performers working in television. Twenty-five years later TV performers must belong to two unions to appear in commercials, TV shows—and only last year, were we able to achieve parity for some activities. The jurisdiction remains divided, and I believe that the political climate of the time was the cause of this present day division, which is only now dissipating. Although today I am a Vice President of SAG, I deplore the failure of the Reagan leadership that would not join TVA at the bargaining table, when the first network contract was obtained.

The HUAC couldn't "clear" anyone. Some cooperative witnesses that were publicly thanked by the Congress couldn't go back to work until Vincent Hartnett said so (or others like him). Many many actors seriously blacklisted tried in vain to testify before HUAC and were refused. Some names cited never lost much work, and were "cleared" (in some cases they paid money to Sokolsky, Hartnett etc.). The Congress was exploited by the blacklisters with the help of Johnson of Syracuse. The only "clearance" that mattered was the one the "consultants" gave.

connections with 'innocent front organizations.' We don't approve of gullability, but we don't like to see it equated with subversion or treason in advance of a hearing." A writer for *Fortune* had the same reaction: "General Foods... did proceed as if it thought the vast majority of Americans were ignorant of the Bill of Rights and indifferent to fair play. And it got off very easily. For if no boycott was organized against its products, the explanation is simply that fair and reasonable people don't act the way fanatics do... What needs to be demonstrated (where it is true) is that the men who run the system really believe in the great principles they are constantly proclaiming."

Perhaps all this bears out what John Cogley wrote in volume 2 of his *Report on Blacklisting:* "The one thread that ran through practically every comment on the case was a kind of frustration, the pent-up anger of a man who knows he has been wronged somehow but who cannot figure out just how. Miss Muir [was] paid in full for her contract... but it is also a fact that the actress was done out of her career and had no recourse which would not threaten to play havoc with her personal integrity."

General Foods received 3300 letters against the firing of "untried persons," and 2065 against reinstating Muir. Many of the letters were written by both left and right-wing pressure groups, with those sent independent of a pressure group running three to one in Muir's favor reports Merle Miller in his *The Judges and the Judged.* General Foods was caught in the middle, with one group threatening to boycott Jell-O and other General Foods products if Muir were used (the most vociferous single protester being Laurence Johnson, a Syracuse grocer, who was to figure so prominently in the John Henry Faulk case), and another group promising not to buy products if Muir were fired. General Foods' decision, then, was critical, one which was to set a precedent, one which would "institutionalize blacklisting.") As Cogley wrote, "The solution for General Foods and ultimately for the entire industry of networks, advertising agencies, sponsors and packagers, was to placate the right-wing group and silence the liberals. The strategic key was secrecy." As the executive secretary of one of the entertainment unions said at the time, "Don't be silly. There'll never be another Jean Muir case. These days they just don't hire anybody that might get in any trouble."

But just not hiring anyone who happened to be on a list wasn't enough comfort to the panicked networks, sponsors and ad agencies. They needed more protection that that. Unfortunately, there were many who were happy to oblige, and suddenly a new profession was born. Networks appointed "vice-presidents of security" to check out all their talent, and ad agencies hired men to run clearance checks. By 1952, blacklisting was not only commonplace in the broadcast industry, but as integral as microphones and TV cameras.

While blacklisting groups and individuals operated independently, members of one group were often members of another, too, and would arrange for the organizations to unite for certain activities. Merle Miller makes it clear in *The Judges and the Judged* that Theodore Kirkpatrick and Hester McCullough belonged to Rabbi Schultz's Joint Committee Against Communism and worked together to expel Jean Muir from the airwaves. (The Joint Committee was a privately funded pressure group which did not compile and publish a blacklist, but which used established lists to try to force performers out of work.)

A much bigger and better-organized blacklist group was the many-faceted American Business Consultants, which, aside from publishing *Counterattack* and *Red Channels*, ran what they called an investigative research service. What that meant was that the three former F.B.I. agents would (for a fee ranging from $5 to several thousand dollars) supply anyone with a dossier on an alleged pro-Communist entertainer (see *Sponsor* newspaper's report, "The Truth About Red Channels"). In 1951, one of the consultants, John G. Keenan, reported that 12 sponsors and advertising agencies had made use of his service. Among his clients over the next few years would be General Motors, F.W. Woolworth, and the Columbia Broadcasting System, reports Eric Barnouw in his book *The Golden Web.*

Quite often, something of a conflict of interest arose between *Counterattack* and the research service. One division of the American Business Consultants was publishing names of purported pro-Communists, while another arm of the organization was selling private lists of names to sponsors, agencies and networks for their secret screenings. Any sort of dealing with American Business Consultants was risky, however. If someone engaged the services of the organization and then chose not to take its advice, he was likely to end up in the next issue of *Counterattack.* The same thing was liable to happen to anyone solicited by the Consultants and who did not care to hire them. Apparently, not all the Consultants were convinced they always acted in the best faith. In 1951, Kenneth Bierly left the group to set up Kenby Associates, a clearance organization which would work with sponsors to reinstate some of the very personalities Bierly had earlier sought to ruin. Bierly's first client was Judy Holliday, who had been listed in *Red Channels* and *Counterattack.*

Most of the blacklisting groups had some kind of clearance policy, which dictated that the "accused" would have to prove his innocence to the satisfaction of the group in several ways, such as testifying before HUAC, completely breaking with any "suspected" organizations, and devoting himself to working for anti-Communist, or "pro-American" groups and causes. Some of the blacklisting groups had stricter clearance policies than

Muir's day in "court"

Excerpts from Jean Muir's testimony at her HUAC hearing:

Mr. Kunzig. Miss Muir I want you to state, also for the record, your reasons for voluntarily coming here today.

Miss Muir. Yes. When the Aldrich Family incident took place and I was thrown off the show, people called both my husband and myself asking permission to create committees of protest, or Jean Muir committees. We turned down all these requests and offers in an effort to keep it out of the hands of any committees which might later become fronts, or be supported by Communists, and also to try and prevent me from being turned into a martyr by people with whom I did not want to become associated. We didn't want it to become a cause célèbre. Unfortunately, it did become that. When they learned we would not join them, they began a violent and organized protest on my behalf anyhow, which caused me to become confident that the Communist Party, or members of the Communist Party fronts are actually trying to harm me, the result of this being that in so doing they hurt this committee. I feel this committee is doing a fine and educational job. They cannot use me to disparage this committee. As you know, they have tried many times. I, therefore, wanted to come here. What has happened to me in the last 3 years is not, I feel, the responsibility of this committee. I wanted to come because I felt this committee is not for the purpose of persecution, but for the purpose of finding out just who is causing this kind of thing...

Mr. Kunzig. Did you come to know and believe, or have the impression that Lionel Stander was a Communist sympathizer?

Miss Muir. I gathered enough to have that suspicion that he was a Communist sympathizer. I never knew whether he was a Communist or not, or a member of the party.

Mr. Kunzig. Since you were in Hollywood, and knew a great many people there at that time, can you testify here to the fact that it was more or less general knowledge that Lionel Stander was a Communist sympathizer—in and around Hollywood?

Miss Muir. I think I could testify to that; yes. He was certainly known to back all the organizations that later were proved to be front organizations..

Muir is asked what her feelings were about the various organizations with which she became involved.

...I did not inquire too much about the organizations, which I feel now was lax of me, but it was not unpatriotic. Maybe they used me as a dupe. I feel now that perhaps they did. Now that I won't do what they tell me to do, after I got out from under their influence, and I have made these statements as I said before, I believe that they really are going to throw me to the wolves.

Mr. Kunzig. Who is "they," Miss Muir?

Miss Muir. The Communist Party. The only people in this country who are as vicious as that. This is just supposition on my part, but I believe it is true...

Miss Muir. I would like to be able to fight communism in my own small way, as much as I can. That is the main reason I am here, as I hope I may be able in this way to help the committee...

others.

After Vincent Hartnett, a key member of American Business Associates, completed work on *Red Channels*, he disassociated himself from the firm, and wrote several articles before publishing *Confidential Notebook* (File No. 13), a book of listings in the *Red Channels* format, costing $5. Hartnett, a former Navy intelligence officer, also established an investigative service, preferring to be called a "talent consultant" or a "researcher," rather than an investigator. His fees ranged from $5 to $300 (the latter figure for his report on Arthur Miller), and in 1955 alone he made $10,000 from the Borden Milk Company. Among Hartnett's clientele were networks, motion picture studios, sponsors, ad agencies and law firms. Of all the blacklisters, perhaps Hartnett was the least scrupulous. Though never substantiated, it was rumoured that Hartnett caused the expulsion of director William Sweets from the "Gangbusters" radio show in 1949, when Hartnett was employed on the program as a supervisor. Hartnett left the program about the same time as the Sweets incident, "directly as a result of a Communist issue," and later gave the *New York World-Telegram* information he had gathered on Sweets. (see records of the 84th U.S. Congress, 2nd session, 1956, investigation of So-called *"Blacklisting" in Entertainment Industry —Fund for the Republic, Inc.* by HUAC). Hartnett also supplied news to grocer Johnson, who indefatigably badgered sponsors with threats of boycotting products. Johnson's tactic was to hang signs over the sponsor's products on his shelves, telling customers money from the sale of the items went to the Communist Party. (His blacklisting campaign was self-financed, although he worked closely with the American Legion.) But where Hartnett was to get into trouble was with his work for AWARE, Inc., of which he was a member of the board of directors.

AWARE, Inc. was a 350-to-600-member group which was organized to "combat the Communist conspiracy" in the entertainment and broadcasting industries, but which also acted as a consultant to sponsors. What made this organization different from other blacklist groups was that it was led and made up of a great many members of AFTRA. (Its president, Godfrey P. Schmidt, was an associate member of AFTRA, and his cabinet and seven directors were all members of the union.) It incorporated in December of 1953 as a fee-paying membership organization. AWARE published news supplements to membership bulletins containing *Red Channels*-type information, as well as assorted news, such as who had taken the fifth amendment at HUAC and the outcome of anti-Communist pressure group confrontations. But most of its efforts were concentrated on the internal workings of AFTRA. It exerted a strong force in the union until AFTRA passed a resolution to condemn it in 1955, and Charles Collingwood, John Henry Faulk and Orson Bean successfully ran for office in the New York local on a middle-of-the-road, anti-AWARE slate. Faulk claimed that AWARE used, as attorney E. Douglas Hamilton reported in his book *Libel*, "racketeering methods to intimidate and terrorize broadcasting networks, sponsors, producers and ad agencies to pay for blacklists of performers accused of subversive connections."

In retaliation, AWARE issued an entire news supplement on the middle-of-the-road officers, which called them, among other things, Communists. Faulk lost his job at WCBS as a result, so he sued his attackers—and won. The decision, rendered in 1962, is considered to mark the end of the blacklist, although no real fixed date can be placed on the termination of the practice. The case certainly put an end to AWARE, however, and to the blacklisting career of Vincent Hartnett, who had written AWARE's newsletter. Faulk was awarded $3.5 million, then the largest libel award ever made, but he actually received only a fractional $175,000. Hartnett, who once secretly taped a meeting of the anti-AWARE faction of AFTRA and sold it to AWARE and his clients, is reportedly still paying off his debt. The

court found his "proof" of Faulk's Communist affiliation not only inaccurate, but originated with malicious intent. Says Faulk, "AWARE's real motivation was money and power. It happened at a time when vigilantism flourished, and in local communities, self-appointed groups told school boards what teachers could teach and what libraries could keep on their shelves. This infected every facet of American life—political, cultural and academic. It was a terrible thing, a shocking, shocking period."

The theatre never knuckled to the blacklist as the communications industry had (although the theatre did have a grey list), and in 1952, Jean Muir landed the part of Amytis in an Equity Library production of Robert Sherwood's "The Road to Rome." By that time, she had developed a drinking problem which had progressed to the point that she needed a drink between rehearsals and as soon as she got off the stage. Occasionally, she drank before a performance.

Muir's drinking was enough of a problem to interfere with the refresher course she took from Sanford Meisner at the Neighborhood Playhouse School of the Theatre (with classmate Grace Kelly). When she first signed up for classes, with the idea of keeping herself in touch with the theatre, Muir studied with Lee Strasberg. "He almost wrecked my career—what was left of me as a person," she recalls. "He was very intellectual and made me think all the time, which made my acting very sterile. So Sandy took me out after three or four weeks. I went to this just to try to hold onto something, but I couldn't do it."

In late 1952, Jaffe suggested that she voluntarily appear before the House on Un-American Activities Committee, thinking that afterwards, Muir would be able to get work—which might curb her drinking.

"She didn't want to go," Jaffe recalled (in an interview he gave me in early 1976), "But she wanted desperately to work. It was breaking her heart. Nothing we did made any difference, and I said to her, 'Nothing else is working. A number of people who have testified have gotten back in the business. Why don't you testify? Maybe you'll get back in.'"

So she went to Washington on June 15, 1953 to see Chairman Harold H. Velde and his House sub-committee. Muir remembers she went for only one reason. "Henry told me he'd made a deal with the committee, that if I went before them, they'd give me clearance. He didn't insist that I go, but he advised me to do so, because he was sure they'd clear me and I'd be able to work again. Who wouldn't grab at any chance?"

But, says Jaffe of the "deal," "It wasn't quite that way. I think the theory was that if she would testify, they would issue a statement which would be valuable to Jean in seeking work. They didn't claim to be a clearance organization, like *Counterattack*, but if she testified and impressed them that she was being truthful and cooperative, they would say she was a good American, so that if General Foods or somebody wanted to employ her, they could check with the committee, which would say she'd been a cooperative witness. That was about the way it went."

The way it went, Muir remembers, is, "I walked in, and I guess one is always in awe of a committee sitting there at big tables, which I was not accustomed to. They were very courteous, all standing up when I walked in. Mr. Velde had white hair and looked very distinguished. He was just a typical senator to me. I don't remember the other faces or anybody who was there. I remember nothing except Henry standing over at the side talking to a lawyer for a moment before we started. They told me where to sit, I sat down, and they were very nice. They only got insistent when we got to Lionel Stander. For the most part, the questions were perfunctory, out of habit, as if they'd asked them 10,000 times before and really weren't interested in the answers. All the senators seemed to have a bill up before Congress. Three or four of them left within half an hour. I don't remember much else."

What Muir had forgotten, until she was shown the transcript of testimony, is that she told them, "I feel this committee is doing a fine and educational job." She went on to say, "I wanted to come because I felt this committee is not for the purpose of persecution, but for the purpose of finding out just who is causing this kind of thing," ending with, when asked if she would contact the committee if any information came to mind in the future, "I am not only willing, I want to, and I will." She also answered questions put to her about Lester Cole, Sheelagh Kennedy, Adelaide Bean, Belle Multhaven and actor John Randolph, all of whom supposedly had something to do with a party Muir allegedly gave to raise money for the Hollywood 10.

"Well, what are you supposed to say?' Muir remarked after reading the testimony, "I mean, I wasn't going to say, 'I came here because I was promised I'd get clearance.' I was promised clearance, and if I were coming there to get one, I should at least play their game a little bit. I knew I wasn't ever going to come back to that committee. I knew I had nothing further to tell, which I hadn't. I don't even remember this, but I wish now I'd told them my real reason for going there. As for the names, I don't consider that 'naming names,' because they had the names of the people who had done that, and told me so during an off-the-record break. Besides, I didn't really say anything about them. Look at what I said about Lester Cole: 'In 1947, a person who had been connected with the Independent Citizens' Committee of the Arts, Sciences and Professions several years before that called me and asked me whether I would give a party for Lester Cole. Now when I went out to Hollywood, I was very young, very scared and very shy. Lester Cole was a writer on the lot at Warner Brothers, and was very kind to me. He took me to lunch, and took me to dinner, and never made a pass at me, which would have frightened me to death, and was always a perfect gentleman, kind and gentlemanly to me at all times, and gave me a great deal of self-confidence ... So when this call came, I am afraid I didn't stop to think. It was going to be a party for someone who had been kind to me. I was not told that it was to raise money.'"

Despite Muir's declarations of good-will toward the committee and the fact that she at least answered the questions—albeit innocuously—put to her about the aforementioned people, she did not receive what she hoped for, even though Chairman Velde said as she left, "Thank you very kindly, Miss Muir, for the cooperation you have given this committee, and for the service you have rendered to your country." "I not only didn't get a public clearance from them," Muir says, "I never got a thing, not even a line in the papers. I never heard from them again."

The question remains to this day, why not? "I don't think it was important enough to them," Muir says. "Jean Muir was a has-been, somebody who wouldn't do a thing. If I'd gone in there and named 20,000 names— 'This one was, and that one was, and I saw that one with a card'— that would have gotten on the front pages and I would have gotten the same kind of clearing that Elia Kazan [who gave a host of names and recanted his past actions] got."

When asked the same question, Jaffe replied, "Can't answer that, but if you want to know why nobody hired her after that, I'd have to tell you that Jean didn't get any work before then, either. She hadn't gotten any steady work since she left Warner Brothers. I mean, that's just the plain fact of the matter. I don't want to hurt her feelings, but she just never got any work." Certainly that could have been because of John Leech's testimony before the Dies Committee, with Muir not so well-known that a producer would risk hiring her. But later in the interview, Jaffe said Muir "was an alcoholic in 1938, when I met her, or certainly by the time we married," a statement he modified when pressed about it, saying, "Well, I'm not sure. When you're close to somebody you don't want to recognize these things. But she was a heavy drinker my whole life with her. It wasn't easy to tell, though. Show people are hard to tell, you know."

That allegation of early alcoholism has been called "unfair" and heatedly challenged by several people who knew Muir

at the time she met and married Jaffe. The statement itself and the fact that Jaffe made no mention that, in those 10 years when "she didn't get any work," Muir bore three children and tried to make a home for her family (for several years as the only parent, since Jaffe was in the armed services), lends credence to the charge of Jaffe's critics who say he was never there for Muir when she needed him. This, they say, is most in evidence in the HUAC testimony, where, they claim, Jaffe not only "trapped" Jean, but "used" her.

Says John Henry Faulk, "I've never believed Henry was responsible for Jean's blacklisting, in the sense that he put somebody up to attack her. He's not sinister like that. But he didn't stand by her and refuse to allow her to go before HUAC. He traded her, traded his freedom for hers. What if they'd called him? Could he have answered questions? But he was never called. (Muir says Jaffe's involvement with forming unions resulted in his being called Communist by a partner in a law firm for which Jaffe worked early in his career. The allegation, Muir believes, kept Jaffe out of the armed services for some time.) And in order to throw the onus off himself, he would persecute any other person — and this to me was unforgiveable. Her testimony was the most shameful thing, having to name friends and discuss them in front of a hostile, vicious group of men who had no reason, no constitutional right to ask those questions of her."

Of the proposed "deal," Jack Gould says, "I think Jean was a broken woman when she testified and by this time Henry's pawn. She knew her career was over and her marriage very rocky. I'm sure Henry wanted to get his law firm in the clear, and such was the deal. It was not because of 'past deeds,' as Faulk suggests. Henry was much too smart a lawyer to get trapped that way. By any dispassionate standards I think Henry did sell out his wife, but it must be remembered that little is really known of her actions, specifically in drunken moments. For a guy with an eye on Hollywood, she was not an adornment. Enduring love was not a factor."

Does Muir think Jaffe misled her, either right after "The Aldrich Family," or at HUAC? "No, I don't think Henry trapped me into anything. My husband was a lawyer, brighter than I, certainly, about such things, and I felt he knew best. As far as these rumors that he 'betrayed' me at HUAC, I'm sure he didn't. He did what he thought was best for me, for the family, for himself in relation to his family, his work, his ability to earn a living to support us. Whether he judged correctly, whether he judged wrongly, is neither here nor there, because you can't live on might-have-beens."

Even if all the allegations about Jaffe are false, one can easily imagine the

anguish and confusion Muir endured in the early months of 1954, wondering why she was never cleared and if she would ever work again, and having to face the rumors that her husband had "sold her out" at HUAC. And even if she had not thought he had betrayed her at HUAC, she had to accept the possibility that he was on both sides of the fence, as well as the realization that he was no longer the stronger partner. "I guess I knew this was not the man I married," Muir told me in a candid moment. "Certainly I knew Henry wasn't on the side of the angels anymore, if you can call me the angel."

What followed for Muir was a desperate six-year battle with alcoholism (she consumed more than a quart each day), during which her marriage collapsed and she almost died of cirrhosis of the liver. But by 1960 she had obtained a quicky Reno divorce and, through an awesome act of will and discipline, stopped drinking. Wanting badly to begin working again, even though the blacklist was still in effect, Muir started making the rounds of the casting offices, often meeting blank stares from young secretaries to whom the name Jean Muir meant nothing.

She did find several jobs, however, the first in 1960 as a featured player with Ed Begley in a Broadway production of Patricia Joudry's "Semi-Detached." The play closed within a week, but critics said Muir gave "a good portrayal," and one even welcomed her back. Muir remembers the play for an incident that occurred during an out-of-town tryout. "We went down to Baltimore for the preview and the author and director were rewriting scenes every day, and with everybody exhausted, they gave us the day off. I thought I'd surprise the children, so I got on a train to Westchester and just walked into the house. My son was about 14 at the time, and I saw him at the end of the hall watching television. He got up from the chair and looked at me, and his face became a frozen mask of horror. Then tears came to his eyes and he said, "Mommy, Mommy, it hasn't happened again, has it?" It took me about five minutes to reassure him. I had almost forgotten about the blacklist, and I didn't realize that to my children, it was still an ever-present fear."

Muir may have almost pushed the blacklist out of her memory, but she was soon to come face to face with it again. She had made appearances on "Naked City" and "Route 66" when her friend David Susskind asked her to appear on his series, "The Witness." (Susskind had defied the blacklist as early as 1956 when he hired Martin Ritt to direct *Edge of the City*.) Though considerably weakened, the blacklist was still on at the end of 1960, certainly at CBS, which had long been the most rigid of the networks in its screening of blacklisted performers, requiring a loyalty affidavit before any of its competitors. Two days after hiring Muir for the show, Susskind phoned her and asked her if she could come in for a conference on the script. She thought it odd that she would be consulted about a writing problem, but, as she recalls, "I had absolutely none of that sinking feeling in my stomach I'd had the day of 'The Aldrich Family.'" When she got to Susskind's office, she learned that he had received a call from CBS that he couldn't use Jean Muir on his show, that she was "on the list."

"I said, 'Oh, no, David, don't tell me. You're kidding.' He said, 'No, I'm not kidding, and I wanted to talk to you about it because we have to decide what we're going to do.' I told him not to get into a big thing about it, and he said, 'No, wait. Let's have some fun with this.' So he called CBS and asked for somebody very high up, and he said, 'Hi, I understand I'm not allowed to use Jean Muir.' And whoever it was on the other end said, 'What do you mean? I don't know anything about that.' He backed down very quickly. And David said, 'Well, so-and-so — he gave her name — called and said she'd checked the names.' And the man again said, 'What do you mean?' David said, 'You know very well what I mean, and I just wanted to tell you that I'm going to use Jean Muir anyway. What are you going to do about it?' And the man said, 'Oh, we don't have any such person checking names. We don't even have that kind of thing going on here, but I'll check that girl's name and call you back.' In a few minutes, he called David back and said, 'We don't have anyone by that name on our payroll.' We had a good laugh about that. All I can say is that girl got fired awfully fast. I have a feeling the same thing would have happened in 1950

The IRS gets into the act

Many of those named in the McCarthy era say the blacklist continues to affect their lives today, and Muir is no exception. When she came to Stephens during the upsurge of student unrest of the late 1960s, the federal government was making a practice of investigating university personnel with liberal attitudes and backgrounds. Thinking her past might in some way embarrass the college, Muir offered to tender her resignation at the first question of her politics or her character. That, happily, was never necessary.

But the most persistent and frightening holdover of the blacklisting period was former President Nixon's ordering the Internal Revenue Service to harrass those people on his enemy list. Nixon, of course, had been after so-called Communists since his Alger Hiss days. Jean Muir believes she knows about his tactics first hand.

"Before I came to Stephens," she begins, "I was very hard up for money because Henry was no longer giving me support for my mother, and after I sold the house, I had to put my mother in a home, which took more than half of my alimony every month. I hadn't paid my income tax for quite a few years, and when I came out here and got a good job, I went to the income tax bureau and told them I'd give them $200 a month until I paid off my debt. I did that for three or four years, while paying my current taxes, and thought I was paid up. Suddenly, I was notified that I owed an enormous amount for 1966 and 1967. I didn't know what to do, but I thought, 'How are you going to fight with the United States government?' so I went to the county auditor. He said, 'I don't understand what they're doing,' and I said, 'Well, listen. I do. This is the same old business, going right back to Tom Clark's list, but they're looking for another way of doing it and they're going about it legally now.'

"The next thing I knew, I got a notice from the bank saying my checks were bouncing because I didn't have any money in the bank. Well, I knew I had a lot of money in the bank—about $1700. I went down there and discovered that the IRS had walked in and seized every penny I had. I said, 'Wait a minute. Am I in the wrong country?' The teller said, 'What?' I said, 'This is America! Remember? The land of the free and the home of the brave? A man's home is his castle and his bank account is sacred?' And he said, 'Oh, well, not for the IRS.'

"Two months later, they walked in and did the same thing again. By this point, I was furious. I said, 'I'm through with banks.' The teller said, 'Well, what are you going to do with all your money?' I said, 'I'll keep it at home.' And he said, 'But that's not safe.' I said, 'Well, it's not safe here either!' Not long afterwards, a rule went through that the IRS had to give you 10 days' notice before they did such a thing, and I got one of those notices. I said, 'Go ahead, IRS! There's nothing in there!' I fooled them!"

if anybody had had the courage of his convictions."

The Susskind show was hailed as the official end of the television blacklist. *Variety* ran a front page headline on December 7, 1960: "TV's BLACK-TURNED-WHITE LIST," with kicker: "Jean Muir, First to be Barred in Red Controversy, Gets Role After 10 Years Off Video." The story pointed out the irony that the woman now responsible for ending the blacklist was the first to bring the entire blacklisting procedure to public light in 1950 with "The Aldrich Family." It continued to say that CBS had begun to implement a new policy toward blacklisted performers three years earlier, allowing each to appear once a year on any single program, and that the policy had gradually slackened each year, with Muir's appearance signifying "the lid is off." Of Muir's acting on the episode, one critic wrote, "Her's was one of the most moving performances of the night, showing that her long inactivity hasn't made her rusty." After her appearance, there were no protests, no telegrams, no phone calls. The blacklist, it seemed, really was over in the broadcast industry, with further assurance coming in 1962 with the Faulk decision. With that one program, then, Muir had opened doors for the scores of blacklisted performers of whom she had so long been symbolic.

Muir may have accomplished what she set out to achieve, but she was dissatisfied with receiving a bit part here and there, and with no more respect for television that she'd had for motion pictures, Muir decided to look for other jobs. At least one of her friends has suggested that she never really liked acting, that it frightened her terribly, and that perhaps her real calling had always been teaching. Whether that's true, after doing an episode of "The Defenders" in 1965 and appearing on Virginia Graham's ABC network show, "Girl Talk," in 1966 (on which all references to NBC and the blacklist were bleeped), Muir decided to embark upon a new full-time career and life-role, that of a teacher at Stephens College in Columbia, Missouri.

Not long after Muir's arrival at Stephens, it came out that she had been caught up in some kind of a blacklist, which most of the students didn't even know had existed. Muir answered questions about the blacklist put to her in her classes, but prefaced her replies with "All right. Let's take this hour to talk about it, and then let's forget it, because I'm not here as a blacklist victim nor as a moving picture star. I'm here as a teacher of theatre. I'm much more interested in working with you. You can get all that blacklist stuff from your history teacher." Still, the theatre and radio-TV-film students who found Muir's name in the McCarthy-era chapters of their textbooks were definitely impressed, saying. "It must feel great to be in the history books." "Yes," Muir would reply, "but I'd prefer to be remembered for something I did, not for something that was done to me."

Despite her notoriety at Stephens, Muir, unlike John Henry Faulk and the Hollywood 10, is not in demand for lecture tours and appearances. Of even the people she knew in Hollywood, she says, "They think I'm dead."

And yet, Jean Muir is a survivor. Although forced to retire from Stephens last year upon reaching their mandatory retirement age of 65, she continues to teach as Visiting Assistant Professor in Theatre at the University of Missouri in Kansas City. She writes: "I'm doing so much in my life now. What fun it all is!"

But there is no denying that her blacklisting brought Muir incredible personal hardship, effectively ending her acting career. The witchhunts of Salem had nothing on the witchhunts of the McCarthy era. As John Henry Faulk told me: "It was a bugaboo. An utter bugaboo, the takeover of madness. All those lives, ruined. And you know, just for no real reason at all. Just for nothing. That's the terrible thing of it all. All for nothing."

Filmography

Bureau of Missing Persons (1933) with Bette Davis, Pat O'Brien, Lewis Stone. Directed by Roy Del Ruth.

Female (1933) with George Brent, Ruth Chatterton. Directed by Michael Curtiz.

The World Changes (1933) with Paul Muni, Aline MacMahon, Mary Astor, Donald Cook. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy.

Son of a Sailor (1933) with Joe E. Brown, Frank McHugh. Directed by Lloyd Bacon.

Bedside (1934) with Warren William, Allen Jenkins. Directed by Robert Florey.

As the Earth Turns (1934) with Donald Woods, Dorothy Peterson. Directed by Alfred E. Green.

A Modern Hero (1934) with Richard Barthelmess, Marjorie Rambeau, Florence Eldridge. Directed by G.W. Pabst.

Doctor Monica (1934) with Kay Francis, Warren William, Verree Teasdale. Directed by William Keighley.

Desirable (1934) with George Brent, Verree Teasdale. Directed by Archie Moore.

Gentlemen Are Born (1934) with Franchot Tone, Ann Dvorak, Margaret Lindsay. Directed by Alfred E. Green.

The White Cockatoo (1935) with Ricardo Cortez, Ruth Donnelly. Directed by Alan Crosland.

Oil for the Lamps of China (1935) with Pat O'Brien, Joshephine Hutchinson. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy.

A Midsummer Night's Dream (1935) with James Cagney, Joe E. Brown, Olivia De Havilland, Dick Powell, Mickey Rooney. Directed by Max Reinhardt (and William Dieterle).

Orchids to You (1935) on loan to 20th Century-Fox with John Boles. Directed by William Seiter.

Stars over Broadway (1935) with James Melton, Jane Froman, Pat O'Brien. Directed by William Keighley.

White Fang (1936) on loan to 20th Century-Fox with Michael Whalen. Directed by David Butler.

Jane Steps Out (1937) (GB) with Peter Murray-Hill. Directed by Paul Stein.

Fugitive in the Sky (1937) with Warren Hull, John Litel. Directed by Nick Grinde.

Her Husband's Secretary (1937) with Warren Hull, Beverly Roberts. Directed by Frank McDonald.

The Outcasts of Poker Flat (1937) on loan to RKO with Preston Foster. Directed by William Christy Cabanne.

White Bondage (1937) with Harry Davenport. Gordon Oliver. Directed by Nick Grinde.

Dance, Charlie, Dance (1937) with Stu Erwin, Allen Jenkins, Glenda Farrell. Directed by Frank McDonald.

Draegerman's Courage (1937) with Barton MacLaine, Henry O'Neill. Directed by Louis King.

Once a Doctor (1937) with Donald Woods, Gordon Oliver. Directed by William Clemens.

And One Was Beautiful (1940) MGM with Laraine Day, Robert Cummings, Billie Burke. Directed by Robert Sinclair.

The Lone Wolf Meets a Lady (1940) Columbia with Warren William, Warren Hull, Victor Jory. Directed by Sidney Salkow.

The Constant Nymph (1943) with Charles Boyer, Joan Fontaine. Directed by Edmund Goulding.

Report from Cannes

by Geoffrey Minish

With surprising frankness, festival chief Maurice Bessy predicted that Cannes this year would be a bit of a washout, which proved true enough where weather was concerned. Bessy's gloom was prompted by what he sees as a lowering of quality in world cinema. I'm sure he's right, but I must say I didn't find the festival disappointing, although it was definitely low key. There was no film as overwhelming as last year's *1900.* But neither was there anything as malignant as the big prizewinner, *Taxi Driver.* Or if there was, I missed it. With between one-fifth and one-quarter of annual production on display in the various sections, few people see exactly the same festival. This should be remembered when you next read that So-and-So's film was "the hit of Cannes."

The only film that earned the unanimous approval of the jury was *The Duellists,* the first feature of director Ridley Scott. Paramount's handout informed us that the 39-year-old Scott "paid his dues as the creator of more than 3,000 television commercials," which by my aesthetic should have destroyed whatever talent he started out with. Wrong: aided by gifted collaborators (screenwriter Gerald Vaughn Hughes, cameraman Frank Tidy, composer Howard Blake), Scott has created a film that is well-paced, literate, and handsome to look at, a virtuoso demonstration in traditional moviemaking.

J.A. Martin photographe, the Canadian entry which earned Monique Mercure a best-actress award (shared with Shelley Duvall for *Three Women*) was damned by some as slow. It is, but never static: there is plenty to keep the eye busy. Director Jean Beaudin and his cameraman, Pierre Mignot, have matched the narrative with rich images recalling the work of such turn-of-century photographers as the Lumière brothers.

Wim Wenders, with *Der Amerikanische Freund,* disproved the conventional wisdom that going commercial means artistic suicide. Based on the Patricia Highsmith novel *Ripley's Game,* the film is about a Hamburg picture restorer, Jonathan Zimmerman (Bruno Ganz), afflicted with a blood disease he fears is fatal. When a mysterious Frenchman (Gérard Blain) offers him a small fortune to go to Paris and assassinate a gangster, Jonathan accepts, for the sake of his wife and child. From then on, of course, it's straight downhill. The fascinating thing about the film is its moral dislocation: Jonathan, the decent hit man, holds our sympathy all the way.

The American friend is Dennis Hopper, whose blend of extreme sensitivity and suppressed rage is as compulsively watchable as always, but it does limit him as an actor: he could play Hamlet, perhaps, but not your average man. The furry-voiced Ganz can do both, and it's his film, although this is far more than just an actor's movie. Wenders has a marvelous gift for composing satisfying (as opposed to striking) images, and a nice feel for poetry of urban landscape. His weakness is intellectual pretension, causing him to mar the film with such dated *Nouvelle Vague* gimmickry as casting other film directors (Nicholas Ray, Samuel Fuller, Daniel Schmid, Jean Eustache, Peter Lilienthal) in minor roles. At his press conference, Wenders rambled on about how the "old" cinema is dead and left us in no doubt as to which young West German director is in the forefront of the new. Strange, because *Der Amerikanische Freund* resembles nothing so much as the kind of taut thriller Hitchcock used to turn out before the French told him he was a genius. And although Wenders appears personally to be what Germans call *ein rechts Linker,* a right leftist, you wouldn't guess it from this film. A hero who kills to maintain his family's living standard is the ultimate petty bourgeois.

In the non-competitive "Les Yeux Fertiles" section, devoted to films based on the other arts, Gunnel Lindblom made her directing debut with *Paradise Place,* a metaphor movie on what for Swedes is evidently the Big Question: living as they do in the world's most civilized society (apart from the liquor laws), why aren't they happier? "I believed in revolution," sighs an elderly woman, "but all that changes is the engineers." Visually, the film is a bit pedestrian, but Lindblom gets fine performances from a cast which includes Margaretha Bystrom, Agneta Ekmanner, and the late Holger Lowenadler.

Directors' Fortnight, rather subdued this year, showed *Near and Far Away,* by another Swedish woman director, Marianne Ahrus. The film, which looks autobiographical, has as its protagonist a woman working in a psychiatric clinic. She falls in love with a male patient who has lost the ability, or rather the will, to speak. The film adopts a clinical matter-of-factness toward insanity yet stays humane, showing us something seldom encountered in the cinema, or anywhere else: selfless love. It won't, I'm afraid, make as much money as *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest.*

In the non-competitive "L'Air Du Temps" section, devoted to social problems, the National Film Board of Canada came up with a social problem of its own, Robin Spry's *One Man,* a braineating item about a crusading reporter that must have sent John Grierson spinning in his grave. But Grierson, with his sociological obsession, would surely have approved the NFB co-production *Ethnocide,* Paul Leduc's documentary on the Otomi Indians of Mexico. The film was shown in Critics' Week, the version we saw being a three-part one for Mexican television. A shorter version will play the theatres. As its title indicates, the film is militantly on the side of the Otomis, who live in appalling poverty—46 percent of them lack safe drinking water — and are exploited by everyone, including, apparently, the Catholic clergy. It's a model piece of documentary filmmaking, but even if its outspokenness does not stop it being televised, I wonder how much effect it will have on so-called enlightened opinion in Mexico, assuming that middle-class intellectuals can do anything for the Otomis that they can't do themselves.

There were compilation films everywhere you turned this year, most of them amateurish. An exception was *Chinois, encore un effort pour être revolutionnaires,* assembled and edited by René Viénet. A few years ago the French Situationists, after the pattern of Woody Allen's *What's Up, Tiger Lily?,* which has never been shown in France, got hold of a Hong Kong martial arts epic, added their own subtitles, and turned it into an ultra-left political satire that was screened in the Latin Quarter under the title *La Dialectique peut-elle casser les briques?* It was quite a funny movie if you don't mind coterie humor, but it upset some purists who felt it showed contempt for the kung fu genre, as indeed it did. Viénet, a Sinologist who has taught in Nanking University, adopts an identical approach here with Chinese newsreels, using comic subtitles, pop music, and bits of advertising movies as a satirical counterpoint to a polemical soundtrack commentary on the history of modern China. His thesis is simple: Mao was a gangster and what he brought to China was fascism. Viénet is particularly sarcastic about such earnest China-worshippers as the Paris daily *Le Monde* and filmmaker Joris Ivens, the latter being dismissed as a Stalinist. The film triggered a lot of laughs the night I saw it, but I doubt whether it will change many minds. Certainly not in France, where the Left in general is infatuated with bureaucratic socialism.

The jury, chaired by the late Roberto Rossellini and including Pauline Kael, Marthe Keller, Jacques Demy, and Carlos Fuentes, came in for a lot of flak over the prize list, especially from the French critics. Henry Chapier of the *Quotidien de Paris* blamed it all on the iron wills of Rossellini and Ms Kael, "la Dolorès Ibarruri de la critique new-yorkaise." The jurors were indeed stingy with their awards, but what I suspect got up the Gallic nose was that nothing went to the French. Unfortunately, the French cinema, like France itself, has lost confidence. Not much is happening.

The best thing the jury did, in my view, was to pay posthumous tribute to animator Peter Foldes, who died last March. His computer-drawn *Visage,* shown among the officially-selected short films, was not up to his usual standard, but a retrospective of his work elsewhere in Cannes proved what more of us should have recognised sooner, that he had the touch of true genius.

Geoff Minish is a Canadian journalist working for *Agence France Presse* in Paris. He is our Paris correspondent.

Happy Times. Claude Fournier's **Je suis loin de toi, mignonne.**

QUEBEC LETTER

CLAUDE DAIGNEAULT

An object of wonder

Since last autumn, Québec has experienced a strange phenomenon (besides living under a government committed to making the province independent from Canada): Québécois features are being shown in theatres! To anyone who lives in a country where film production is a common fact, such an event might not seem worth mentioning. But in Québec, where the annual production of features totals at best fifteen films per year, the screening of seven local features in a matter of four months has all the look of a Christmas tree in August.

The main problem for a critic working in a country where cinematography is still an object of wonder due to its scarcity, is to know how to restrain his enthusiasm, a situation common, I suppose, to critics in countries like Switzerland, Belgium, Australia and the like. What might seem dramatically important to such critics often appears irrelevant to an impartial observer. That was the case with *Les ordres* by Michel Brault, which failed to raise interest outside Québec even though it had won the Best Director award in Cannes in 1975.

Claude Daigneault is a film critic for Québec City's *Le Soleil*.

J.A. Martin photographe, by Jean Beaudin, was made at the National Film Board, and tells the story of the exuberant wife of a small town photographer (circa 1890) who decides to follow him on his annual trip from the Québec City region to the border of Maine. The trip is an occasion for the couple to clear out the spiders' webs in their union and for the wife to discover a society that she had not imagined. It is a quiet and impressive film. Beaudin and his cameraman François Protat have come up with a series of harmonious images of a long-forgotten Québec. A certain air of contained tenderness irradiates all of the film.

Tenderness is also the key to André Brassard's second feature, from a script by Michel Tremblay, whose play *Hosannah* was produced on Broadway two years ago. But this time, both Brassard and Tremblay have stepped outside the poor Montréal east-side area of their first feature-film collaboration, *Il était une fois dans l'Est,* and have chosen a lower-middle-class environment. *Le soleil se lève en retard* is about a spinster of 30 who gets fed up with her family's innuendos and dull jokes. She decides to seek help from a computer match club. She meets a shy man and both their lives start to change rapidly. Tremblay's script is based on the assumption that whenever someone is happy, somebody else has to pay for it. So bad luck clubs people down all around the couple. This time, there's no explicit political "message". *Le soleil se lève en retard* is rather a description of a typical tight-knit Québécois family. The film might seem a little parochial to a foreigner, but it does have a fairly sophisticated flavor. Québec's most famous rock group, "Beau Dommage," wrote and performs the music.

Jean-Claude Lord, whose last film *Bingo* stirred up controversy in Québec in 1974 because of its fictional description of the October 1970 political crisis, has done it again with *Parlez-nous d'amour.* This time, his poisonous arrows are aimed at the television crowd of Montréal, especially the kitsch stars whose lives make headlines in the trash weeklies.

A scene from Jean-Claude Lord's **Parlez-nous d'amour.**

At 35, Lord might seem young to be a full-fledged director, but he has already directed five features and his experience dates back more than fifteen years. His trademark is a combination of fast rhythm and a profusion of events. His vision of the Québec reality seems that of a disenchanted man who sneers at everybody. But exposé alone doesn't get the crowds to the box office in Québec, where viewers for the local product have become virtually an endangered species in the last two years. *Parlez-nous d'amour* did relatively well, but not as well as *Bingo*. Lord is still toying with the idea of directing commercial films "à l'américaine." His next one, a thriller due for release this fall, may show whether marketing is the answer to the public's negative reaction.

Québécois humour is not what one could call a refined thing. Too often it revolves around sex, heavy swearing, tough wives and con artists. One might ask whether there's a relationship between heavy-handed humour and Latin societies long-dominated by the Catholic church. Since last fall, three comic features have been released. The three films were produced from one to two years before premiering, a common situation in Québec, where local products have to wait their turn at the bottom of a long list of foreign films before getting a chance at the box-office. *Je suis loin de toi mignonne* (from the title of a song famous during World War II) was directed by Claude Fournier, who rewrote a script by Dominique Michel and Denise Filiatrault, two well-known Québec actresses. He added a sexual overtone to the script that did not exist when it was first turned down for financing by the Canadian Film Development Corporation. The film, set in Montréal at the time of the W.W. II conscription [draft], is often hilarious, sometimes moving, even dramatic, but in a fashion dear to its director, which is to not go too deeply into sociology, and to try to get an easy laugh. The story, about two sisters (one naïve, the other very easy-going), is told in an anecdotal way, and even though the sets and the costumes are representative of the times, one has the feeling something is missing, a touch of grace maybe...

Ti-Cul Tougas won the annual Québec Critics' Prize for best film of 1976 for its director, Jean-Guy Noël, and it was well deserved. In this his second feature, Noël has found a simple way of saying funny things about Québécois. Strong on caricature, the film mocks a common Québécois dream (Québécois day-dream constantly, because of Québec's nasty weather) that someday they will make it to a better climate, especially California's. The film is very well played by actors and actresses who seem to love their characters.

Oddly enough, the third comic film that finally emerged on the screen this season, *Ti-Mine, Bernie pis la gang* by Marcel Carrière, had a similar plot: an east-side Montréal family would like to move to Florida because they are tired of the frigid winters. To get enough money to buy an orange grove, two brothers set up a protection racket and hold up supermarkets. The first hour is simply hilarious: action is quick, jokes are numerous. But little by little, the spectator feels left out.

Ti-Mine was released too late. Québécois have changed since 1974. Their interest in "common people" and their "traits," has faded. The sad part is that *Ti-Mine* is a rather sympathetic film, despite its dwindling humour, and stars some excellent actors. The box-office response was very disappointing. ●

[On July 21, the Québec government announced a program of financial aid for all levels of the Quebec private film industry. Two million dollars have been earmarked for the promotion of the industry by the Institut québécois du cinéma. To qualify, at least 25 per cent of a film's budget must come from private sources, and the author, director, most actors and technical crew must be legal Quebec residents. Although $4,000,000 had originally been promised, the Institut's action is certainly a step in the right direction—Eds.]

TECHNICAL NOTES

BOB PARENT

New Films & Processing Techniques

Recent and forthcoming improvements of motion picture films and processing techniques will have a significant impact on the art of cinema. A filmmaker will soon be able to film in color with good quality under conditions that only a few years ago were limited to a lower quality in black and white.

Included are higher speed films, low contrast films and processing (to match ECO 7252), and a third intermediate contrast family of films (as if *two* contrast standards didn't cause enough problems), a new viewing light source standard—5400° K. These 5400° stocks are balanced for Xenon arc projection which also happens to be more compatible with the response of video cameras than the long standard tungsten (and quartz) projection lamp balance.

And as an added kicker, Kodak has tossed a new but still experimental high temperature modification of their VNF-1 process into the ring. Olé!

Contrast problems

Since their inception, reversal color film stocks have been designed with a contrast level that is ideal for direct projection of the camera original—a level that is generally too high for optimum quality prints. ECO—first 7255 and then the current 7252—came on the market to provide a camera stock designed for printing rather than projection, but its speed index of only 25 tungsten is not fast enough for many vital filming situations. And this creates problems when it is necessary to intercut this footage with ECO. As a solution to this dilemma, many labs offer a "post-flashing" service to lower the contrast to match 7252 (at the added expense, of course).

Hypothetically, the ideal solution would be the design of a developing system that could provide *either* low or normal contrast by a simple manipulation (such as a dial setting) and involve a modification that would be feasable on most existing processing machines. (Gevaert was able to design this feature into their Gevachrome T 9.02 and T 9.03 color reversal print stocks).

Bob Parent is a free-lance photographer-filmmaker living in New York City. He has two experimental films in the Coopérative des Cinéastes Independants in Montreal, is a member of S.M.P.T.E., an instructor and a member of the Board of Directors for the Millenium Film Workshop, and a member of A.I.V.F. His photographs for the book *Jazz Is* by Nat Hentoff (Random House) were rated 'splendid' by *The New York Times*.

Recent films

Fuji was the first to market a film (RT-100) designed especially for the requirements of TV cameras. It was also the first fore-hardened emulsion (which eliminates the need for the pre-hardener and neutralizer in the developing process). They were also the first to provide a high speed emulsion, RT-400 (400 exp. index) for available light situations. Both stocks are balanced for tungsten (3200° K) shooting and 5400° K projection, are compatible with the ME-4 process and can be pushed.

Kodak's first entry was their Ektachrome Video News Film 7240 (tungsten) which has shooting characteristics identical with EF 7242, but designed for a new developing process—VNF-1—and viewing at 5400° K. This was followed a few months ago by their 7239, a daylight stock corresponding to EF 7241.

SMPTE presentation

At the New York meeting of SMPTE in February, Eastman Kodak introduced a new high-speed color news film, hinted at another new film still in research and demonstrated an experimental high temperature developing process that is approximately 60% faster than their VNF-1 system. But the result of what is probably the most imaginative thinking was presented by NBC news. . . a process for the low contrast development of the Ektachrome Video News Films to match ECO 7252.

"Race" process

Not too many years ago, the development of film at temperatures above 75° F risked reticulation and blocked-up highlights. Since the advent of fore-hardened emulsions, processing temperatures have been raised to around 100° F with considerable shortening of the dry-to-dry time. At the request of a customer (an unidentified race-track) Kodak developed an experimental process that operates at 140° F! Dubbed "Race" process, it is a modification of the VNF-1 process with a dry-to-dry time of 4:58 minutes and a speed of 50 feet/ minute. A 100' roll can be processed in 7 min. as compared to 19 for VNF-1 and 22 for ME-4. They screened a reel shot under a wide variety of lighting conditions (mostly around a race track) and developed in this "Race" process. As could be expected, there was some loss of sharpness, saturation and D_{max}: an increase in grain and some balance changes. However, they were all within tolerable limits.

The process is still experimental, and additional engineering would be necessary before it could be marketed. 140° is *quite* hot and the safety of operating personnel, increased evaporation of solutions and a redesign of the mechanism for *continuous* operation at the higher speeds and temperature are some of the factors that daily operation would invoke.

Ektachrome Video News Film High Speed 7250 (tungsten)

On the market by the time this column rolls off the press will be the latest addition to the Ektachrome family: Eastman Ektachrome Video News Film High Speed 7250 (tungsten). It is a type B emulsion balanced for shooting at 3200° K at an exposure index of 400 (250 daylight with an 85B filter) and, when developed in VNF-1, yields an image of intermediate contrast and balanced for 5400° viewing. Developing times are identical with 7239 and 7240 and they can be intermixed. 7250 can be forced processed for up to 3 stops underexposure.

A demonstration film replete with old clichés—many sexist—that miss being *camp* was screened. The most significant footage, however, was shot under typical *spot news* conditions—from too much light to almost non-existent, and contrast ratios from flat to excessive. (Measured levels were as low as 2 foot-candles plus some immeasurable situations, too.) The results were quite impressive, particularly the comparisons between 7250 normal and 7239/ 40 pushed. Forced processing of 7250 at indexes of 800, 1600 & 3200 produced images ranging from very good to acceptable. With the addition of this new emulsion, one can now film under almost the same range of exposure/ development manipulations as with black and white.

Low contrast development

A cooperation between the NBC newsfilm laboratory and the research facilities of the Philip A. Hunt Chemical Co. (an independent producer of pre-mixed chemicals for most photographic processes) has resulted in the development of a new color developer formula for the VNF-1 process which will produce a low contrast image with the Video News Films so as to match 7252.

LC-400, as the new developer is called, has been in use at NBC for all news and documentary film processing since last November, and with 1 and 2 stop pushing, too. They showed graphs of characteristic curves which they had plotted from their tests. The curves for normal processing in the LC-400 were impressive, possibly tighter than in VNF-1. But when the films are pushed 1 and 2 stops, the LC-400 curves showed a significant advantage in balance shifts. Although the tests were made with 7239/ 40, both NBC and Hunt Chemical expect similar results with the new 7250.

A print (on Gevachrome) of outtakes from routine assignments—including normal and 1 and 2 stop pushes with both daylight and tungsten stocks and situations—was screened. The overall print quality was very good, particularly shadow penetration and the rendition of skin tones. Black complexions looked natural, not chocolatey or greenish.

In the offing

Agfa-Gevaert have a new family of Gevachrome color reversal films. They are already on the Canadian market and due for the States shortly. Included will be both low contrast and video emulsions. As soon as samples are available for testing and evaluation, results and technical information will appear in this column.

Further information may be had from:

Agfa-Gevaert Inc.
275 North St
Teterboro, NJ 07608
Att.: Mr David Phillips

Fuji Photo Film USA Inc.
350 5th Ave
New York, NY 10001
Att.: Mr Elias Drexler

Eastman Kodak Co.
Motion Picture & Audiovisual Prod.
Rochester, NY 14650

Philip A. Hunt Chemical Co.
Palisades Park, NJ 07650
Att.: Mr Ernest Materazzi

In Canada:

Photo-Importing Agencies Ltd.
29 Gurney Crescent
Toronto, Ontario M6B 1S9

R & H Products Ltd.
743 Renaud Ave.
Dorval, Quebec H9P 2N1

Kodak-Canada Ltd.
3500 Eglinton Ave. W.
Toronto, Ontario M6M 1V3

Hunt Chemical Canada Ltd.
212 King St. W., Suite 500
Toronto, Ontario M5H 1K5

COFFEE, BRANDY & CIGARS

HERMAN WEINBERG

In the authoritative, exhaustively researched catalogue of the exhibition which the German Literary Archives of Marbach recently devoted to the early German cinema, it states that *Metropolis* originally ran for seven hours and was shown, like *Die Nibelungen*, in two parts lasting 3½ hours each. According to the Oxford Companion to Film, the present running time is 4½ hours, though extant prints run about 90 minutes.

Born in New York in 1908, **Herman G. Weinberg** first studied the violin, then arranged music for silent foreign films, and eventually subtitled over 400 French, German, Italian and other films. He began writing about films in 1929, and has contributed articles to most of the world's leading film journals, served on the juries of various film festivals, been U.S. correspondent for *Sight and Sound* as well as *Cahiers du Cinéma* and published several books on the cinema, the most recent of which is *The Complete Wedding March* (Little, Brown). Dwight Macdonald has called Herman Weinberg "the Boswell of the movies."

"In the beginning... there was Chaplin" —Max Reinhardt

And the recent re-issue of Chaplin's *A Woman of Paris* had *Newsweek* magazine saying, "In Chaplin's hands this became an elegantly glittering tale, perversely both chaste and libidinous, of passion, money and art—the trinity of forces that ruled Chaplin's sensibility... The silent film is the most voluptuous art form ever devised. Everything is an undulation of energy and *A Woman of Paris* has the powerfully caressing control of a painting by Ingres."

Victoria Ocampo, first and grandest lady of Latin American literature, Officer of the Legion d'Honneur and Commander of the British Empire, who directed one of the most important literary magazines, *Sur,* and publishing houses in the world in Argentina for some forty years, friend of Stravinsky, Borges, Camus and Gabriela Mistral, translator of Colette, Faulkner and Virginia Woolf and first publisher in South America of Joyce, D.H. Lawrence, Michaux and Jung, said, "I went to see *Last Tango in Paris* because they're saying it is to the movies what *Le Sacre du Printemps* was to music. It is no such thing."

Harvard University's Associate Dean Charles Whitlock pinpointed one ridiculous result of educational permissiveness. "Harvard did away with required courses," he said. "And now, something is wrong when a student can take a course in the films of John Ford instead of Shakespeare. Harvard made the curriculum so diverse that students have no common knowledge. In 1945, students had only 12 or 16 courses they could take. Harvard had a definite philosophy of what a liberal arts education should be. Now we have many courses and no philosophy. A 17-year-old freshman today has 2600 courses to choose from, which is agonizing. He has no idea of what goes together."

Columnist Earl Wilson in the *N.Y. Post* reports that Oskar Werner, the outspoken Viennese, in an interview denounced "our very dubious profession" (acting) for "polluting and poisoning the public" with what he called "excremental pictures." He despises pornographic pictures, reports Wilson. "I'm no voyeur!" he said, also charging that violence in movies plants ideas of murder in the subconscious of audiences and inspires killings. He has turned down roles in 300 scripts, preferring to stay home in Lichtenstein, reading poetry to audiences or playing "Hamlet" in German. He accepted *Voyage of the Damned,* he said, believing it to be a worthwhile preachment against the forces that permitted Hitlerism. "I deserted Hitler's army in the Vienna woods. I was married to a half-Jewish lady. I carried our daughter in a basket fleeing the carnage. If they had caught us we could have all been shot..."

Did you know that Dietrich is writing her memoirs for G.P. Putnam & Son for which she's reputed to be getting a $200,000 advance?

The 50-year-old *Nana* by Renoir was the triumph of the 1976 New York Film Festival, and the 53-year-old *Woman of Paris* of Chaplin was voted the best film of 1976 by New York's *Village Voice.*

For me Bogdanovich's *Paper Moon* has that rarest of cinema qualities these benighted days—charm.

Sic semper cinema—Christina of Sweden (1626-1589), omniverous collector and passionate amateur of philosophy, music and poetry—patroness of Descartes—vs. the Garbo film, *Queen Christina.* And Catherine the Great of Russia (1729-1796), who created for St. Petersberg its magnificent collections of art, now in the Hermitage Museum, its libraries, its theatre and opera—vs. the Dietrich film, *The Scarlet Empress.*

That French film with Jean Tissier as the would-be seducer of Danièle Delorme, who desists in deference to her youth, and says to her, "I will wear it as a flower on my lapel"—whose title I couldn't recall —I now do recall—Colette's *Minne ou l'Ingenue Libertine.*

And my query as to why no one thinks of filming the love story of Heloise and Abelard (as if I don't know) has found its "flashback"—in the revelation that Eugene O'Neill once discussed the possibility of doing it with Lillian Gish. How different the movies once were!

Max Reinhardt once addressed a luncheon gathering at the old Waldorf Astoria that I attended, beginning as the Old Testament begins, "In the beginning..." and then he added "...there was Chaplin." In Jean Mitry's *Dictionnaire du Cinéma* (Paris, 1963) he says, "Like Shakespeare or Molière for the theatre, the name of Chaplin evokes the image of the film's greatest artist. Not only is he in this respect the one incontestable genius, but it is possible to see in him one of the most authentic geniuses of our century and one of the greatest artists of all time. The "little tramp" of his creation has joined the most universal creations of the human spirit: The Wandering Jew, Prometheus, Don Juan, Don Quixote."

"We shall not cease from exploration and the end of our exploring will be to arrive where we started and know the place for the first time." (T.S. Eliot)

Universal press-screened *Fellini's Casanova* on Valentine's Day, though Halloween would have suited it better, it being little more than the usual Fellini circus side-show of grotesques and freaks (to Fellini Italy is full of ugly people), and having little or nothing to do with "Casanova's Casanova" (those remarkable memoirs which, for the most part, it ignores). *Fellini's Casanova* is made up "out of the whole cloth," as we used to say, and fustian at that. Of this Venetian adventurer's remarkable memoirs, there is nothing of his vivid cross-cut of 18th century society in Paris and Venice—the film stresses only his innumerable (says he) and, perhaps partly mythical, feminine conquests. Back in 1927 Alexander Wolkoff, an emigré Russian in Paris, made a *Casanova* starring Ivan Mosjoukine that was a hundred times more erotic (Fellini's film isn't erotic at all) and sumptuous than this 1977 effusian a half century later. Somebody ought to re-issue it and show up the Fellini film. The latter's saving grace, if it can be called that since it occurs when the film is all but over, is the one quality Fellini has, a sense of Rimbaud's *"delicatesse de perde la vie,"* with which he concludes his films. It never fails him. The aged libertine's encounter with the mechanical mannequin in the bleak snowy night... In the desolate loneliness they turn and dance and one thinks of those lines of Verlaine...

Dans le vieux parc solitaire et glacé
Deux formes ont tout à l'heure passé...
Dans le vieux parc solitaire et glacé
Deux spectres ont évoqué le passé...

If the whole film was imbued with feeling like this—but what's the use? —it is not, by a long shot. Maybe it's the producer Mr. Grimaldi's fault, to provide catnip for the mob for the sake (and surely no other) of the box-office come-on of the film's all-too-obvious catch-penny title. What a pity! ●

NOTES FROM THE NEW CINEMA

BOB COWAN

Kuchar two, video three

George Kuchar has two new films, each running about ten minutes. They are two of the best films he has ever done. In *Back to Nature*, he has abandoned his more recent explorations into sync sound dialogue and has returned to the language of strong visuals. *Back to Nature* once again affirms Kuchar's strength as a pictorial narrative filmmaker. The narrative aspects of the film begin with two lovers caught in nude embrace by the anguished girlfriend of the male protagonist. After struggling across deserts and other open spaces like a wounded bird, she eventually finds another lover. They appear later in a jungle-like setting worthy of any John Hall movie, and play and splash semi-nude in a pool of water. Her upset ex-boyfriend wanders through mountains and forests full of very giant and very thick trees. The thing one notices in all his scenes is the intense blood red color of his shirt, that through its brightness seems almost to live out a separate drama. The equally-bright red dress of the heroine is seen lying discarded in the pool looking like some giant bloated jelly-fish. As the camera pulls back, the

Bob Cowan is a Canadian prize-winning filmmaker living and working in Brooklyn, New York.

ex-lover is revealed with his red shirt on, lying face down in a bathtub full of water. In another scene the heroine stands framed in the doorway wearing a floppy oversized hat. During her emotional stress the soundtrack thunders forth with "Thus Spake Zarathustra," this time played oh so very badly by some well meaning but horribly out of tune teen-age band. Every image in the film, every color and texture of each sequence is contrasted with the sequence following. Kuchar's dramatic use of light, color and texture has never been put to better use. The images stamp themselves on your eye like grand romantic Hollywood ikons. In total structure the film seems like a miniaturized feature containing all the essential highlights without the need for 'filler' in between. There are no irrelevant details. Each statement having been made, the images abuptly move on to something else. It's like watching *Duel in the Sun* or *Gone with the Wind* reduced to a ten-minute length and still retaining all of the strong emotional romanticism of the whole.

Kuchar's second new film, *I An Actress,* was made by his students at the San Francisco Art Institute, but there is certainly no mistaking it for anything other than a George Kuchar film, and a very funny one at that. In *I An Actress,* student Barbara Lapaley struggles hard to master some very overwrought dialogue that Kuchar has her read in his film class. As the lesson progresses, what began as competent acting on the part of Ms Lapaley, degenerates into a hilarious parody of acting techniques as Kuchar attempts to demonstrate the supposed proper performing style to follow. It is a style of acting that can best be described as the clutch-pant-stagger-and-swoon school of melodramatics. She kicks and throws herself into her impossible role, clutching at the other silent actor "Harold," who turns out to be a post with a coat thrown over it and a head which keeps rolling off. During his instruction, George Kuchar constantly strikes exaggerated poses to illustrate various degrees of feeling. *I An Actress* is an excellent satire on teaching and the taught. (Both films are available from the Film Makers Co-op in New York.)

A program of Computer and Video Films played not long ago at the Film Forum in New York. It was a mixed program of really creative pieces and those whose main concern seemed to be the trying out of the video hardware. Most of the films were merely video pieces printed on film and had really nothing to do with the medium of film itself. Nevertheless, the best works transcended the mere technical aspects of the medium.

Thermogenesis (Film Makers Co-op) by Ed Emshwiller is highly original, full of demonic and disturbing imagery which is perfectly wedded to its electronic sound track—a surreal landscape of distorted and foreboding hallucinatory forms. A sinewy human form glides, stretches and distorts as it swims through a landscape of dense and primeval colors. Tattered shapes move slowly, without thickness, caught in the undulations of a densely painted cosmic ooze.

Union (Serious Business Co.) by Stephen Beck is a film of celestial magic. Stephen Beck, who collaborated with Jordan Belson on the film *Cycles,* created *Union* through his invention 'The Beck Direct Video Synthesizer', which incorporates the function of a computer. The film, beginning with a diver plunging into an electronic "soup," develops into a shiny cosmos of marvellous imagery, as embryo-like forms travel along perspectives leading into distant space. Space debris soars by as a cataclysmic combination of energized forces produce incredible visualizations, part illustrative, part abstract. This is technical magic at its best. A powerful, unpredictable visual adventure that leaves one breathless.

Birth of Venus by Hart Perry and Christos Tountas is another tour de force with strong poetic qualities. Mathematical forms of delicate beauty resembling conch shells intertwining and gliding in fluid motion, shift in three-dimensional space. There is a constant echo and re-echo between one form and another. Some of these parabolic, cobweb-like images are superimposed over running water. At the conclusion of *Birth of Venus,* a series of seemingly random colored lines and dots collapse into the precise image of Botticelli's famed painting. The result of this sudden transformation is startling.

Some of the lesser works on the same program contain the usual sort of complex video gimmickry combined with perfectly pretty color, the sort of use of color I find uncreative and dull, mainly because the texture and density of it seems to remain almost the same from video artist to video artist, and very little of it is at all personal. There were other good films on the program along with some minimalist doodles that were easily forgotten, but the three films mentioned above were exceptionally creative on all counts. ●

LONDON LETTER

PETER CARGIN

When Cinema is Essential

Many people must have thought from time to time about how great it would be to run a cinema where you could show all those movies the exhibitors don't want to show, or perhaps to distribute films that seem to have been unjustly neglected by the conventional distributors, but few will have got past the thinking stage. In London, however, there is a man who has achieved a dream he's had for almost twenty years. When the Essential Cinema opened on July 15th, 1976, Derek Hill became a unique one-man distributor/ exhibitor in the difficult field of what is known as the independent or 'art' film. The first show consisted of *Requiem For A Village,* a British Film Institute Production Board film directed by David Gladwell, and an Arts Council film, *How Does It Feel,* a 'documentary' on the senses. Derek Hill has been interested in movies for many years, and has been a critic for a wide range of publications, but unlike many critics he felt that other people should be given the opportunity to share the pleasure and excitement of the films he was seeing.

In 1963 he looked after the shorts for the London Film Festival, and it occurred to him that these films were coming into the country, being shown at the Festival, and going out again, without being seen by interested distributors. Out of this was born the Short Film Service, the idea being to place the best shorts going with British distributors. Sadly, the return on this venture was swiftly overtaken by the amount of time and effort involved, but in the meantime the odd feature film had become bound up with this organisation. These features all faced some obstacle to their being shown (distribution, exhibition and censorship problems, etc.). In order to show these films Derek Hill created the New Cinema Club, which opened in October, 1967. For six years, in various locations, the New Cinema Club was a light in the surrounding distribution and exhibition gloom. Operating as a club, the NCC managed to avoid censorship. (Ironically, its most famous event, attended by some two-and-a-half thousand members, was an illustrated lecture by the then Secretary of the British Board of Film Censors, John Trevelyan).

The titles screened by the NCC included *Warrendale, The Switchboard Operator, Rush to Judgment, Simon of the Desert, Weekend, Trans-Europe Express, La Collectioneuse, Diary of a Shinjuku Thief, Here Is Your Life, Unreconciled, Memories of Underdevelopment, Antonio das Mortes, Calcutta, Flesh, Pharaoh, Even Dwarfs Started Small, Viva La Muerte.*

...the NCC was a light in the surrounding distribution and exhibition gloom.

By late 1973 a good number of new distributors had come into being, and more cinemas were willing and able to show the sort of films Hill had been presenting. Also television, especially BBC 2, was showing much of this material, and the censorship situation was easing (it has since tightened up again). The heyday of the NCC was really over.

About this time another organisation which had an interest in films, the Institute of Contemporary Arts, had just moved into new premises along the Mall, close to Buckingham Palace. The ICA had a cinema, but having suffered some lack of success on their own, they were looking

Peter Cargin is the editor of *Film,* the official publication of the British Federation of Film Societies.

around for somebody to programme it, hopefully at a profit to themselves. Hill was the man, programming week-end screenings from 1970 onwards. (On the first night he found builders still in the projection box half an hour before the screening. Nowadays they have audiences often totalling over 1500 for the week-end. These are drawn mostly from specialised advertising in such publications as *Time Out*, a successful youth-oriented weekly magazine of events in London.) It was with the ICA that Hill found another loophole in the British Censorship laws. Although the ICA was also run as a club, he discovered that it was legal to open it to the public for screenings of uncensored films, three days a week.

Hill is still programming for the ICA under the auspices of another company called Essential Cinema. In the past couple of years this company has started acquiring British rights to foreign features which Hill felt had been overlooked, and have included Kurosawa's *Dodeska-Den*, Delvaux's *Rendezvous At Bray* (which ran for some ten weeks at a cinema which had never had a fiction feature first-run before), Franju's *La Faute de L'Abbé Mouret*, Gilles Carle's *La Vraie Nature de Bernadette* and Makavejev's *A Man Is Not a Bird*, one of his personal favorites.

Essential Cinema does not have a policy, says Derek Hill, which means that they can run anything and everything. This can include Kung Fu, Betty Boop, lunchtime shows, and children's matinées. They have also collaborated on a regional television station's feature summer programming, and with a London suburb in a very successful animation festival.

Now at last Hill has a West End cinema, although due to a last-minute hitch it is again a club operation, but one with little hassle. The membership fee is only 25p, there's immediate admission, and they accept membership cards of the N.F.T., Film Societies, etc. He sees no conflict in the fact that he is both a distributor of independent films and now an exhibitor; in fact he thinks it will help. The Essential Cinema is open to everything, not just the films he handles. At present shows are evening and week-ends, but Derek wants to build this up to include lunchtime shows as well. And next? Hill has plans for another cinema and he'd love to have a circuit of Essentials in the impoverished London outer boroughs where cinemas have closed and turned into supermarkets. ●

SOUND TRACKS

ROBERT FIEDEL

Trekking

Inside Star Trek. Columbia PC 34279. $6.98.

Star Trek. The mere mention of its name in the proper circles is sufficient to incite rhapsodic recitations of the plots of favorite episodes, academic dissertations on the show's cosmic peace message to 20th century Earth-dwellers, and inevitable trivia marathons, the true earmarks of a devoted cult following. (Question: What is James T. Kirk's middle name?) *Star Trek*, the prodigious brainchild of writer-producer Gene Roddenberry, was launched on its "five-year mission" in the fall of 1966 on NBC Television and, after a glorious showing, was prematurely aborted by the network in the spring of 1969. NBC claimed that escalating production costs and declining ratings were responsible for their decision—an absurd, self-contradictory position considering the network's handling of the show by demanding more elaborate and, therefore, more costly episodes, and by finally relegating the series to Friday night's 10:00 PM "death row" spot.

What *Star Trek* left behind was a magnificent legacy of 79 episodes exemplary of television programming at its creative best. Now, eight years after the warp engines shut down for the last time, *Star Trek* has ironically attained a following which can be described as nothing less than phenomenal. The series and its growing mythology continue to thrive via syndicated reruns in 158 major United States cities, the promise of a new television series, and annual, nationwide *Star Trek* conventions where Trekkies convene by the thousands to revel in the memory of the show, its cast and creators with demonstrations of fanaticism putting hockey fans to shame.

...the composer was given about ten days gestation period to prepare a full symphonic score.

And the reasons for *Star Trek*'s enduring posthumous popularity? Philosophical ambiguities aside, *Star Trek* boasted a superior science-fiction concept quite unique to television and fully realized by intelligent, highly literate scripts, brilliant casting of its principal characters, and generally first-rate direction: in sum, a high level of excellence throughout all phases of production proving what wonders could be worked with an under-$185,000-per-episode budget. But there is an additional factor which must now be credited for its substantial contribution to *Star Trek*'s extraordinary effectiveness. I'm speaking, of course, of the background music, an element singularly minimized and often entirely overlooked by the numerous *Star Trek* books and magazines. (The various *Star Trek* publications are particularly notorious for omitting nearly all production credits. Bjo Trimble's book, *The Star Trek Concordance*, is the only one to even list directors.) The otherwise definitive volume, Stephen Whitfield and Gene Roddenberry's *The Making of Star Trek*, also does little to rectify this neglect by devoting only two brief paragraphs to the composer's role. In retrospect, this seems an especially embarrassing oversight, as *Star Trek* is unquestionably one of the most ambitiously and elaborately scored television shows to date. And it should certainly be well-known to readers of this column just how vital an agent music is to the fantasy / sci-fi genre in helping to suspend an audience's disbelief in incredulous screen happenings.

Desilu Studio's long-time music director, Wilbur Hatch, and *Star Trek*'s associate producer, Robert Justman, were indeed fortunate in securing the talents of some of television's most gifted composers to score the show throughout its three illustrious seasons. The two primary composers on the series were Alexander Courage and Fred Steiner, both well-established veterans in their field and duly inspired by *Star Trek*'s imaginative qualities to produce some of their most impressive work. Additional fine scores were provided by George Duning, Gerald Fried and Sol Kaplan, with an occasional assist on orchestrations by Gus Levene. Considering *Star Trek*'s less-than-ideal production schedule, the consistently high calibre of its music is testimony to the professionalism of these men. Usually, the composer was the very last individual involved in each episode's creative process. After a screening and spotting session of the rough cut to determine which sequences would require music, the composer was given about ten days gestation period to prepare a full symphonic score, about thirty minutes in length, to be recorded by the studio's thirty-piece orchestra. This score was expected to lend additional dynamism to the Enterprise's heroic exploits, menace to the Klingon's threatening advances and believability to the budget-restricted sets. Rather than the composer, it was Desilu's weekly budget which often determined

Robert D. Fiedel has taught film courses at Queen's College, CUNY since September, 1972. His article "Music by Max Steiner" appears in Ronald Gottesman and Harry Geduld's *The Girl in the Hairy Paw: King Kong as Myth, Movie and Monster*, and he is currently a consultant to The American Film Insitute and The Library of Congress for the establishment of a film music preservation program.

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around for somebody to programme it, hopefully at a profit to themselves. Hill was the man, programming week-end screenings from 1970 onwards. (On the first night he found builders still in the projection box half an hour before the screening. Nowadays they have audiences often totalling over 1500 for the week-end. These are drawn mostly from specialised advertising in such publications as *Time Out*, a successful youth-oriented weekly magazine of events in London.) It was with the ICA that Hill found another loophole in the British Censorship laws. Although the ICA was also run as a club, he discovered that it was legal to open it to the public for screenings of uncensored films, three days a week.

Hill is still programming for the ICA under the auspices of another company called Essential Cinema. In the past couple of years this company has started acquiring British rights to foreign features which Hill felt had been overlooked, and have included Kurosawa's *Dodeska-Den*, Delvaux's *Rendezvous At Bray* (which ran for some ten weeks at a cinema which had never had a fiction feature first-run before), Franju's *La Faute de L'Abbé Mouret*, Gilles Carle's *La Vraie Nature de Bernadette* and Makavejev's *A Man Is Not a Bird*, one of his personal favorites.

Essential Cinema does not have a policy, says Derek Hill, which means that they can run anything and everything. This can include Kung Fu, Betty Boop, lunchtime shows, and children's matinées. They have also collaborated on a regional television station's feature summer programming, and with a London suburb in a very successful animation festival.

Now at last Hill has a West End cinema, although due to a last-minute hitch it is again a club operation, but one with little hassle. The membership fee is only 25p, there's immediate admission, and they accept membership cards of the N.F.T., Film Societies, etc. He sees no conflict in the fact that he is both a distributor of independent films and now an exhibitor; in fact he thinks it will help. The Essential Cinema is open to everything, not just the films he handles. At present shows are evening and week-ends, but Derek wants to build this up to include lunchtime shows as well. And next? Hill has plans for another cinema and he'd love to have a circuit of Essentials in the impoverished London outer boroughs where cinemas have closed and turned into supermarkets. ●

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SOUND TRACKS

ROBERT FIEDEL

Trekking

Inside Star Trek. Columbia PC 34279. $6.98.

Star Trek. The mere mention of its name in the proper circles is sufficient to incite rhapsodic recitations of the plots of favorite episodes, academic dissertations on the show's cosmic peace message to 20th century Earth-dwellers, and inevitable trivia marathons, the true earmarks of a devoted cult following. (Question: What is James T. Kirk's middle name?) *Star Trek*, the prodigious brainchild of writer-producer Gene Roddenberry, was launched on its "five-year mission" in the fall of 1966 on NBC Television and, after a glorious showing, was prematurely aborted by the network in the course, of the background music, an element singularly minimized and often entirely overlooked by the numerous *Star Trek* books and magazines. (The various *Star Trek* publications are particularly notorious for omitting nearly all production credits. Bjo Trimble's book, *The Star Trek Concordance*, is the only one to even list directors.) The otherwise definitive volume, Stephen Whitfield and Gene Roddenberry's *The Making of Star Trek*, also does little to rectify this neglect by devoting only two brief paragraphs to the composer's role. In retrospect, this seems an especially embarrassing oversight, as *Star Trek* is unquestionably one of the most ambitiously and elaborately scored television shows to date. And it should certainly be well-known to readers of this column just how vital an agent music is to the fantasy / sci-fi genre in helping to suspend an audience's disbelief in incredulous screen happenings.

Desilu Studio's long-time music director, Wilbur Hatch, and *Star Trek*'s associate producer, Robert Justman, were indeed fortunate in securing the talents of some of television's most gifted composers to score the show throughout its three illustrious seasons. The two primary composers on the series were Alexander Courage and Fred Steiner, both well-established veterans in their field and duly inspired by *Star Trek*'s imaginative qualities to produce some of their most impressive work. Additional fine scores were provided by George Duning, Gerald Fried and Sol Kaplan, with an occasional assist on orchestrations by Gus Levene. Considering *Star Trek*'s less-than-ideal production schedule, the consistently high calibre of its music is testimony to the professionalism of these men. Usually, the composer was the very last individual involved in each episode's creative process. After a screening and spotting session of the rough cut to determine which sequences would require music, the composer was given about ten days gestation period to prepare a full symphonic score, about thirty minutes in length, to be recorded by the studio's thirty-piece orchestra. This score was expected to lend additional dynamism to the Enterprise's heroic exploits, menace to the Klingon's threatening advances and believability to the budget-restricted sets. Rather than the composer, it was Desilu's weekly budget which often determined

Robert D. Fiedel has taught film courses at Queen's College, CUNY since September, 1972. His article "Music by Max Steiner" appears in Ronald Gottesman and Harry Geduld's *The Girl in the Hairy Paw: King Kong as Myth, Movie and Monster*, and he is currently a consultant to The American Film Insitute and The Library of Congress for the establishment of a film music preservation program.

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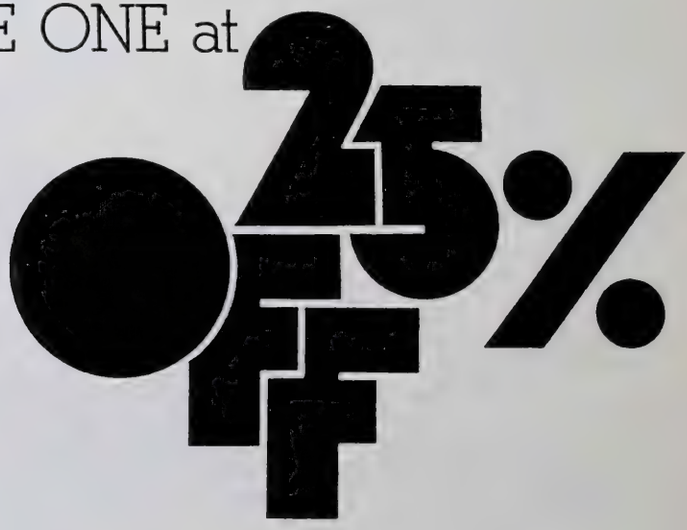

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the quality of each episode's music. If studio production costs ran over budget (as they frequently did), losses would be recouped by scoring new episodes with previously recorded music tracks instead of commissioning original scores. Under all these circumstances, it is easy to understand why *Star Trek* scores frequently employ simplistic *leitmotif* and "mickey mousing" techniques and often tend to be rather fragmentary; but there are, nevertheless, enough original scores and exceptional musical sequences to warrant excitement. Episodes with particularly outstanding scores and from which I believe originate the various themes and motifs heard therein are: *The Corbomite Maneuver* (my personal favorite) and *Who Mourns for Adonis?* by Fred Steiner; *Menagerie* (parts 1 and 2) by Alexander Courage; *Amok Time* by Gerald Fried; *The Enemy Within* and *The Doomsday Machine* by Sol Kaplan; and *Is There in Truth No Beauty?* by George Duning.

With such a wealth of musical material to choose from, to say nothing of the Midas touch endowed to all *Star Trek* merchandise, it is inexplicable that a soundtrack album has never appeared. What better way for Trekkies of all ages to recreate that special *Star Trek* ambience than to be able to play at will the show's immediately evocative musical highlights? There would have to be new arrangements, of course, to defragmentize the original cues for the sake of listenability—a task best left to the composers themselves—but I don't think this obstacle would be too great to overcome.

Unfortunately, Columbia's long-awaited *Star Trek* LP is not such a recording. It is, instead, a grab-bag affair featuring nostalgic studio and live (at *Star Trek* conventions) discussions by Gene Roddenberry, William Shatner, DeForest Kelly, science-fiction authority Isaac Asimov, and actor Mark Lenard who portrayed Spock's father, Sarek, in one popular episode. The single musical selection included is a poorly-recreated version of *Star Trek*'s signature theme which repeats after a first run-through, narration-less introduction and all, as though for lack of a better way to fill out two-odd minutes. Fans will probably find this album an amusing listening experience, especially Sarek's (Mark Lenard) description of son Spock's conception and birth. In spite of this sequence, however, there is little here to justify the record album. The material would all work just as well, if not better, in book form. Gene Roddenberry fans may delight in his pseudo-candid conversations, but *Star Trek*'s most viable and valuable recording commodity remains untapped.

Soundtrack collectors and film music enthusiasts now have the opportunity to obtain the vintage recordings they may regret having missed the first time around. Just as England and France taught us the value of American jazz, Japan, of all unlikely places, is pointing the way to a serious reevaluation of film music with an extensive series of American and foreign soundtrack reissues. Included are many of the most sought-after collector's items, all featuring facsimiles of the original jackets and superior Japanese pressings. Film music buffs can now complete their collections with such indispensable recordings as Alfred Newman's *The Song of Bernadette* and *The Diary of Anne Frank*, Miklos Rozsa's *Lust for Life Suite / Background to Violence* and *A Time to Love and a Time to Die*, Alex North's *The Sound and the Fury* and *Cleopatra*, Hugo Friedhofer's *The Sun Also Rises*, Bernard Herrmann's *The Seventh Voyage of Sinbad* and, soon to be released, *Vertigo*, and Nino Rota's *8½*, to name only the most exciting titles. One Japanese distributor, Sumiya Ltd., 2-10-16 Shibuya, Shibuya-ku, Tokyo 150, is making these recordings available to overseas mail order customers. A comprehensive catalog is available upon request for which you must enclose 50 cents in United States or Canadian postage stamps. Record prices fall roughly between $7 and $9 depending on which LP you order—a fraction of what you might expect to pay for the original issue in collector's markets. Add to each order a blanket $2 service charge and 70 cents per disc postage, surface mail. A 10% discount may be taken on orders over $100, which you may be able to manage with the help of a few interested friends. Orders are promptly filled and all records are very securely packed for shipment. One word of advice: the Japanese record market is similar to that in Europe—recordings may quickly go out of print. A prompt order is your only precaution. ●

FLAMINGO HOURS

GENE YOUNGBLOOD

Enthusiasm

Nagisa Oshima's *L'Empire des Sens* and Francis Giacobetti's *Emmanuelle: The Joys of a Woman* are for me two of the best erotic films ever made. I'm aware that many people find Oshima's film unerotic. I'm also aware of the heresy of comparing a "serious" masterpiece like *L'Empire des Sens* with a soft-core frivolity like *Emmanuelle*. Yet I submit that valid and compelling arguments can be made for the excellence of these films as models of erotic behaviour. Moreover, while Oshima's film is by far the greater achievement from a dramatic and cinematic point of view, it is possible to regard *Emnanuelle* as the more revolutionary of the two. I'd like to explain why. But first I want to make explicit the contextual significance I attach to sexuality in general and eroticism in particular.

For me, sexuality is a personal resource as nourishing as anything I can do, and lovemaking is the most complete act of which I'm capable, drawing on the limits of my physical, emotional, spiritual, and intellectual resources. It's an unparalleled source of energy, of spiritual replenishment and—when used as the catalyst for a certain kind of living theatre—of intellectual stimulation and challenge. In other words, sexuality embodies for me an intrinsic and surpassing positive value. It's an absolute good, in any and all of its possible forms. The more of it the better. I cannot imagine there being too much sex any more than I can conceive of too much nourishment. This, then, is the bias I bring to the erotic cinema. It goes without saying that I absolutely love erotic films. They are a major source of inspiration for me. I go to erotic films for different reasons than other films. On the other hand, I often find strong erotic components in films not overtly sexual. Bresson's *Au Hazard Balthazar* and *Four Nights of a Dreamer*, Pabst's *Pandora's Box*, Bergman's *Persona*, Nick Roeg's *Walkabout*, Jack Hazan's *A Bigger Splash* and Eric Rohmer's "Moral Tales," especially *Claire's Knee*, are for me all examples of a refined and inspiring eroticism.

While I derive a lot of pleasure from erotic films they are, at the same time, more often than not a source of profound frustration. For I bring to erotic films an acute awareness of the system of values operating behind them and, naturally enough, ninety-nine percent of all erotic films embody the sex-negative values characteristic of our culture, which at this point in history would only be embarrassing to enumerate. So I'm always looking for a particular kind of erotic film, not only as a model for personal behaviour but as a political model too. What turns me on most in an erotic film is an awareness of the total sociopolitical and psychosocial context within which the eroticism arises. Usually this awareness is manifest uniquely in the three major categories of sexuality, sensuality, and eroticism, and the best erotic films clearly distinguish between the three.

Sexuality is physical and it involves the genitals. Sensuality is also physical, but it need not involve genital sexuality at all. And eroticism is entirely cerebral. Eroticism is what invests sexuality and sensuality with their evocative power. Eroticism is enthusiasm for sexuality and sensuality. So I find that what turns me on the most is enthusiasm. Eroticism is enthusiasm for one's own capacity to respond in the sexual and sensual domains of interaction. All eroticism is auto-eroticism. It is the full realization and manifestation of the self, the fusion of mind and body. Accordingly, the films that turn me on the

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Gene Youngblood is an author, lecturer, researcher, and teacher specializing in the study of mass communication media, their social implications and uses. He is the author of *Expanded Cinema* (1970), and of the forthcoming *The Videosphere*, a political and philosophical book about the effect of the mass media on human evolution.

most are those which clearly distinguish between sex and love; which frame sexuality in a totally positive context; and which depict the role of enthusiasm in the separate but interdependent categories of sexuality, sensuality, and eroticism.

Both *L'Empire des Sens* and *The Joys of a Woman* literally blaze with enthusiasm. After all, it's the sheer overwhelming power of Eiko Matsuda's performance that makes Oshima's film the impeccable masterwork that it is. She becomes an instant classic: the archtypal modern embodiment of pure passion. But to isolate her from the rest of the film is to do injustice to its many other strengths. The scenes of sexual intercourse—that is, practically the whole movie—are doubtless a triumph: at last, cocksucking and penetration have been successfully integrated into a "serious" context without disbalancing the delicate nuances of emotion and characterization necessary to achieve something higher than mere pornography. And indeed, the subtle characterization are central to the film's success, a criterion most erotic movies need not bother about. The gradual (and equivocal) exchange of roles—Sada rising from passive obedience to aggressive dominance: Kichi going from cocky macho to almost hypnotic passivity, yet somehow still in control—surely must be counted among the great psychological dramatizations of all time.

This depth of character can, of course, only deepen the resonance of the sexual, erotic, and sensual elements of the film. Of these I shall observe only that the sexual scenes, however explicit, derive their power from restraint rather than excess (which has its place, but not here); the sensuality arises from the contrasts between liquids and snow and sunlight and silks swooshing and knives flashing and tongues licking juices and blood; and the eroticism is in the very *idea* of the all-consuming passionate enthusiasm that overtakes the fated pair. Yet, looming over it all there's the spectre of jealousy and ownership unfortunately allied with passion, as though enthusiasm of that calibre is possible only if one treats one's partner as chattel. Thus *L'Empire des Sens* stands as a kind of pinnacle of traditional eroticism; and by definition it cannot be seen as a model of sexual liberation, for it cannot transcend the sex-negative values that make its triumph possible.

I admire *Emmanuelle: The Joys of a Woman* for completely different reasons. Although far less ambitious than Oshima's tour de force, it nevertheless achieves a kind of perfection of its own and embodies, for me, a more politically revolutionary posture. What turns me on about *Emmanuelle* is also its enthusiasm as expressed almost exclusively in the words the actors speak and the attitudes they are given to represent. Here's a non-trivial attempt at making a film which is at once an erotic diversion and a low-key polemic for true sexual and human freedom. The emphasis on the autonomy of the woman, her equality with her husband in matters sexual (for that's all the film deals with) make the erotic goings-on even more erotic because of the enthusiasm each of them has for the freedom of the other. That really excites me. Thus, to the extent that this film, like any film, can be seen as a model of behaviour, the model it proposes seems far more healthy than that of Oshima. Indeed, to the extent that it proposes a way of life that negates the sex-negative values of western civilization, the film can be seen as revolutionary.

I'm aware, of course, that it has its conceptual faults from a political point of view. A major flaw is its somewhat sexist character in an unequal emphasis on the women as sex objects. There's nothing wrong with being a sex object as long as both sexes are equally objectified; until we reach the point where both men and women can be depicted as bisexual creatures we won't really have a revolutionary cinema of sex. Further, the setting of the story among the rich upper classes seems politically unfortunate and a very middle-class thing to do. As long as models of sexual freedom remain framed in the utopian context of the idle rich they will have no power to seize the common imagination as real opportunities for real people.

Emmanuelle: The Joys of a Woman is more sensual and erotic than overtly sexual. This is due, as I've said, to the enthusiasm of the characters for a particular way of life, and to the cinematic excellence in depicting the material and environmental elements of that life. Eroticism, it seems to me, always has a kind of environmental character; in this film it's the sensuous atmosphere: the heat, the fans, the shutters, cool drinks in crystal and silver. And it's the erotic tableaux, staged and framed impeccably, with a graphic sense that's really sublime and just the right touch of restraint. A combination of the strongest elements of *L'Empire des Sens* and *The Joys of a Woman* would, I think, make a really formidable erotic film; and I have no doubt that such a movie can and will be made. ●

LETTER FROM THE EAST

ARTHUR HULLETT

Taiwanese sexpot, Huang Lan, whose films brought her fame in Hong Kong but shame in Taiwan, and whose career has been on the decline lately, was recently reported missing in Taipei. Four days later, she was found in a Buddhist temple, her hair shaved off, and determined to become a nun. "I have seen through the world," she told members of the press who came looking for her. "All the vanity and luxury in show business has no connection with me any more."

A week later, wearing a wig, she was married to a Chinese businessman from Hong Kong.

Shaw brothers will add another four sound stages to their studios in Hong Kong this year, bringing the total number of stages to fourteen. To be equipped with the latest technological advances, the new stages will enable the studio to turn out 45-50 productions a year. Most of these will be of the blood-and-thunder variety, which is still very popular in this area. Plans have also been announced for a new, multi-million dollar producton of "The Dream of the Red Chamber," to be directed by Li Han Hsiang and starring Taiwanese actress Lin Ching Hsia, who is currently Asia's No. 1 movie queen.

This famous old Chinese classic never seems to go out of fashion. A modernised version—*The Dream of the Red Chamber*—was produced in Singapore last year, and Hong Kong actor-turned-director Chin Han is reported to have approached the legendary Chinese film actress Li Li Hua to star, with his wife, Ivy Ling Po, in his projected new version. Should he be successful in his negotiations, Shaws will have to get their film finished and into the cinemas as quickly as possible, in order to avoid comparisons with Chin Han's star-studded vehicle.

Miss Hua, whose career dates back to the 30s, has been living in retirement in America since quitting the screen in 1973, but it is believed that she may agree to play the role of the domineering mother as a favour to the husband and wife team.

With Ivy Ling Po, widely-acclaimed for her acting in male roles (an old and honoured Chinese tradition) in the male lead, Li Ching, another big name in Chinese films who has just completed her contract with Shaws, as the hero's envious cousin, and Li Li Hua as the hero's mother, it only remains for Chin Han to find a comparable name to fill the heroine's role, in order to have a cast guaranteed to pack Chinese-language cinemas to their rafters for months at a time.

Novelist Chiung Yao, Taiwan's Jacqueline Sussann, and producer/director Lee Hsing, nearly had a falling-out over Chiung's script for the film *The Painted Waves of Love.* The script was originally purchased from the novelist by the Mas Company, which then sold it to Lee for $8,000. Halfway through production of the film, Chiung's lawyers demanded the return of the script, claiming that Lee's rights to it had expired. Apparently, a third person, anxious to sabotage the somewhat delicate relationship between author and producer, had offered Chiung $35,000 for the script, if she could get it back. After some discussion, Chiung Yao agreed not to press her demands, which was a great relief to Lee, who had invested his shirt in the production, and the film went on to completion.

At home, Chiung confirmed that she had been offered the $35,000, and said: "If I were to say that I was not moved by the offer, I would be very dishonest. But I've decided to forego the money, as it would mean blowing up the career of a great artist. Lee Hsing, we must admit, is one of the few gifted film producers and directors we have left."

The hostility between the two is said to date back 10 years to the time when the novelist/scriptwriter tried to buy over the contract of sultry actress Lee Hsiang during the shooting of the producer/director's award-winning blockbuster *Road.* In a tit-for-tat gesture, Lee later rushed into release *Autumn Song,* before Chiung's book, from which the script was adapted, was published, thus causing her considerable financial loss. Fortunately, this time, honesty and good sense seem to have prevailed. ●

Arthur Hullett is a freelance journalist covering travel and entertainment in South-East Asia.

Films on film: a checklist

Compiled by Judith Trojan

Judith Trojan's checklist is continued from the March issue of *Take One*.

For the First Time. 12 min., b&w, 1967.
Director: Octavio Cortazar. Distributor: Tricontinental Film Center. Documents the work of one of the Cuban Film Institute's mobile cinema units: here, a movie truck brings cinema into a remote village where villagers experience movies for the first time.

Foto: Sven Nykvist. 26 min., color, 1973.
Director: Bayley Silleck. Distributor: Films Inc. (US), Visual Education Centre (Can). Ingmar Bergman's cinematographer recalls his work with Bergman. On-location clips included.

Frances Flaherty: Hidden and Seeking. 56 min., b&w, 1971.
Director: Peter Werner. Distributor: McGraw-Hill Films (US), McGraw-Hill Ryerson (Can). At age 87, the spirited wife and colleague of documentary pioneer Robert Flaherty reminisces about their production jaunts and recalls her early life before Robert.

The Gentleman Tramp. 78 min., color/ b&w, 1975.
Director: Richard Patterson. Distributor: RBC Films. Touching bio of Chaplin from childhood through present day. Includes home movies and generous clips from all his classics.

The Great Director. 62 min., b&w, 1966.
Director: John Boorman for the BBC. A factual and fascinating account of the life and work of D.W. Griffith. Includes footage from many of his films and an interview with Lillian Gish.

Helen, Queen of the Nautch Girls. 30 min., color/ b&w, 1973.
Director: Anthony Korner. Writer: James Ivory. Producer: Ismail Merchant. Distributor: New Yorker Films (US), International Tele-Film Enterprises (Can). A portrait of a top Indian musical star and a good look at what constitutes a movie musical in India.

Hollywood: The Dream Factory. 52 mins., color/ b&w, 1972.
Producers: Irwin Rosten & Bud Friedgen for MGM. Distributor: Films Inc. (US), VEC (Can). A humorous, comprehensive look at the heyday of MGM—its history, films, and stable of stars.

How They Filmed the "Grand Prix." 45 min., color, 1971.
Director: Michael Tuchner for BBC-TV. Distributor: Time-Life Films (sale only). A long, tiring look at the pitfalls of filming a racecar pic in the streets of Monte Carlo with testy John Frankenheimer at the helm.

I'm a Stranger Here Myself: A Portrait of Nicholas Ray. 58 min., color/ b&w, 1974.
Director: David Helpern Jr. Distributor: Films Inc. (US), Visual Education Centre (Can). Ray—feisty and disillusioned—is shown filming with his students at Harpur College in upstate New York. The rebel dropout analyzes his past; his students discuss his present. With film clips.

Ingmar Bergman. 55 min., color, 1971.
Director: Stig Bjorkman for the Swedish Film Institute. Distributor: Films Inc. (US), Visual Education Centre (Can). Bergman discusses his creative method and directs *The Touch*. His actors comment.

The Life and Times of John Huston, Esq. 60 min., b&w, 1969.
Director: Roger Grauf for NET-TV. Distributor: Indiana University Audio-Visual Center. His philosophy, reminiscence, and films.

The Love Goddesses. 87 min., b&w, 1963, revised 1974.
Directors: Saul J. Turell & Graeme Ferguson for Paramount and Walter Reade. Distributor: Janus Films (US), NCE (Can.) Sixty years of celluloid sex symbols. A compilation.

The Lumière Years 1895-1900. 93 min., b&w, 1974.
Director: Jean Chapot. Distributor: Films Inc. (US), Visual Education Centre (Can). Fantastic collection of Lumière brothers' footage used as a backdrop for a fictional world traveller in the late 1800s.

The Magic World of Karel Zeman. 16 min., b&w/ color, 1963.
Director: Zdenek Rozkopal. Distributor: McGraw-Hill Films (US), McGraw-Hill Ryerson (Can). The Czech animator at work creating his beautiful illusions.

The Making of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." 52 min., color, 1970.
Producer: Robert Crawford Productions. Distributor: Macmillan Audio Brandon. With Paul Newman, Robert Redford, Katharine Ross, director George Roy Hill and film clips.

The Making of "Silent Running." 50 min., color, 1972.
Director: Chuck Barbee. Distributor: Films Inc. (US), Visual Education Centre (Can). Straightforward, informative look at the filming of this futuristic science fiction film. Fascinating special effects.

The Movies Learn to Talk. 26 min. b&w, 1959.
Producer: Burton Benjamin for CBS-TV News. Distributor: McGraw-Hill Films (US), McGraw-Hill Ryerson (Can). The machinations that led to sound films.

The Movies March On. 20 min., b&w, produced 1939, released on 16mm 1974.
Producer: Time, Inc. Distributor: Time-Life Films. Originally shown in movie houses in July, 1939, this "March of Time" segment provides a capsule history of film, with a visit to the original Film Library of the Museum of Modern Art in New York City.

Neorealism. 30 min., b&w, 1972.
Producer: Texture Films with RAI. Distributor: Texture Films (US), International Tele-Film Enterprises (Can). Noted Italian neorealists—directors and screenwriters—and their provocative films. Fine clips.

Odeon Cavalcade. 35 min., color, 1973.
Director: Barry Clayton for the Arts Council of Great Britain. Distributors: Films Inc. (sale) & The American Federation of the Arts (rental). A profile of Oscar Deutsch and with it a profile of the Odeon Theatre Chain in England which he founded. Much on the Art Deco house style.

Plimpton! Shootout at Rio Lobo. 52 min., color, 1970.
Director: William Kronick for Wolper Productions. Distributor: Films Inc. (US), Visual Education Centre (Can). Writer George Plimpton takes a bit part in a Howard Hawks/ John Wayne western and, in the process, discovers a lot about the Hawks/ Wayne manner of working. Good film!

Polanski Meets Macbeth. 30 min., color, 1971.
Director: Frank Simon, Distributor: Macmillan Films. Great Birnam Wood marches on Dunsinane hill and Roman Polanski is there to direct it. Overawed PR for his film *Macbeth*.

The Puppets of Jiri Trnka. 26 min., color, 1973.
Directors: Bruno Sefranka & Jiri Trnka. Distributor: Phoenix Films (US), International Tele-Film Enterprises (Can). The construction of puppets, script, and final animation by the noted Czech animator and his crew.

Richter on Film. 13 min., color, 1972.
Producer & Distributor: Cecile Starr (US), Van Nostrand Reinhold Ltd. (Can). Writer Cecile Starr questions avant-garde pioneer Hans Richter about his early German films.

Star. 20 min., b&w, 1971.
Director: Alan Lovell with the BFI. Distributor: McGraw-Hill Films (US), McGraw-Hill Ryerson (Can). The making of a star of the Sixties—Julie Christie. On-location and with personal thoughts on stardom.

Stuntman. 11 min., color, 1972.
Director: Tom Koester. Distributor: Pyramid Films (US), International Tele-Film Enterprises (Can). Greg Anderson, a Hollywood stuntman, discusses his career and performs stunts on the set.

Televisionland. 12 min., color/ b&w, 1971.
Producer: Charles Braverman. Distributor: Pyramid Films (US), International Tele-Film Enterprises (Can). All the great shows, stars, and news events are high-lighted in this TV history time capsule.

The Train Rolls On. 33 min., b&w, 1972.
Director: Chris Marker. Distributor: New Yorker Films. Russian director Alexander Medvedkin recalls the Cine-Train which he organized in Moscow in the early 1930s. The train was a self-contained production studio which documented life across the Soviet Union and brought cinema to the masses.

continued on page 61

BOOKS

News

Last year Harlequin books sold more than 80,000,000 copies of their paperback romantic novels. (The Harlequin series can be subdivided into such sub-genres as nurse romances, gothic romances, etc.) On the assumption that the movies could also use some romance, Harlequin Enterprises has gone into film production with *Leopard in the Snow* from the novel by Anne Mather. The film was shot outside Toronto and on-location in London and stars Keir Dullea and Susan Penhaligon and was directed by Gerry O'Hara.

Novelist Margaret Atwood is presently working on a screenplay based on Margaret Laurence's *The Diviners*, the rights to which are held by Joyce Wieland and Judy Steed.

Star Wars is turning out to be as big a bonanza on paper as it is on the screen. Ballentine now has over a million copies of George Lucas's novel in print. Still to hit the stands are: a portfolio of paintings (prepared prior to production as an aid to Lucas) by Ralph McQuarrie; a book of sketches (also pre-production) by Joe Johnston; a technical volume entitled *Star Wars Blueprints;* Charles Lippincott's *The Making of Star Wars;* a book of the screenplay itself (with illustrations drawn from the previously-mentioned books); sequels (one of which may serve Lucas as the basis for a second film); a *Star Wars* calendar; and a possible series of books for children. The novel itself has already been sold in Britain, Japan, France, Italy, The Netherlands, and Germany.

The National Federation of Local Cable Programmers (dedicated to furthering and preserving citizens' access rights to local media) has a Newsletter. Subscriptions come with membership in the NFLCP ($15 a year for individuals). More info from the NFLCP at 763½ Chestnut Street, Dubuque, Iowa 52001.

Still lives: Director-novelist Bryan Forbes is completing the biography (on which he has been working for some years) on the late Dame Edith Evans. Little, Brown will publish it this fall. ... Claire Bloom is reportedly hard at work on her autobiography, with no help from friend Philip Roth. ... William Morrow has announced that it will be published (next fall) Sophia Loren's autobiography (written with A.E. Hotchner). ... Sometime *Take One* contributor John Russell Taylor, on the other hand, is hard at work with George Cukor on the latter's autobiography (Macmillan's publishing). ... And we hear that the autobiography that Peter Finch completed just before his death is entitled *Chutzpah*. ... Still on the autobiographical trail, Jane Russell has signed with Simon and Schuster, with publication expected sometime next year; and G.P. Putnam's has brought a suit against the widower of the late Rosalind Russell, claiming that the manuscript of what was to be the actress's autobiography is so unsatisfactory that they want their advance back.

Other film people have managed to direct their typewriters into somewhat less egocentric areas: Robert Redford has written a book on ecology which Grosset & Dunlap are to bring out next fall (Redford's taking the photos for the book too); screenwriter Ernest Lehman has written his first novel, *The French Atlantic Affair*, which Atheneum will publish; and John Wayne is listed as the author of the forthcoming (this November) *America, Why I Love Her.*

Some reference books of note:

The latest Directory of U.S. Government Audiovisual Personnel is now available at $3 from the National Audiovisual Center, General Services Administration, Washington, DC 20409.

The noted equipment-supply house, F&B/CECO (7051 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, CA 90068), has three new catalogues devoted to the areas of Editing, Animation and Super-8. They're free for the asking.

The Journal of The University Film Association (Radio-Television-Film Department, Temple University, Philadelphia, PA 19122) is selling (at $9.75 apiece) copies of Dr. Ernest Rose's comprehensive (421 loose-leaf pp.) *World Film & Television Study Resources: A Reference Guide to Major Training Centers and Archives*, with complete information on 85 archives and 375 professional film and television training programs in 76 countries. A must for any media scholar.

Equally valuable, but for film *makers*, is the brand-new 16mm Distribution Handbook, published (at $6) by the Educational Film Library Association, 43 West 61 Street, New York, NY 10023. 181 pages on all aspects of getting your film shown, once you've completed it (commercial distribution, coops, network and cable TV, contracts, festivals, etc., etc.).

It's all rights Ma: Otto Preminger has bought Moshe Dayan's *The Story of My Life*. ... Eric Rohmer is to make a film of Chrétien de Troyes' novel, *Perceval le Gallois*. ... Stephen Geller has been assigned to write the screenplay for the film version of Tom Robbin's' *Even Cowgirls Get the Blues*. ... Sid Beckerman (who co-produced *Marathon Man*) and Maurice Silverstein are hoping to get permission to film in Shanghai for their forthcoming $15-million production of André Malraux's novel, *Man's Fate*. ... James Clavell has announced that Richard Attenborough has agreed to direct the film version of the former's (enthralling, exciting) novel, *Shogun*. Clavell himself is to be Executive Producer. ... Karel Reisz is to direct the film version of Brian Moore's *The Doctor's Wife*, for United Artists. ... Joseph Losey is said to be preparing yet another version of Alexander Dumas' tale *The Woman of the Camellias*, with Isabelle Adjani in the title role. ... Production begins October 3 on the Joseph E. Levine production (Attenborough directing) of *Magic*, based on the William Goldman novel of the same name. ... And Rainer Werner Fassbinder is making a film of Vladimir Nabokov's *Despair* (screenplay by Tom Stoppard), with Dirk Bogarde and Andrea Ferreol as leads. Actually the film was to have begun April 18, so the wunderkind has probably wrapped up the $2-million production by now.

Somewhere in Washington, presumably, the elves are working away on the first two volumes (1893-1910 and 1911-1920) of the grand *American Film Institute Catalog of Motion Pictures Produced in the United States*, but at the rate they have been producing so far (1921-1930 was published in 1971, 1961-70 last year) we are all going to be a great deal older before those particular volumes see the light of day.

In the meantime, Einar Lauritzen and Gunnar Lundquist—formerly director and assistant director (respectively) of The Swedish Film Archive—have quietly brought out their *American Film-Index, 1908-1915*. Granted, the Swedish production (written entirely in English by the way) doesn't sport all the wrinkles that the AFI Catalogs boast: detailed credits, story synopses, indeces by subject, personnel and God-knows-what-else. Still, the *American Film-Index*, in its 704 large-format hard-bound pages, does list some 23,000 American-made films, of 390 feet in length or more. (All of Griffith's films have been included, no matter what length, but wholly-animated films, as well as documentaries and newsreels, have unfortunately not been included.) For every film listed, Lauritzen and Lundquist give the name of the production company, the cast and credits, and the date of issue of *Moving Picture World* in which the film's plot is summarized (so the book is also an index to that periodical). There are also brief histories of the 135 production companies of the period, and 116 full-page portraits of stars, directors and even screenwriters. Not bad for $90.

And, you don't have to wait another generation to get it. The book's available now, from Film-Index, Kralavagen 1, S-114 24 Stockholm, Sweden. Can't imagine a serious film library without it.

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Reviews

Notes On Cinematography by Robert Bresson. Translated by Jonathan Griffin. Urizen Books, Inc. Unpaged. $6.95 cloth, $3.50 paper. (*Notes sur le cinématographie.* Paris. Editions Gallimard. 1975).

Oscar Wilde once wrote, "To be natural is such a very difficult pose to keep up." It's an aphorism that would serve Robert Bresson well as a motto. *Notes On Cinematography* is a collection of jottings, ideas, questions, bon mots compiled during a period of twenty-five years of conscientious filmmaking and theorizing, a period which was for Bresson an intense journey towards simplicity. It must also have been an arduous one, judging from the tenor of these notes.

> "Camera and tape recorder carry me far away from the intelligence which complicates everything."

His very first reminder to himself reads, in its entirety:

> Rid myself of the accumulated errors and untruths. Get to know my resources, make sure of them.

It is the main theme of the collection, repeated and refined on nearly every page: the struggle to reduce, the battle to purify, the contest of truth. If Samuel Beckett had kept a notebook, it might look something like this.

Bresson very early comes up against the crucial paradox. Shooting a film is, for him, to

> Put oneself into a state of intense ignorance and curiosity, and yet see things *in advance.*

The dilemma is that the very act of filmmaking, or of writing, for that matter, distorts reality, shifts it immediately to a different plane of meaning. So that if one's struggle is, like Bresson's, to renew the raw matter of reality, to make it fresh, unique, startling without in any way departing from the normal or natural, one must always fail, ultimately. Indeed, Bresson writes, "In this language of images, one must lose completely the notion of image. The images must exclude the idea of image."

In order to do this, Bresson pricks himself with theoretical reductions, he abnegates his intelligence:

- Apply myself to insignificant (non-significant) images.
- Flatten my images (as if ironing them), *without attenuating them.*
- Everything escapes and disperses. Continually to bring it all back to one.
- Neither beautify nor uglify. Do not denature.

Constantly, continuously, repeatedly he applies the switch of these warnings to his own skin of sensuousness which would, if he would let it, we infer from the negative spaces of his *pensées,* revel in the unreal pleasures of cinematography.

Although there are occasional clinkers, most of Bresson's notes ring true enough, at least judged within the limits of his own highly material cinema. At worst, they are the sort of simplistic observations all film students scrawl surreptitiously in dark notebooks only to find that the genius fades quickly when exposed to daylight. At best, they are apposite apothegms that sharply illuminate Bresson's own filmmaking. An example:

> "Visible parlance" of bodies, objects, houses, roads, trees, fields.

What better way to describe in words the fluttering scarf in *Une Femme Douce,* for example? Or the bridge and the bateau mouche in *Four Nights of a Dreamer*?

Bresson defines "cinematographic film" ("cinemawritten film") as recomposition, in which "the images, like the words in a dictionary, have no power and value except through their position and relation." It's what others have called "materialist film," but whatever the term, Robert Bresson is clearly one of the masters of it, and his notes in cinemawriting are invaluable to anyone who values his films. The book has a plot, of sorts. Near the end, Bresson begins to discover salvation from the awful intelligence of the real that haunts him. The secret lies in the machines that "let nothing be changed and all be different." "Camera and tape recorder," he concludes, "carry me far away from the intelligence which complicates everything." The pen, it would seem, carries him much too close.

James Monaco

Associate Editor **James Monaco** is the author of the critically-acclaimed *How to Read a Film,* recently published by Oxford University Press.

Caligari's Cabinet and other Grand Illusions by Leon Barsacq. Revised and edited by Elliott Stein. New York Graphic Society (Little, Brown & Co.). 1976. 264 pages. $19.95. (In Canada: McClelland & Stewart, $22.95).

This handsome book, with its finely reproduced stills and excellent presentation, certainly qualifies as a coffee table attraction but goes way beyond that kind of often empty ostentation by containing solid, stimulating reading. We are beginning to see—tardily in the scheme of things but very welcome—books detailing the crucial work of costume designers, art directors and other visual talents

Clive Denton is a writer, teacher and sage.

who have for too long been taken for granted. The *auteur* theory is all very well up to a point and was necessary in the evolution of serious film criticism ten or more years ago. But the emphasis on directors as superstars has become accepted now to the point of simple-mindedness. What was once "revisionist criticism" in the Andrew Sarris vein currently passes as dogma, one sort of "received opinion" having replaced another. It is timely to be reminded that some classic films' stylishness may stem from Anton Grot (set designs) as well as Michael Curtiz, from the great Warners contract days, or that a dramatic improvement in the pictorial impact of Sam Wood movies just happens to coincide with his involvement with a major visual artist, William Cameron Menzies, as production designer.

He suggests, for example, that the mansion in "The Magnificent Ambersons" is essentially a character in the story.

The present volume, while new as a publication in English, has a somewhat complex history. Leon Barsacq died in 1969 and this study of film art direction, the labour of love of his final years, was published in France the following year, under a less fanciful title, *Le Décor de Film*. The English edition comes with revisions and an excellent set of biographies by Elliott Stein. (Also René Clair's original preface has been translated and included.) Barsacq knew whereof he spoke—in spades, in fact—having worked on the set design of many outstanding French films of the thirties, forties and fifties, including *Les Enfants du paradis, La Marseillaise* and the later, still perhaps undervalued, pictures directed by René Clair. (I have typed "directed by..," rather than e.g. "Clair's *Les Portes de Lilas*" because the flinging around of directors' names as proprietary terms has to STOP.) He has written with both affection and knowledge of his own art and craft and that of his colleagues. The natural bias is towards French examples but not in any unfair or ridiculous way, and the translation has rendered French into English more gracefully than often happens. Only occasionally do we stumble on such an old friend of a vaguely transposed phrase as "a sort of philosophical story"!

I regret slightly that the text mentions as many individual films as it does, therefore mentioning several too briefly. On the other hand, Barsacq can quickly conjure the atmosphere of a given film, as with *L'Atalante* —"the locks, the canals, the dance halls on the banks of the Seine... go beyond reality to attain lyricism." He rightly stresses that the character of a major setting may dominate an entire film and suggests, for example, that the mansion in *The Magnificent Ambersons*—at first grand, later seedy as the family falls on hard times—is essentially a character in the story. And there, where you need it, is the corresponding still to evoke a thousand memories or provoke a thousand anticipations. All the illustrations are well chosen, even if nothing can quite match the frontispiece, Stroheim surveying Monte Carlo built in the wilds of Universal City, 1920s vintage.

Clive Denton

Catalogue des Films Français de Long Métrage: Films Sonores de Fiction, 1929-1939 by Raymond Chirat. Cinémathèque Royale de Belgique (Brussels) 1975. (No pagination or price given.)

This catalogue includes credits, casts and brief synopses in French of over 1,300 French features (60 minutes or longer), listed alphabetically, with notes on other versions, prizes and alternate titles for many entries. There are few sources of reliable credits for French films of the Thirties and Forties, and until the *Catalogue* probably none as comprehensive and systematic. This is a virtually uncharted region, marked only by the names of a few directors (Renoir, Clair, Vigo, Duvivier) and actors (Louis Jouvet, Michel Simon, Jean Gabin) and stray legendary titles like *La Maternelle, Le Puritain, Perles de la couronne.*

The *Catalogue des Films Français* scrupulously lists even French-language versions of American films shot in Hollywood studios, such as *La Foule hurle,* a 1932 version of the Hawks-Cagney *The Crowd Roars,* with Jean Gabin in the Cagney role! And for those who are frustrated by the apologetic phrase "main films" under a personal entry in film dictionaries and checklists (such as Marcel Martin's *France*), the *Catalogue*'s index of the names of actors, actresses, directors, writers and technicians will be most welcome. It amounts to a virtual filmography, with numbers keyed to film titles in the text, of every name mentioned in casts and credits. It is now possible to flesh out the career of a key actor like Jouvet, at least in the thirties, and one can also marvel at the prolificacy of some French actors, like Pierre Larquey, who has over 90 credits in this volume alone. In addition to the index of names there's a chronological index of titles and a list of alternate titles.

The book also confirms one's suspicions that many of the French films from this era which ought to be in general circulation are not. Though it doesn't make claims as to the quality of individual entries, and a simple cast and credit list is hardly a guarantee of excellence, some of the striking conjunctions of talent represented give certain films an automatic allure: *Le Duel* (1939), starring Raimu and Pierre Fresnay, co-scripted by Henri-Georges Clouzot, and directed by Fresnay; *La Maison du Maltais* (1938), with Marcel Dalio, Jouvet, Pierre Renoir, Gaston

Don Willis is a freelance writer based in Berkeley, California.

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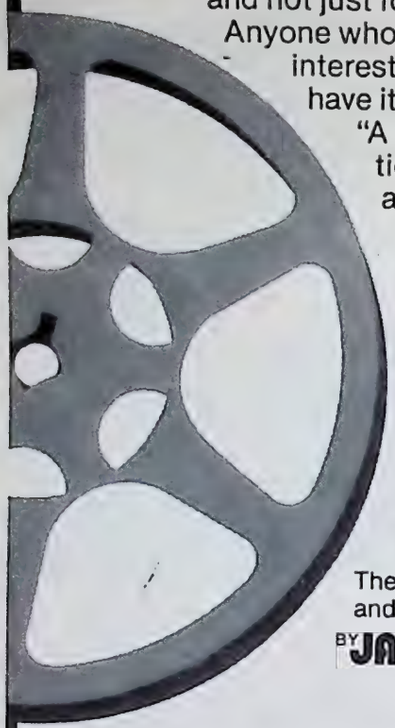

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Modot, Viviane Romance, Jany Holt and Florence Marly; or *Le Chemin de Rio* (1936), directed by Robert Siodmak, dialogued by Henri Jeanson and starring Jules Berry, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Dalio, Modot and Sylvia Bataille.

One hopes that Chirat's volume will be the first of several covering each decade of French film production. Only an explanatory note and list of abreviations in the *Catalogue* are in English (and Dutch) as well as French, but in the matter of credits at least, film is a universal language, and this book should find wide distribution.

Don Willis

The Day the Laughter Stopped by David Yallop. St Martin's Press. 1976. 302 pages plus filmography by Samuel A. Gill and index. $12.50. (In Canada: Hodder-Stoughton, $16.75).

He was the subject of a thinly disguised American International Pictures bomb starring James Coco. Kenneth Anger's scurrilous rumor compendium *Hollywood Babylon* alludes to a 1917 Boston orgy which he did not attend. He is not remembered for his films (less than a dozen were available for purchase in a recent Blackhawk catalog and rarely are they shown in festivals or television), but for a party in a San Francisco hotel which culminated in the death of one Virginia Rappe, a murder charge (reduced to manslaughter), and three sensational trials breathlessly reported in sob sister fashion by the daily newspapers. His banishment from films by the then newly-appointed industry czar Will Hays may have led to his premature death at the age of forty-six.

His name was Roscoe Arbuckle, the offspring of an absentee, frequently brutal father and a devout Baptist mother who died when Roscoe was twelve. As would Chaplin, Laurel and others, he learned his craft in the theatre playing in vaudeville revues and frothy comedies. He entered the motion picture industry at the precisely correct moment, as live theatre grudgingly gave way to the flickering invention of cinema.

The section of Yallop's book dealing with the relentless grind of working at the Mack Sennett studios gives a realistic picture of the infant industry where pain and paltry salaries went hand in hand. According to Yallop, Sennett's niggardly ways cost him Chaplin, Turpin, Lloyd and Fields. The frenetic pace of the Sennett lot at the height of its activity is vividly created in vignettes from a number of the surviving participants. The close relationship of Buster Keaton and Arbuckle is traced, and Yallop is careful to note Keaton was one of the few Hollywood types (Laurel and Hardy were two of the others) to stand by Arbuckle throughout the ordeal by assisting him with directing jobs (Arbuckle had to use the pseudonym William Goodrich), supporting his fight to return to the screen as an actor, and

Alonso Jasso is a free-lance writer based in Houston, Texas. His most recent involvement in films was as a paid extra in *The Greatest*, the Muhammad Ali film biography. He contributed to *Harper's Weekly* until its unfortunate demise.

agreeing to be Arbuckle's best man at his wedding at a time when the "jolly fat man" who once earned $100,000 a year was financially ravaged by enormous legal fees and was generally a forgotten relic of the early days of motion pictures.

The title comes from Keaton's quotation describing the impact of the affair. The trials are covered in meticulous detail, contrasting the reality of the politically ambitious prosecutor's weak case and utter disregard for any semblance of a fair trial with the hysterical press reports. Yallop relies heavily on trial transcripts to illustrate his contention that the trials were travesties. Even such a responsible journal as the *New York Times* jumped on the anti-Arbuckle, pro-morality bandwagon in a series of editorials. The frenzied outcry of ministers, women's groups, newspapers, and people in the film industry grew in shrillness with each revelation uncovered by the prosecutor's office.

The only serious flaws in the book are the sustained tone of outrage (abetted by too-frequent use of italics) that gives the book at times the tone of "Ripley's Believe It or Not." Also, Yallop goes to great lengths to describe his mostly successful attempts to interview Arbuckle's stepbrothers and stepsisters, but their memories are vague and shed little light on Arbuckle.

A number of myths are shattered. The well-circulated story of the soft drink bottle having been used to violate Ms. Rappe is proven to be simply that. The actual cause of Ms. Rappe's sudden death will never be known; the botched handling of the case by no less than three physicians saw to that. However, the young woman had a history of somewhere between three to five abortions (the first in her early teens), chronic bladder infections, and was pregnant at the time of her death. Finally, Arbuckle apparently had no difficulty finding work in the wake of his acquittal. Although his days as a star were over, he directed or assisted on any number of films and returned briefly to the stage on the Pantages circuit. Incidentally, Arbuckle hated his nickname of Fatty and often pleaded with friends to call him Roscoe.

A well-done filmography is also included. Sadly, time and Arbuckle's notoriety have assured that most of the films are no longer available. This book is as thorough a treatment of the subject as we are likely to get for some time to come.

Alonso Jasso

Books in Brief

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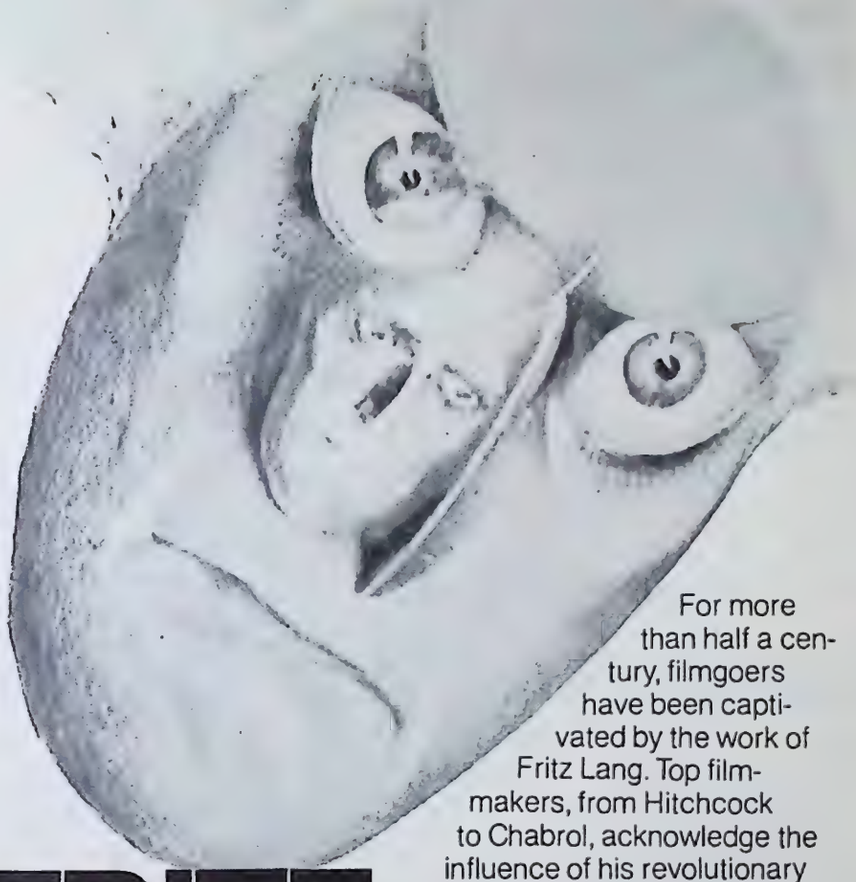

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discussed by William Luhr and Peter Lehman in *Authorship and Narrative in the Cinema*, a severe, itemized critique of film reviewers' prevalent failure to write about the film itself rather than around it, and to acquire a well-rounded understanding of cinema aesthetics. (Putnam $8.95) (in Canada: Longman $10.50 & $4.95)

Norman Swallow's *Eisenstein*, a documentary portrait of the Soviet director, follows his life and work through the eyes of René Clair, Joris Ivens, Lewis Milestone, Jay Leyda and others who collaborated on his films or witnessed significant moments of his turbulent career. (Dutton $3.50) (in Canada: Methuen $17.95 & $8.25)

A perceptive, detailed and informative study by Lotte H. Eisner, *Fritz Lang*, is a definitive work that combines superbly an analysis of Lang's style in each of the films he directed with a psychological portrait of a driven personality. (Oxford U. Press $25.00) (in Canada: Oxford $26.95)

Charles J. Maland contributes a substantial study of the relationship between a filmmaker and his socio-cultural environment in *American Visions: The Films of Chaplin, Ford, Capra and Welles, 1936-1941*. His appraisal of their work, as it reflected that momentous half-decade and its thought patterns, is engrossingly articulated in this exceptionally valid Ph.D. thesis. (Arno Press $27.00)

Film critic/ educator Cecile Starr and artist Robert Russett have effectively collaborated on *Experimental Animation*, a comprehensive and stimulating anthology of the creative animation pioneers who paved the way for today's commercial artists. (Van Nostrand Reinhold $14.95 & $8.95) (in Canada: $17.95 & $10.75)

In *Evolution of Style in the Early Work of Dziga Vertov*, a Ph.D. thesis, Seth Feldman analyzes the innovative nature of Vertov's work and his contribution to our understanding of the post-Revolutionary Soviet cinema. (Arno Press $15.00)

The late Pier Paolo Pasolini collected a series of highly polemical articles (in French) in *Ecrits Corsaires*. They transcend cinema proper to strike at its essential thematic content in violent denunciations of the dehumanizing of society, the emergence of the faceless man symbolizing the soullessness of consumerism. (Flammarion, Paris, FF 36.00)

An illustrated history of the stag film by Al DiLauro and Gerald Babkin, *Dirty Movies*, traces the 1915-70 evolution of the genre. Unfortunately fuzzy illustrations detract from the clarity of the witty text. (Chelsea $15.00)

In *The Cinema of Frank Capra*, Leland A. Poague stresses the literary merit of the director's work while chiding critics for their allegations of political naïveté. This is a solid study of Capra's approach to film comedy in its aesthetic and psychological aspects. (Barnes $17.50) (in Canada: Smithers & Bonellie $22.75)

Editor Jon Tuska assembles in *Close Up: The Contract Director* several lively essays on 10 directors who were under exclusive major studio contracts during Hollywood's lusher years. (Scarecrow $17.50)

An extensive bibliography by Rosemary Ribich Kowalski, *Women and Films*, lists the contribution of women as moviemakers, performers, prototypes and critics. (Scarecrow $11.00)

Over 1500 reviews, covering some 300 movies excerpted from 27 leading U.S., Canadian and British periodicals, are cumulated in *Film Review Digest Annual 1976*, a meaningful cross-section of critical assessments invaluable to scholars and buffs. (KTO Press $35.00)

George L. George

Books on Film: A Checklist

New books dealing in whole or in part with the motion picture and issued, for the most part, in the English language by North American publishers; also new editions of out-of-print titles, and novels the significance of which transcends their fictional format. Canadian agents and prices (where differing from U.S. publisher and price) are noted in brackets.

The American Film Directors. By Maureen Lambray. Rapaport Press (Whirlwind Books, distr.) 1976. Unpaged $25. (H). Photographic portraits and filmographies of 82 prominent directors.

The Annotated Dracula. By Leonard Wolf. Ballantine 1976. 362 pp. $5.95. (P). Bram Stoker's story with notes, bibliography and filmography.

Mel Brooks: The Irreverent Funnyman. By Bill Adler and Jeffrey Feinman. Playboy Press 1976. 190 pp. $1.95 (P). (General).

Caligari's Cabinet and Other Grand Illusions. By Leonard Barsacq. New York Graphic Society 1976. 264 pp. $19.95. (H). (McClelland & Stewart, $22.95). A history of film design, translated from the French and revised by Elliott Stein.

Call Them Irreplaceable. By John Fisher. Stein & Day 1976. 234 pp. $14.95. (H). (McGraw-Hill, $15.50). Showbiz personalities, with Hirschfeld drawings.

Canadian Film Production Index 1976. Pierre Veronneau, ed. Cinéthèque Québécoise 1976. 95 pp. $5.95. (P). Bilingual directory.

Costume Design in the Movies. By Elizabeth Leese. BCW England 1976. 168 pp. 8.50. (H).

Dirty Movies. By Gerald Rabkin and Al Di Lauro. Chelsea House 1976. 160 pp. $15. (H). (Gage, $17.50). An illustrated history of the stag film, 1915-1970.

Ethnographic Film. By Karl G. Heider. U. of Texas Press 1976. 166 pp. $9.95 (H). History and method of filmed ethnography.

Experimental Animation. By Robert Russett and Cecile Starr. Van Nostrand Reinhold 1976. 224 pp. $14.95. (H). $8.95 (P). ($17.95, $10.95). An illustrated anthology of animation's artistic and technical achievements.

Film & TV Graphics 2. Walter Herdeg, ed. Hastings House 1976. 211 pp. $28.00. (H). (Saunders, $32.50). A study of graphic design.

Film Scriptwriting. By Dwight V. Swain. Hastings House 1976. 373 pp. $14.50 (H), $7.50 (P). (Saunders, $16.75, $8.68). A textbook.

Filming for Television. By Arthur Englander and Paul Petzold. Hastings House 1976. 266 pp. $19.50. (H). (Saunders).

A Filmography of the Third World. By Helen W. Cyr. Scarecrow 1976. 372 pp. $11.00. (H). Annotated list of 16mm films.

Finnish Cinema. By Peter Cowie. Barnes 1976. 128 pp. $6.95. (H). (Smithers & Bonnellie).

The Groucho Phile. By Groucho Marx. Bobbs-Merrill 1976. 384 pp. $20.00 (H). (Thomas Allen, $23.95). An illustrated autobiography of the comedian.

Handbook of Super 8 Production. By Mark Mikolas and Gunther Hoos. United Business Publications 1976. 324 pp. $14.95 (P).

Here's Looking at You, Kid. By James R. Silke. Little Brown 1976. 317 pp. $24.95. (H). ($28.50). Informal history of the Warner Bros. studio.

Hollywood Players: The Thirties. By James Robert Parish and William T. Leonard. Arlington 1976. 576 pp. $19.95. (H). (Dent, $23.95).

International Film Guide 1977. Peter Cowie, ed. Barnes 1976. 504 pp. $5.95. (P). (Smithers & Bonnellie, $7.95).

The Lens in Action. By Sidney Ray. Hastings House 1976. 201 pp. $8.95. (P). (Saunders). The lens and its use in photography, cinema and television.

The Jeanette MacDonald Story. By James Robert Parish. Mason / Charter 1976. 181 pp. $10. (H).

The Making of Space: 1999. By Tim Heald. Ballantine 1976. 259 pp. $1.95. (P). All about the British-filmed television series.

The Mexican Cinema. By Beatriz Reyes Nevares. U. of New Mexico Press 1976. 176 pp. $9.95. (H), $4.50. (P). ($10.50, $4.95). Interviews with 13 directors.

Motion Pictures: A Catalogue of Books, Periodicals, Screenplays, Television Scripts and Productions Stills. Audree Malkin, ed. Hall 1976. 775 pp. $65. (H). Holdings of the Theatre Arts Library at UCLA.

Movies and Methods. Bill Nichols, ed. U. of California Press 1976. 651 pp. $20. (H), $7.95. (P). An anthology of the various methodologies of cinema.

Movietone Presents the 20th Century. By Lawrence Cohn. St. Martin's 1976. Unpaged $17.95. (H). (Macmillan, $21.50). Photos from the archives of Movietone News.

My Side by King Kong. As told to Walter Wager. Macmillan 1976. 119 pp. $4.95. (P). (Collier-Macmillan). A humorous retelling of the story.

Leni Riefenstahl: The Fallen Film Goddess. By Glenn B. Infield. Crowell 1976. 278 pp. $9.95. (H). (Fitzhenry & Whiteside, $11.75).

Star Trek Concordance. By Bjo Trimble. Ballantine 1976. 256 pp. $6.95. (P). Compilation of reference data on the popular filmed TV series.

Stop the Presses! By Alex Barris. Barnes 1976. 211 pp. $17.50. (H). (Smithers & Bonnellie, $22.50). The newspaperman in American films.

The Users. By Joyce Haber. Delacorte 1976. 421 pp. $8.95. (H). (Beaverbooks, $10.85). A documentary-like novel about Hollywood by the gossip columnist.

Using Videotape. By J.F. Robinson and P.H. Beards. Hastings House 1976. 163 pp. $7.95. (H). (Saunders). Applications of VTR in film and television.

Rudolph Valentino. By Alexander Walker. Stein & Day 1976. 127 pp. $8.95. (H). (McGraw-Hill, $9.50).

The Waves at Genji's Door. By Joan Mellen. Pantheon 1976. 463 pp. $15. (H). $7.95. (P). (Random House, $17.50, $9.50). Japan seen through its cinema.

Whatever Became of...? By Richard Lamparski. Bantam 1976. 409 pp. $1.95. (P). The eventual fate of famous film folk.

George L. George, an Academy Award winner, has combined for many years film directing and film book reviewing in France, Canada and the USA.

INFO

BOOKER'S GUIDE TO SOURCES OF 16MM FILMS MENTIONED IN THIS ISSUE

Adalen 31. CAN:PAR? US:FI.
Aloha Bobby and Rose. CAN:AST. US:SWK.
America Is Hard to See. CAN:NCE. US:NYF.
American Graffiti. UNI.
And Now My Love. CAN:AST.
Antonio das Mortes. CAN:FAR. US:GRP.
As the Earth Turns. WB?
The Ballad of Cable Hogue. CAN:WB. US:TWY.
Bingo. CAN:FF.
The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant. CAN:FAR. US:NYF.
Black Sunday. CAN:PAR. US:FI.
Buffalo Bill and the Indians. UA.
Bureau of Missing Persons. UA.
Calcutta. CAN:FAR. US:PYR.
Carrie. UA.
Citizens Band. CAN:PAR. US:FI.
Cleopatra. CAN:BEL. US:FI.
Closely Watched Trains. CAN:ITF. US:MAB.
La Collectioneuse. CAN:PR. US:CMH.
The Constant Nymph. WB?
The Crook. UA.
The Crowd Roars. UA.
Culloden. CAN:CFI.
Cycles. CCC.
Dance, Charlie, Dance. WB?
Dawson City Joe. TO.
The Diary of Anne Frank. CAN:BEL. US:FI.
Diary of a Shinjuku Thief. GRP.
Dodeska Den. CAN:ITF.
Draegerman's Courage. WB?
Duel in the Sun. CAN:ITF. US:TWY.
The Duelists. CAN:PAR* US:FI*
Edvard Munch. CAN:NCE. US:NYF.
Les Enfants du Paradis. CAN:PAL. US:CMH.
Even Dwarfs Started Small. CAN:NCE. US:NLC.
Family Plot. UNI.
Fellini's Casanova. UNI.
Une Femme Douce. US:NYF.
Fighting Mad. US:FI.
Four Nights of a Dreamer. CAN:PR. US:NYF.
French Connection II. CAN:BEL. US:FI.
Fugitive in the Sky. WB?
Fun with Dick and Jane. CAN:AST. US:SWK.
The Garden of Delights. CAN:MMP. US:MAB.
Gone With the Wind. CAN:BEL. US:FI.
Happy New Year. CAN:PR.
Her Husband's Secretary. WB?
The Hunt. CAN:PR. US:TWY.
I am Curious, Yellow. GRP.
Il Etait une fois dans l'est. CAR.
Imitation of Life. UNI.
In the Year of the Pig. CAN:NCE. US:NYF.
Intimate Lighting. CAN:FAR. US:MAB.
J.A. Martin, Photographe. NFB.
Je suis loin de toi mignonne. MUT.
Jeux Interdits. CAN:FEM. US:JAN.
Junior Bonner. CAN:IFD. US:FI.
The Killer Elite. UA.
Last Tango in Paris. UA.
The Late Show. WB.
Life, Love, Death. UA.
Lumière. CAN:IFD.
MacArthur. UNI.
The Magnificent Ambersons. CAN:AST. US:FI.
A Man and a Woman. CAN:IFD. US:HCW.
The Manchurian Candidate. UA.
La Marseillaise. CAN:PR. US:CMH.
Memories of Underdevelopment. TRI.
Merchant of the Four Seasons. CAN:FAR. US:NYF.
Metropolis. CAN:CFI. US:MAB.
A Midsummer Night's Dream. WB.
Millhouse. CAN:NCE. US:NYF.
A Modern Hero. UA.
Money, Money, Money. CAN:AMB?
Nana. CAN:BEL. US:MMA.
Nashville. CAN:PAR. US:FI.
New York, New York. UA*
Die Nelbelungen. CAN:ITF. US:MMA.
Nickel Ride. CAN:BEL. US:FI.
Novacenta (1900). PAR?
Oil for the Lamps of China. UA.
One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest. UA.
Les Ordres. NCE.
The Outcasts of Poker Flat. CAN:AST. US:MAB.
Paper Moon. CAN:PAR. US:FI.
Paries-moi d'amour. MUT.
Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid. CAN:BEL. US:FI.
Perles de la couronne. CAN:FEM. US:CMH.
Point of Order! CAN:NCE. US:NYF.
Privilege. UNI.
Punishment Park. CAN:NCE.
Queen Christina. CAN:BEL. US:FI.
La Règle du jeu. CAN:NCE.
Rendezvous at Bray. CAN:PR.
Ride the High Country. CAN:BEL. US:FI.
Rush to Judgement. CAN:NCE. US:NYF.
The Scarlet Empress. UNI.
The Seventh Voyage of Sinbad. CAN:AST. US:TWY.
Shampoo. CAN:AST. US:SWK.
Simon of the Desert. CAN:TFS. US:MAB.
Slapshot. UNI.
Son of a Sailor. UA.
The Song of Bernadette. CAN:BEL. US:FI.
The Sound and the Fury. CAN:BEL. US:FI.
Stars Over Broadway. WB?
Straw Dogs. CAN:IFD. US:FI.
The Sun Also Rises. CAN:BEL. US:FI.
Tabu. CAN:AST.
Taxi Driver. CAN:AST. US:SWK.
Thermogenesis. FMC.
Three Women. CAN:BEL. US:FI.
Trans-Europe Express. MAB.
Underground. NYF.
Viva la Muerte. CAN:CAR. US:NLC.
Voyage of the Damned. CAN:AST. US:SWK.
La Vraie Nature de Bernadette. FF.
Warrendale. CAN:MMP. US:GRP.
Weekend. CAN:NCE. US:GRP.
Welcome to L.A. UA.
What's Up, Tiger Lily? CAN:AMB. US:TWY.
The White Cockatoo. WB?
Whiskers. TO.
The Wind and the Lion. CAN:BEL. US:FI.
A Woman of Paris. LC.
The Young Savages. UA.

* 16mm print may not be currently available.

? this is the original distributor of the film, but they may no longer have prints circulating.

While based on sources we believe reliable and up-to-date, TAKE ONE cannot guarantee the accuracy of any of the above information, nor assume any liability for damages caused by any misinformation given. We are happy to print additions and corrections in future issues.

In general, if a film is mentioned in this issue of the magazine, but not listed above, it is not in 16mm distribution in North America. Should a US or Canadian distributor desire to get in touch with the producer of a film mentioned in this issue of the magazine with a view to negotiating a distribution agreement, TAKE ONE will be happy to help as much as it can.

AMB. Ambassador Films, 88 Eglinton Ave. E., Toronto M4P 1B8.
AST. Astral Films. 720 King St. W., Toronto M5V 2T3.
BEL. BelleVue Distributors, 227 Victoria St., Toronto M5B 1B6.
CAR. Cine-Art Film Distributing, 800 de Maisonneuve E., Montreal H2L 4L8.
CCC. Canyon Cinema Coop, Room 220, Industrial Center Bldg., Sausalito, CA 94965.
CFI. Canadian Film Institute, 1762 Carling Ave., Ottawa K2A 2H7.
CMH. Contemporary Films /McGraw-Hill, Princeton Rd., Hightstown, NJ 08520.
FAR. Faroun Films, 136 St-Paul St. E., Montreal H2Y 1G6.
FEM. Film Library, French Embassy, 464 Wilbrod St., Ottawa K1N 6M8.
FF. France Film, 1405 Alexandre-Desève, Montreal H2L 2V5.
FI. Films Inc., 1144 Wilmett Ave., Wilmette, IL 60091 (and regional offices).
FMC. Film-Makers' Cooperative, 175 Lexington Ave., NYC 10016.
GRP. Grove Press, 196 West Houston, NYC 10014.
HCW. Hurlock Ciné World, 13 Arcadia Rd., Old Greenwich, CN 06870.
IFD. International Film Distributors, 175 Bloor East, Toronto M4W 1E2.
ITF. International Tele-Film, 47 Densley Ave., Toronto M6M 2P5.
LC. Library of Congress, Washington (for screening only).
MAB. MacMillan Audio Brandon, 34 MacQuesten Parkway S., Mt. Vernon, NY 10550.
MMA. Museum of Modern Art, 11 West 53 St., NYC 10019.
MMP. Marlin Motion Pictures, 47 Lakeshore Rd. E., Port Credit, Ont. L5G 1C9.
MUT. Mutual Films, 225 Roy St. E., Montreal H2W 2N6.
NCE. New Cinema Enterprises, 35 Britain ST., Toronto M5A 1R7.
NFB. National Film Board of Canada (offices in New York, around the world, and across Canada).
NLC. New Line Cinema, 853 Broadway, NYC 10003.
NYF. New Yorker Films, 43 West 61 St., NYC 10023.
PAL. Pallas Films, 696 Yonge St., Toronto M4Y 2A7.
PAR. Paramount Pictures, Toronto Star Bldg., 1 Yonge St., Toronto M5E 1E9.
PR. Prima Films, 1594 St-Joseph E., Montreal H2J 1M7.
PYR. Pyramid Films, Box 1048, Santa Monica, CA 90406.
TFS. Toronto Film Society, 184 Crescent Rd., Toronto M4W 1V3.
TO. Enquiries forwarded by Take One.
TRI. Tricontinental Film Center, 333 Sixth Ave., NYC 10014 (and regional offices).
TWY. Twyman Films, 329 Salem Ave., Dayton, OH 45401.
UA. United Artists Corp., Suite 800, 2180 Yonge St., Toronto M4S 2B9, and 729 Seventh Ave., NYC 10019.
UNI. Universal Films, 2450 Victoria Park Ave., Willowdale M2J 4A1, and 445 Park Ave., NYC 10022.
WB. Warner Brothers Distributors, 70 Carlton St., Toronto M5B 1L7, and 400 Warner Blvd., Burbank, CA 91505.

SIXTEEN MILLIMETRE NEWS

Two films for film buffs by Christian Blackwood are now available in 16mm: **Yesterday's Witness,** a 52-minute tribute to the American newsreel (written by Raymond Fielding and narrated by, who else, Lowell Thomas); and **Hollywood's Musical Moods,** a 50-minute collection of film clips, conversations with, and examples of the work of, composers like Max Steiner, Miklos Rozsa, Dimitri Tiomkin, and others. A print of each film may be purchased for $500, or rented for $65. For further information, contact Blackwood Productions Inc., 58 West 58th Street, New York, NY 10019 (212-688-0930).

Thomas Brothers Film Studio (30 Berry Street, San Francisco, CA 94107; 415-957-9700), who distribute a number of other films by George Kuchar and Curt McDowell, proudly announce the release of **Thundercrack!**, a zany tale of eight diverse characters trapped together in a Nebraska farmhouse. "The Berkeley Barb" has called the film The Long Day's Journey into Night of the Living Dead.

Breaking With New Ideas is the first film from the People's Republic of China to be shown nationwide in the US. It is distributed by October Films (Box 5690, Chicago, IL 60680; 312-427-2210), a recently-formed film production and distribution service that works with "progressive" films not readily available through commercial channels.

Tom Sherwood and Steve Schiffer, our friends at Columbia 8mm, have made an arrangement with Warner Bros. so that, now, they'll be selling condensed 8mm versions of the feature films of the latter production company as well. For a complete listing, write them at Columbia Pictures Industries, 711 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10022, or call at 212-751-4400.

Across the pond, Pamela and Andi Engel have opened their Artificial Eye Film Company distribution set-up at 3 Tottenham Street, London W1P9PB. (Tel.: 01-637-2532).

Universal Pictures has announced that it has acquired all 16mm and 8mm rights (non-theatrical, non-TV) for the Richard Nixon-David Frost interviews. You'll want several sets.

New Cinema Enterprises Corp., 35 Britain Street, Toronto M5A 1R7 (416-862-1674), has published a Supplement to its 1975 Catalogue. The Supplement devotes one page to each of the more than 60 films

listed, giving credits, running times, excerpts from reviews and illustrations. Films included (Canadian rights only) range from such established classics as **The General** and **The Battle of Algiers** to such recent films as **French Provincial** and **Edvard Munch.** (In fact, the catalogue supplement is so informative and attractive that we've heard reports that several bookshops have been selling it for $2.50!)

Iris Feminist Collective has completed its first production, **In the Best Interests of the Children,** an hour-long colour documentary about Lesbian mothers and child custody. For rental and purchase information, write Iris at Box 26463, Los Angeles, CA 90026.

Arnold Eagle (41 West 47th Street, New York, NY 10036; 212-JU2-4248) has two of his films available for sale and rental: **Noguchi: A Sculptor's World** (27½ mins.), about the man Buckminster Fuller called "the comprehensive artist without peer in our time"; and **The Pirogue Maker** (14 mins.), a new version (from the original 1947 materials) of a film Eagle made while he was working in the Bayou with Robert Flaherty on **The Louisiana Story.**

CONFERENCES & COMPETITIONS

September 15 is the entry deadline for the **Renaissance Film Festival,** held Oct. 1-2 and open to super-8 and 16mm films (there's a $25 entry fee) with an emphasis on lifestyles, religion, psychic phenomena. More info: Gary Cohen, 71 Avenue A, Turners Falls, MA 01376.

The **Christchurch International Amateur Film Festival** (in New Zealand) has its deadline Sept. 30 (there's a $2 entry fee). The North American contact is Emma Basche, 248 Mt. Vernon St., West Newton, MA 02165.

Malta's **Golden Knight International Amateur Film Festival** is to take place Nov. 9-12, with an entry deadline Sept. 15. The festival's open to 8mm, super-8 and 16mm amateur films in the following categories: fiction, documentary, travel, experimental, animation. $3 entry fee. Write Malta Amateur Cine Circle, P.O. Box 450, Valletta, Malta.

Sept. 19 is the deadline for entries in the second annual **International Craft Film Festival** (Oct. 29-30), which is open to 16mm films dealing with any aspect of traditional or contemporary crafts. Contact New York State Craftsmen Inc., 27 West 53rd St., New York, NY 10019 (212-586-0026).

The tenth **Midwest Film Conference** will be held in Chicago Feb. 17-19, but Nov. 15 is the entry deadline for films (with an $8 fee if under 30 mins., $12 if over). Some 1200 teachers, librarians, filmmakers, etc. are expected to attend. Write the Conference at P.O. Box 1665, Evanston, IL 60204 (312-527-3060).

The **SMPTE Technical Conference and Equipment Exhibit** (their 119th) will be in LA Oct. 16-21, with exhibits of all the latest in motion picture and TV equipment. More details from Jeffrey B. Friedman, SMPTE, 862 Scarsdale Ave., Scarsdale, NY 10583.

Oct. 17 is the entry deadline for this November's **Scottish International Film Festival,** open to amateur, student or professional films in all guages. There's a $4 entry fee. Contact Peter Brougham, Scottish Film Council, 16-17 Woodside Terrace, Glasgow, UK G37XN.

The Canadian Film Institute's 7th International Film Festival, **Ottawa '77,** takes place Aug. 4-13, with some 25 features (several of them Canadian premieres). More info from the CFI at Suite 1105, 75 Albert Street, Ottawa, Ont. K2P5E7 (613-232-8813).

Science Fiction, Horror and Fantasy Con III (a festival / convention / sales event) is to be held at LA's Marriott Hotel Nov. 25-27. For tickets and other details, contact P.O. Box 69157, Los Angeles, CA 90069 (213-656-1266).

October 22 is the deadline for entries in the 19th **Bilbao Festival of Documentary and Short Films** (Nov. 28-Dec. 3). Films, in 16mm or 35mm, of 30 minutes duration or less, are eligible. Entry forms from the Festival at Gran Via 17-3, Bilbao, Spain (416-54-29).

Rational / Irrational: The Apollonian and the Dionysian in Literature and Film is the title of a three-day (Jan. 26-28) conference sponsored by The Comparative Literature Circle of The Florida State University. For registration information: Prof. Peter Stowell, Dept. of English, Florida State University, Tallahassee, FL 32306.

Purdue University's third annual **Conference on Film** (Mar. 16-18) is presently calling for papers to be delivered at a variety of panels. There will also be workshops and screenings. Complete details are available from Ben Lawton, Dept. of Foreign Languages and Literatures, Purdue University, West Lafayette, Indiana 47907.

Watch for the **San Francisco International Film Festival,** Oct. 12-23. The SIFF's address is 425 California Street, San Francisco, CA 94104.

And for the 13th **Chicago International Film Festival,** Nov. 4-17. Their address is 415 Dearborn St., Chicago, IL 60610.

5 October is the deadline for entries in the 20th **International Leipzig Documentary and Short Film Festival** (Nov. 19-26). Entry forms may be obtained from the Festival at Christburgerstrasse 38, 1055 Berlin, German Democratic Republic (Tel.: 4391902).

Temple University will be holding its seventh annual **Conference on Visual Anthropology** Mar. 8-11, complete with discussions, screenings, technical exhibits and workshops. Application forms (for films, videotapes, or still photos) are available from Jay Ruby, Director, COVA-78, Dept. of Anthropology, Temple University, Philadelphia, PA 19122 (215-787-7601). Deadline for submissions is Nov. 1.

Advance notice that **Hemisfilm '78** will take place Feb. 6-8, with the deadline for film entries Jan. 13. For information: IFACS, One Camino Santa Maria, San Antonio, TX 78284 (512-436-3209).

The second **MIFED** film business event of the year takes place in Milan Oct. 19-29. The first day of this important bi-annual market also overlaps the final day of screenings programmed by the Union Européene de Radiodiffusion, allowing for useful contacts to be made. At last October's MIFED, some 1500 films were screened for over 1000 film buyers and distributors. Further details can be had from: Dr. Daniele Biel, Piazza del Liberty 8, 20121 Milan, Italy (Tel.: 79-90-58).

CLASSIFIEDS

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SONY BETAMAX OWNERS: Want video tapes of "Avengers" TV shows. Will trade, buy, etc. Please contact Keith Lawrence, 1340 N. Summit, Decator, IL 62526. 217-422-0687.

AMBITIOUS FILM MAKERS: Amazing new report describes how one-man operation has grossed $150,000 a year producing sponsored films. FREE LETTER with complete details. D.H. Vowell, P.O. Box 4891, North Hollywood, CA 91607.

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MEN AND WOMEN FILMMAKERS: Independent studio offers beginners innovative apprentice school program. NEA granted. 6th year. Atelier, Box 70, Hoosick Falls, NY 12090.

MOVIE MEMORABILIA, posters, pressbooks, stills, lobby cards, one of the largest selections in the midwest. Send $1.00 for complete catalog to Martin's Movie Memorabilia, 610 N. Detroit Ave., Toledo, Ohio 43607.

MOVIE POSTERS, stills, lobby cards, much more. Send $1.00 for catalogue (refundable). CINEMA CITY, P.O. Box 406, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48107.

OLD MOVIE MAGAZINES (1930s-1950s), comics, curiosa, more. By mail auction. Mailbids, Dept. A9, 226 West 78th Street, NYC 10024.

FREE SOUNDTRACK RECORD CATALOG. Money back guarantee, discount prices, fast service,, and large selection. STAR, Dept. TO, Box 387, Owings Mills, MD 21117.

CLASSIC FILM LOVERS. Join the unique society for buffs. Many services including slick paper American Classic Screen Magazine. Write: National Film Society, 7800-C Conser, Shawnee-Mission, Kansas 66204.

INTERFACE: a new non-profit consumer periodical on film for those on a limited budget. Sample issue $1. P.O. Box 1542, Victoria V8W 2X7, BC, Canada.

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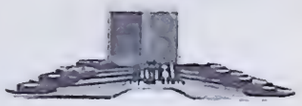
35mm, 16mm



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Films on film checklist continued from page 52

That's Entertainment! 131 min., b&w/ color, 1974.
Producer: Jack Haley, Jr. Distributor: Films Inc. Excerpts from the great MGM musicals.

Underground Film. 23 min., color, 1971.
Director: Paul Marshall. Distributor: ACI Media Inc. (US), Marlin Motion Pictures Ltd. (Can). A profile of Chick Strand, experimental, independent filmmaker. Includes some examples of her work.

When Chicago Was Hollywood, Pt. I. 27 mins., b&w, 1967.
When Chicago Was Hollywood, Pt. II. 27 min., b&w, 1967.
Director: Tony Verdi, Distributor: Films Inc. (US), Visual Education Centre (Can). The stars and silent films produced by the Essanay studio in Chicago, 1904-1917. Some film technicians are still alive to reminisce. Includes an extraordinary piece of puppet animation produced at Essanay in 1916.

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PUNDITS' PAGE

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COMPILED BY SUSAN SCHENKER

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

Directed by Martin Scorsese. With Robert de Niro, Liza Minnelli, Lionel Stander, Barry Primus, Mary Kay Place.

"This endearingly funny [opening] scene marks the precipitous beginning of one of the great screen romances of all time." (Kathleen Carroll, *New York Daily News.*)

"Martin Scorsese, who continues to nurture his underground, incoherent frenzy, remains the greatest, brooding, kamikaze artist among America's young filmmakers." (Tom Allen, *The Soho Weekly News.*)

"De Niro is unable to move the role beyond the capsule description by the bandleader who first hires Jimmy. 'Jimmy plays a barrelful of sax,' says the leader, 'but he's a top pain in the ass.'" (Christopher Porterfield, *Time Magazine.*)

THREE WOMEN

Directed by Robert Altman. With Shelley Duvall, Sissy Spacek, Janice Rule.

"The saddest aspect of *Three Women*'s conclusion, is that it wrecks the film's original style: Suddenly the movie starts to look like a cheap imitation of Bergman and Fellini. But if this is a shame, it's not a tragedy." (Frank Rich, *New York Post.*)

Offbeat Robert Altman film digs deeper into characters. Slow sell seems mandatory." (Murf., *Variety.*)

"Altman has indulged himself mightily, and however great his talent, there is no reason to add the public's indulgence to his own." (Richard Schickel, *Time Magazine.*)

"*Three Women* must be an especially personal project for Altman, who wrote, directed, and produced it, and who keeps submerging his happiest instincts in waves of mysterious significance." (Roger Greenspun, *Penthouse.*)

THE DEEP

Directed by Peter Yates. With Jacqueline Bisset, Nick Nolte, Robert Shaw, Lou Gossett.

"*The Deep*, which is even sillier than the Peter Benchley novel, recalls the sort of adventures Frank and Joe Hardy used to have on their summer vacations. Jacqueline Bisset, one of Cinema's natural splendors... plays the Joe Hardy role. Nick Nolte, a blue-eyed blond fellow who appears to have been cloned (clumsily) from Robert Redford's press clippings, plays Frank Hardy." (Vincent Canby, *The New York Times.*)

"Slick film version of Peter Benchley book. Underwater technique better than story." (Mack., *Variety.*)

"The Bisset character is an academic girl, besides having a figure that, in a wet T-shirt after diving, rivals Sophia Loren's in *Boy on a Dolphin*. Rather charmingly, she wears neat polka-dotted white gloves while scrabbling underwater for jewelry and other treasure." (Penelope Gilliatt, *The New Yorker.*)

BETWEEN THE LINES

Directed by Joan Micklin Silver. With John Heard, Lindsay Crouse, Jeff Goldblum, Gwen Welles.

"Her style is anecdotal and illustrative: she knows what to show you of a character, though she is only beginning to go into the contradictions of temperament; and she has a sure grasp of how long to let a scene run on. ... There is a commanding quiet beat to the film." (Penelope Gilliatt, *The New Yorker.*)

"Among other things, *Between the Lines* is one of the few films I've seen dealing with the counterculture years that doesn't rip it off or send it up. Time, says Mrs. Silver, catches up, even with the young." (Vincent Canby, *The New York Times.*)

"Above all, what gives *Between the Lines* its special savor is the acting... ... *Between the Lines* manages something that is much rarer and more difficult than it sounds. In a movie season populated by psychopaths, killers, sexual cripples and supernatural spirits, it enables you to spend a couple of hours in a company of a believable, thoroughly likeable bunch of people." (Christopher Porterfield, *Time Magazine.*)

ANNIE HALL

Directed by Woody Allen. With Diane Keaton, Woody Allen, Tony Roberts, Paul Simon, Christopher Walker.

"*Annie Hall* is superb perhaps for a significant reason. Like the greatest comedies, it attempts to offer us not only some insight into the world around us but also a vision of life itself." (Joy Gould Boyum, *Wall Street Journal.*)

"The pairing is so ridiculously impossible that it becomes indescribably moving. It is moving in the way that Diane Keaton sings 'It Had To Be You' and 'Seems Like Old Times' in an unexpectedly sweet, high register, and a deliciously delayed tempo in which she almost misses the beat before scooping down to pick it up as her eyes dart wildly and mischievously from behind her long hair." (Andrew Sarris, *Village Voice.*)

"Woody Allen technically pushes far ahead of anything he has done in the cinema before, playing with ideas in film which he has been experimenting with in prose. His ear for metropolitan speech has never been finer, his approach to character never so direct, his feeling about hypocrisy never so ringing, his sobriety never so witty." (Penelope Gilliatt, *The New Yorker.*)

STAR WARS

Directed by George Lucas. With Mark Hamill, Harrison Ford, Carrie Fisher, Peter Cushing, Alec Guinness.

"... This is a superior example of what only the screen can achieve, and closer to home, it is another affirmation of what only Hollywood can put on a screen." (Murf., *Variety.*)

"O dull new world! We are treated to a galactic civil war, assorted heroes and villains, a princely maiden in distress, a splendid old man surviving from an extinct order of knights who possessed a mysterious power called 'the Force,' and it is all as exciting as last year's weather reports." (John Simon, *New York Magazine.*)

"What I find mildly depressing about *Star Wars* is that it seems to address itself, like more and more television programming, to a 'family market' defined by its pre-pubescent age level, somewhere between 10 and 14. Lucas bridges the generation gap simply by providing a one-way ticket back to adolescence." (Molly Haskell, *Village Voice.*)

Susan Schenker is a freelance story analyst for major motion picture companies and a freelance writer living in New York.

LOOK

Grants for Film-makers and Photographers
Ontario Arts Council

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This fall, the Ontario Arts Council will offer increased levels of grants to Ontario film-makers and photographers. And, for the first time, grants will be available to video artists.

Film-makers may now apply for grants up to $20,000 (previously $10,000) in the senior category, up to $7,000 (previously $3,000) in the junior. Senior photographers are eligible for grants up to $5,000 (previously $3,000) and juniors up to $3,000 (previously $1,500). In video, individual grant sums of $3,000 are now available.

Deadline for Applications is August 1, 1977.

Results of the competition will be announced in October, 1977.

For application forms and additional information, contact:

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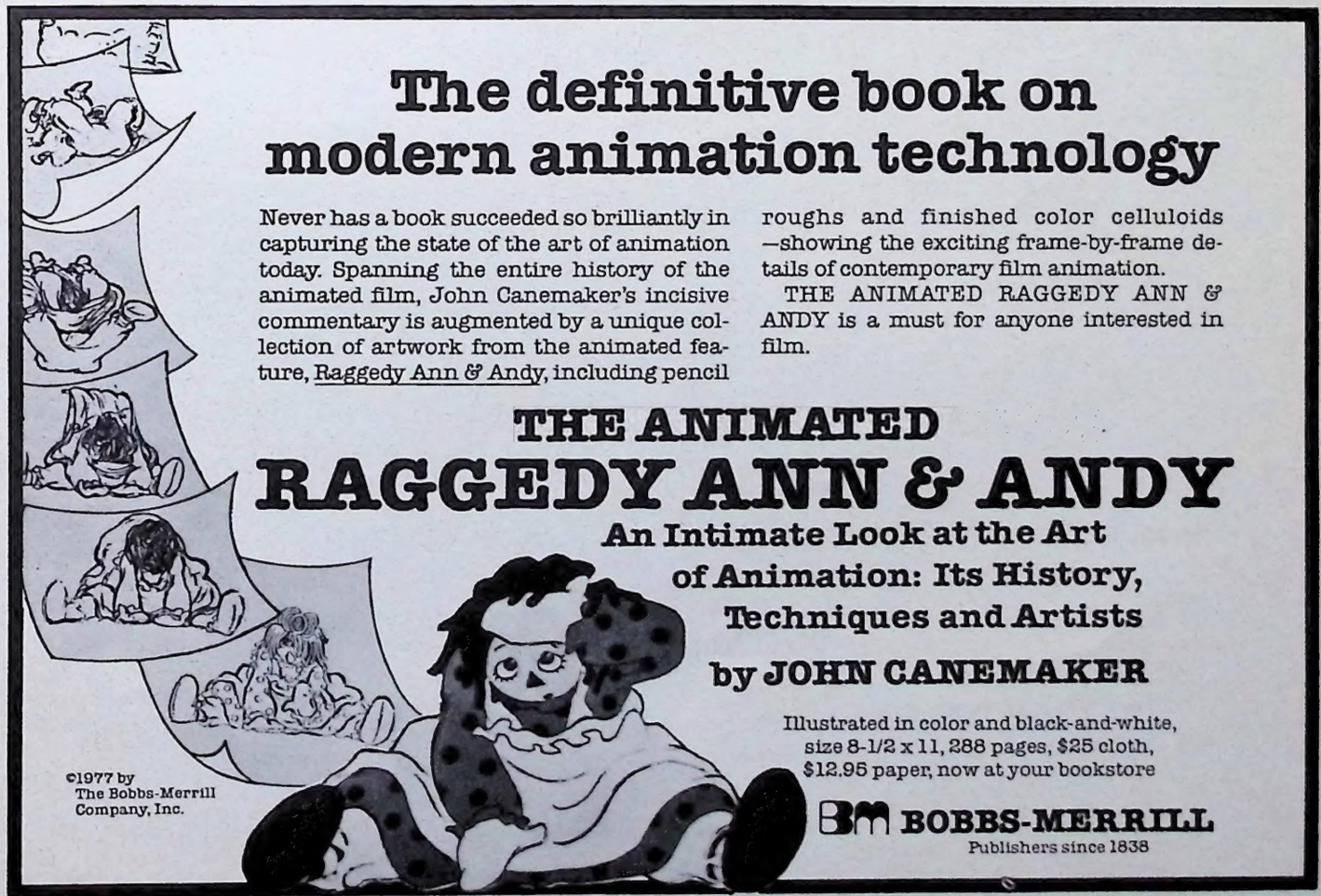

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They'll Break Your Head
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ROCKY
Millions cheered as the Italian Stallion took it on the chin and kept coming back for more. Certainly the most popular feature of 1976, with bravura performances by Sylvester Stallone, Talia Shire, Burgess Meredith and Burt Young. Directed by John Avildsen.

MARTY
Can a shy, lonely butcher find love and happiness in the Bronx? Ernest Borgnine and Betsy Blair star in Paddy Chayefsky's poignant drama of two wall flowers who bloom in each other's arms. Directed by Delbert Mann.

CASABLANCA
Play it again, Sam. And again and again and again. Bogart's Rick sacrifices all for Ingrid Bergman in this venerable classic. With Sydney Greenstreet, Paul Henreid, Peter Lorre and Claude Rains. Director: Michael Curtiz.

ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST
A rugged individualist soars over the fences and above the rules until society clips his wings for keeps. Jack Nicholson and Louise Fletcher sparkle in Milos Forman's powerful rendition of the Ken Kesey novel.

A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE
Stanley and Blanche refight the Battle of New Orleans in this 50's classic starring Marlon Brando, Vivian Leigh, Kim Hunter and Karl Malden. Play and screenplay by Tennessee Williams. Directed by Elia Kazan.

THE MISFITS
Clark's a rough, tough cowhand. Marilyn can't tame him. The last film for Monroe and Gable—and what a way to go! With Eli Wallach and Montgomery Clift. Screenplay by Arthur Miller. Directed by John Huston.

THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN
The samurai code comes to life in Old Mexico as 7 gunfighters teach a town the meaning of courage. Yul Brynner, Steve McQueen, James Coburn, Robert Vaughn, Charles Bronson, Horst Buchholz and Eli Wallach star. Directed by John Sturges.

PUBLIC ENEMY
Gangland life is no bed of roses. Cagney lives and dies by the gun, proving once again that crime does not pay. With Jean Harlow and Joan Blondell. Directed by William Wellman.

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